THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 8, 1913 — 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning
The Autobiography of a Happy Woman

This is the Day of the "Six"

Ride once in the new Chalmers "Six"—drive it yourself—and you'll understand then why no other car can satisfy you as well.

Because such a test will convince you, we believe, that no other car of equal size and power can ride as easily, live as long or live as cheaply as the new Chalmers "Six."

Let's find out why.

Try to Match It

Run the new Chalmers "Six" up a long hill; creep it through a crowd; send it through the deep sand or where the going is rough.

Then try to duplicate its silent, flexible power—its freedom from vibration—its lack of stress and effort. Only a "Six" can do it.

You will know then why the new Chalmers "Six" will live to serve you longer than a car of any other type.

Yet the new "Six" costs but a trifle more at the start and far less in the end.

The New "Six" Lasts Longer

The explosions of the new Chalmers "Six" give a continuous push to the pistons. There is no interval between explosions—no gap in the power stream. This even pull means an absence of vibration, a smoothness in the new Chalmers "Six" that we believe cannot be equalled—a smoothness that spells economy.

For vibration means wear—renewals. It is the chief enemy of endurance. The absence of it means long life and low upkeep.

The Hare and the Tortoise in One

With the new "Six" you can do nearly everything on high gear. You can idle down to a tortoise-like crawl in a crowd, and then at the touch of the throttle get away with the speed of the hare. Gear shifting is rarely required.

This unusual flexibility is all in the motor itself. There is no need to weigh down the new "Six" with supplementary mechanism.

Facts About Fuel Economy

Only two or three seasons ago most motors as powerful as the new Chalmers "Six" were built with 4¾" to 6" bore.

The secret of the fuel economy of the new "Six" is its small motor—only 4" bore by 5½" stroke. Yet the overlapping power impulses of its six cylinders develop 40 to 65 horsepower. It burns less gasoline than the earlier types.

And judge for yourself if it will not run smoother and last longer; be easier on the car and easier on the passengers.

A New Factor in Safety

The motor of the new "Six" can't be stalled. It can never "go dead" in crowded traffic nor fail you under sudden overload.

The silent Chalmers-Entz electric starter won't allow the motor to stop, even should the gas be cut off. Simply release the clutch and it keeps the motor running until it picks up again.

The starter is always ready. You don't have to give it a thought. It gives you that sensation of security that is the very essence of motoring pleasure.

Saving Gasoline Money

Low grade gasoline requires more heat to turn it into gas than the better grades. So in the new "Six" we heat the fuel in three ways: a jacket of hot air and one of hot water about the carburetor, and a full jacket of hot water about the manifold where the gas enters the cylinders. Every atom instantly is turned into power by this extra heat. Not a drop is wasted. This means a tremendous saving in a season's fuel bills.

Beauty That is More Than Skin Deep

The low-hung chassis—the long wheel base—the underslung springs cushion the bumps of the roughest road; yet they give to the new "Six" the lithe and speedy grace of the thoroughbred.

The oval fenders sit so close not a drop of mud can reach you, while their long, graceful sweep completes the streamline effect of the roomy bodies.

So all the distinctive features of the new Chalmers "Six" are more than mere beauty; they mean greater utility as well.

Let the Car Itself Win You

This IS the day of the "Six." The new Chalmers "Six" was announced August 28. We were prepared for a rush of orders; but nothing like the actual demand.

The big Chalmers factory has been unable to build "Sixes" as fast as the public wants them. We have more orders on our books for winter delivery than for any other model we ever built.

The people want the new Chalmers "Six." They are willing to take delivery whenever they can get cars.

Now that for a few dollars more you can have all the advantages of the new "Six," it seems a pity that anyone should be disappointed through delay in placing his order.

We cannot tell you in words the virtues of the new "Six." You must see it in action. Your dealer is ready to take you on the Chalmers Standard Road Test now. See him today, and when the car has won you be wise and place your order immediately.

Roadster	**$2175**	**Six Passenger**	**$2275**
Four Passenger	**2175**	**Coupé**	**2850**
Five Passenger	**2175**	**Limousine**	**3600**

All bodies interchangeable. Five wire wheels, $80 extra

Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit

Mail This Coupon

Send me catalog and literature about the new Chalmers "Six".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ **State** _____

S. E. P. Nov. 8

Chalmers Motor Company.
Detroit, Mich.

At the left see one of our young men's double-breasted 48-inch ulsterettes; shawl collar; slant pockets; belt and plait in the back.

The kneeling figure wears our double-breasted 33-inch skating coat; shawl collar; patch pockets; belt all around. Yoke back with plaits.

At the right is a 52-inch double-breasted ulsterette, with shawl collar, and belt all around; a young man's model.

The young woman wears a double-breasted 30-inch Norfolk, with adjustable collar, bellows patch pockets, belt all around; yoke and plait back.

Stylish coats for cold weather

WINTER coats need to be warm and well-made; and that's where you realize the importance of our all-wool standard of quality, and the superiority of our tailoring. But good style is not to be forgotten, even when the first consideration is warmth and comfort. None of us can ever be quite indifferent to style, no matter what the temperature.

There are special values in our clothes at $25, which you ought to see; the best clothiers everywhere have them; true economy in clothes buying.

You'll find men's and young men's overcoats at $16.50 to $75. Skating jackets $12 to $25. Women's Norfolks $18 to $25; women's overcoats $20 to $50.

Send for a copy of the Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

NEXT to victory itself there is nothing that makes a tired but happy athlete forget the hard knocks of the game so readily as a bath with Ivory Soap.

Just after the final scrimmage, when the nerves quiver, the muscles ache and the skin feels raw and sore, it is then that one fully appreciates the superior qualities of Ivory Soap and realizes why it is so satisfactory for the everyday toilet of everybody.

It lathers so freely that it is easy to cover the body with a thick, copious, bubbling, snow-white suds. As it enters the pores it cleanses without a sign of smart, burn or irritation, thanks to Ivory's freedom from alkali and the fact that it is made only from the highest grade of materials.

Then it rinses so easily that the final shower quickly removes every particle of the soap. With it comes the dirt, perspiration and fatigue, leaving in their stead a delightful cleanliness which refreshes and exhilarates.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .

. . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

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Autobiography of a Happy Woman

Concerning Parasites and the Sisterhood of Discontent

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

He Had the Time of His Life for Ten Full Minutes

ARE there any happy women left on this good green earth? One is constrained to ask, because we are universally told that half the world is in rebellion—the woman half. Married women in the cage want to get out. Unmarried women out of the cage want to break in. In fact half a world of women are supposed to be wailing because they can't spend life in a sort of *dolce far niente* dream with both hands folded idly in their laps. I say supposed, because as a matter of fact in real life you know and I know that the workers are the happy ones—married or single—the workers are the ones who sing; the idle the ones who wail.

We are told—just as if the world hadn't known that fact for a billion years—that the highest duty of life is raising new human beings—alias babies; and that women are in open revolt against this duty. Yet as a matter of fact—not platform twaddle—we know that the supply of babies is not dropping off; and that for the first time in the history of the race as much thought and care are given to keeping alive the babies that are already born as to keeping up the birth rate of hypothetical unborn babies.

We are told by investigating commissions that women who work behind the counter, over the typewriter, over the dishpan, in the schoolroom, above the loom, in the factory, behind the broom, are slaves of new industrial conditions; that they are desperately unhappy; that when the first gray hairs come the iron has entered into their souls, or something like that. If the iron went as tonic in fishy blood, and gave some kick to the whine for self-pity—a lifting kick, we'll say—there would be some point to it. But the women that you know and I know—outside the people on the job at so much per for investigating commissions—behind the counter, over the typewriter, above the loom, behind the broom; the women who do things in the home or out of it; who stand for plus, not minus; for performers, not parasites, are not idly poking irons of introspection in and out of their souls.

They literally don't understand what all this talk hubbub is about. "Big talk, little do," I have heard some of them say.

The Doctor Slept on the Chairs in His Office That Winter

I am a woman, and I am living in the thick of life. I have seen all sides of it; and I have worked at high pace and high pressure with fury and joy in the home and out of it; and I do not find this wail of woe purporting to come from womanhood rings true. It is not true of me. It is not true of the women who work that I know. The women I know who work don't find love ashes of roses, or ashes of Sodom; or joy a fading phantom. Life to the worker is a dream come true, with nightmare giants of troubled sleep sometimes of course; but always at dawn fear fading in light. I am not writing this because of the standing policy of the average American editor—to make all stories end happily. I am not writing a story. I am setting down the actual facts of a life begun under a handicap; and I want to set down that I find life a more beautiful thing than all the schoolgirl gush and pointless longings of what the poets call youth. No matter how hard we think our own special handicap has been—poverty, or inherited disease, or the tragedy of wrong parenthood, or a personality hopelessly askew—I do not think any life ever came into this world without its own handicap. Why we are handicapped, who can tell? It may be to compel the soul to work out its own hardihood getting rid of the handicap, or to commit suicide sinking under it. When I call life a dream come true it is not in blindness to the wrecks and tragedies and crimes that litter every foot of life's progress. I know there are more tragedies hidden mute in the home than ever were shouted from the housetops by the Sisterhood of Discontent; but I know also how much of this waste of the gift of life results from the collision with the hidden handicap of the personality.

Having found life a dream come true I ask myself—as I know multitudes of women workers inside and outside the home are asking themselves—is all this wail of woe genuine? Is the old world, vocal of womanhood, out of joint? Is there a great Sisterhood of Discontent? Or is it that we are so keen on the wail of discontent that we fail to note a world vocal with the music of the spheres; joy at work; service in gladness, not grudgingly; zest of life—reapers garnering sheaves in sunlight; women laughing with children at play?

The new mental attitude to life has come so unexpectedly that it has left some ancient sex poses forever behind—the wife-beater calling himself "woman's natural protector," and at once proceeding to break her protected head; the sheep-type of woman pretending she likes that kind of protection; Amelia fainting with terror of her own safety in the arms of the

wicked Don Juan; Don Juan pretending he is a very devil of a fellow engaged in the business of eating babies in the dark! Without knowing it we have somehow come to regard self-pity as the beggar's hat of a mean spirit stuck out for alms. The heroine of old—she, herself, was never by any possibility supposed to be halfpast sixteen—set out joyously, coyly, I was going to say "unblushingly," only she was really supposed to blush bucketfuls, to harpoon a man for her support; and we thought it, well, pretty nearly all right if a little soulful longing were mixed in as a prime flavor. Today we tear that pose to ten thousand analytic tatters. "What's she after?" "What can she do?" "What's she going to give in return besides sweet smiles and sugared drafts on the family cash box?" And if all she has to offer is sex, all draped in wistaria and roses and wistful soul longings, of course we aren't surprised that she gets spurious coin back in return—bronze and copper and brass and putty where she expected pure gold.

Quite unknown to ourselves as a generation, we have come to eye the parasite askance. It doesn't matter whether it belongs to the orchid family or the mosquito. The woman who is sorry for herself because she has to earn her living outside the home is the very woman who would be sorry for herself earning her living inside the home. If she is sorry for herself in an office, what would she be in the pangs of giving birth to a new life?

My early days were passed in a Western city during the depression of the collapse from one of the worst real-estate booms that ever sent a whole community up in a crazy balloon of inflated hopes, only to drop it in a ten years' slough of reaction. I remember one speculator, who became a paper millionaire in anticipation of a railroad coming in, who six months after the advent of the new line was carried away to an asylum, where he passed the rest of his days bent almost double picking up imaginary diamonds. A politician in the same place, who between dawn and dark, unexpected as a bolt out of the blue, had made his half-million, built a palace, calling it after some castle or other. When the boom collapsed he hadn't money enough of those paper thousands to light the fire in his furnace. He had to borrow money to leave the country.

Hard Times

IN YOUR mind draw a line on the map from St. Louis to St. Paul. The depression prevailing in our city was typical of conditions in every little new hamlet west of that line from the panic of '93 somewhere along to '98. At the time we were all desperately sorry for ourselves. It isn't a pleasant awakening to think you have a lot worth $120,000 and to find in a day that what you really have is a mortgage debt for $12,000 against property that you can't sell for fifteen cents and that carries taxes of $3000 a year. We were all desperately sorry for ourselves. Yet, looking back, we can all laugh at the hardships. We didn't laugh then. We hustled. Actual hunger never came within the majority of homes; but it came so near the doors that I can guess and have often as a child dreamed what the Phantom Fright looks like when it stalks out of the dark to spring at the struggler's throat. There was one dream I used to have over and over in the darkest years of the city's collapse—it was of a half-naked figure flying along the edge of a precipice with two wolves snapping at its heels; and I think there were few people in the city at that time who did not know what the sensations of the runner must have been. We were all, every one of us, on the edge.

Though hunger never actually entered most of the homes it came horribly near to many a home that kept a brave front face to the street. We laugh when reminiscent now. We didn't laugh then. I think it was the spirit of the West that sustained us buoyantly under conditions that would have plunged an older community into slums. There were carefully nurtured women who would have gone hungry that first year of the panic if husbands and brothers had not been good enough shots to keep the larder filled with prairie chickens and ducks. One woman I know, for six weeks before her first child was born lived alone in a prairie shanty on the outskirts of the city with nothing to eat but potato meal. An editor, who at the time represented the city in the Federal Government and who used to cheer the community's heart by thunderous editorials on the glorious future of the West, would have gone hungry that winter of '93 if "the boys" had not suspected that "the old man" looked gaunt. They got up a shooting party and sent him a present of half a dozen barrels of wild geese. I have heard him in his cups curse the hands that were feeding him, but nobody replied and nobody told; and the friendships cemented in such hardships were embedded in a reënforced concrete.

I am stating these circumstances to make it clear that we were up against realities, not theories; and the beautiful thing about a reality is that it never lies. You learn to look at facts without blinders, without side-stepping or flinching. A woman who has always lived the mured existence of a protected home is so terribly apt to mistake what "she thinks" for the great fact of "what is." If she doesn't like a fact she shuts her eyes to it. You can't do that when you are bumping into facts that you don't like. So it was not all a disadvantage that the hard times taught us to face facts unflinchingly.

One of the curious features of the collapse was its reaction on what the study-chair theorists call "woman's sphere." Those were the days when all the public prints were full of blasts and counterblasts of argument as to whether woman ought to go out of the home to become a wage earner. We hadn't time for those arguments in the West then. We were not up against arguments; we were up against hunger. We had to work or starve. "Ought not woman to stay in her own sphere of raising babies?" the disputant would ask truculently. We hadn't any time to answer. We had to go out and work or see the babies that were already born go hungry. It seems to me that is typical of the whole woman movement. It isn't a rebellion, a revolt, a megalomania of individualism run riot, a morbid monstrosity of a woman trying to be a man, to grow side whiskers and wear trousers. It is a new economic arena, into which woman has been forcibly pushed by unbending necessity.

Let me give some more examples of that necessity. In three weeks in that city eleven hundred real-estate agents closed up their offices and took down their signs. What do you suppose the real-estate agents' relatives did about bread and butter just then? The doctor who became the most famous surgeon west of the Mississippi, preceding the fame of the Mayos, told me that he slept on the chairs in his office that winter, and except for one midday meal lived on peanuts and beer and hot Scotch. He died, in receipt of an income of $100,000 a year, of a disease contracted in those starvation days; but what do you suppose his old mother and two elderly sisters, whom he was supposed to be supporting, did during that hard stress? They went out as wage earners. I shall not say how, for it is their affair, not mine; but to me the strange feature of it was that the doctor was the most uncompromising foe to the woman movement. If his mother and sisters had not gone to work he would not have had even that one midday meal.

I think of another case—a convent-bred girl, buxom, clean, laughing, good-natured, capable, with stolid, solid, but at the same time the most passionate, belief that a woman's only sphere was to be a loving wife and a most multitudinous mother. Funny how life knocks our little self-appointed missions on the head; and when the half gods go, beats us, prods us, bayonets us up to the altars on our knees before the true! Just when the boom collapsed this girl's father came to his death, either by suiciding or falling in front of a train. Her mother attested her grief by at once buying on credit about two thousand dollars' worth of deepest mourning. It was found that the life insurance had lapsed and the whole estate amounted to a horrible minus, plus nine younger children to be fed. If this girl had not thrown her theories to the wind and jumped into the arena of the wage earner the home would have been seized by the sheriff and the family turned out on the street. She had to take care of the babies already born and let the unborn ones take care of themselves. She taught kindergarten, coached French, helped a convent in German, and laughed and danced her way along under the load and plugged doggedly at paying those debts, besides educating and supporting the other nine till they could support themselves. At thirty-eight she married an English rancher with a right to sit in the House of Lords. Society sat up aghast—then received her with open arms.

"How did she do it?" one disappointed mother asked.

Childhood Fell Away Like a Worn Cloak From That Day

What Wins or Loses

"SHE didn't do it. It was what she was that did it," I tried to explain. Your little mission, what you set out to do, doesn't matter. It is what you are, what you become in what you do that wins or loses life's game for you. Why did he do it? Because he happened to know what she had unostentatiously been doing all her life; but there are many things that he will never know.

He will never know, for instance, that one summer when she was supposed to be in Europe on a holiday she was secretly comforting a remote relative, who in the scramble of a speculative era had landed in the penitentiary. He will never know that once, when she wore her clothes so many seasons that friends murmured, she was using her allowance for dress to shield a woman in disgrace. And I never saw a tear of self-pity on this worker's face. I never heard her utter one complaint against life. I never heard her blame others for the load bequeathed to her willing shoulders. She once told me that the most worrying thing she ever tackled was her husband's first family of girls brought up in a sort of *dolce far niente* of pampered dreams—what life was to give them, not what they were to give life.

"The trouble is," she once burst out, "these girls have been brought up expecting everything to be done for them. Their indolent selfishness repels the kind of friends they need; and when people leave them to themselves they get peevish at life. If they had been taught to do something—*noblesse oblige* if you like, that we have to do something for every blessed minute we are alive to justify our being alive at all—they would have learned to forget themselves.

I am going to put ——," naming one, "yes, you needn't shout—I'm going to put her in a business office."

I did shout. "What, business? You, who think woman's sphere ——"

"Shut up!" she said. "Emerson says only fools and cowards are consistent."

So I could go on to tell of hosts of women, shaken out by the panic, that turned everything upside down, from all their little conventional pigeonholes and sheep cots and Chinese boots. Indeed the panic of '93 did more than anything else I know, more than all the arguments and pros and cons, to take the footbindings of prejudice—the Chinese boots of tradition—off the feet of Western women.

"I couldn't, I simply couldn't, become a parasite," said a Southern woman who has risen to be head of a great cotton brokerage agency. "Women in industry aren't new. Industrious women have always been in industry. It is just that of late years so many industries have gone out of the home that we have had to sit with empty hands by silent looms, or else follow the industries out of the home to where they have gone."

Does not sound like a wail of woe from a Sisterhood of Discontent, does it? In fact when the panic shook us all out of our little pigeonholes of prejudice in '93 I do not know of a single woman—wife, daughter, sister—efficient and self-respecting, who did not put her shoulder to the wheel to lift finances out of the slough where they had fallen. We did not talk of woman's sphere and domestic virtues. We rolled up our sleeves and jumped into the arena of work. There were the drumbeaters of woe, of course, who talked vaguely of former grandeur and of the fearful comedown this pioneer rough-and-tumble was to them; but as they talked some little slip—unmanicured nails, perhaps, the twist of a word, the slur of an articulation, the wrong tang of slang, a slant of sidewise eyes—put the seal of damnation on their revelation; and we came to know in that hard stress when every hand was needed to turn, push, pull, oil the wheels of life, only the no-goods pretended to be too good to work.

Into this big, free, hard arena of Western work I came as a child from the East. As we none of us get shaken out of our pigeon boxes of prejudice, out of the prisons of our own personality, without a flutter of hopes and fears on unfledged wings, I may as well set down the facts. They are not pleasant. They were horribly painful; and as I look back I loathe myself for having paid any more attention to the pain than a child does to a bump. Of course if you poultice a bump long enough you can make a perpetual tenderness on the spot. We had not yet moved West.

Always there had been something in the home that made us children want to play outside in the sunlight. We would never stay in. Winter or summer we wanted to do all our playing outside. It came to the point when I would let fingertips poking through holes in mitts freeze before I would go in to warm up. I didn't want to miss one second of being alive. I did not know then that what drove me to the sunlight outside was an intangible, indefinable shadow inside. I only knew that I was happier outside; and I carry about with me to this day two finger-tips stubbed from freezings and thawings which I never would acknowledge. I knew that each of the brothers left home just as soon as he could get a position yielding a living. I knew that the sisters were kept away at school just as long as the money lasted. Fortunately it did not last down to me; so that I stayed home long enough to learn what the shadow was that drove the children outside.

We lived in a very beautiful country bordering the lower part of one of the Great Lakes. The passion for the outdoors made friends for me of every horse, cow, dog, cat, chicken and bird on the place. If I had not been the youngest I suppose I should have annexed the baby to this list too. I knew more intimately than I knew human playfellows the blue warblers that call flute notes in June, the yellow finches that chirp and twitter late in July, the long wedge-shaped lines of wild geese that pilfer the wheat in autumn, and I have lain in the fields whistling back their calls by the hour. If you lie very still wild birds are full of curiosity, especially crows and geese; and to see how near you could bring the old ganders honking down on investigating tours would send the most delicious thrills of adventure up and down a child's spine. How I escaped accident in the stables I don't know; for neither my parents nor the hired hands could keep me out of the danger zone. I took impromptu rides on broad-backed Durham cows that "hooked." I never went round a horse's heel when unwatched. I dodged through under and was never kicked. A showy pet carriage horse once lifted me with his teeth; but a thick coat protected the shoulder bone; and once a young heavy draft Clydesdale gave my parents the scare of their lives.

(Continued on Page 41)

IN BOOM TIMES

Being the Experiences of a Young Physician in a Nevada Mining Camp

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"Gold is Where You Find It, and Wherever You Find It People Will Go"

HE WAS big and brown and husky, and for the most part he inhabited the buffet car of the train that bore me westward. After two years among the sick in a crowded hospital the sight of so much health on the hoof was pleasing to the eye. He wore a slouch hat, a belted coat of olive drab, riding breeches and puttees, and carried them off so gracefully that they did not seem out of place on a passenger train.

By the color of his skin he had lived much in the open air; but his large hands were well kept, and the cut of his riding breeches betrayed city tailoring of the expensive sort. I remember speculating idly as to who and what this brown giant might be.

Somewhere west of Chicago, when silver dollars began to make their appearance in the buffet car, there was a noticeable thaw in the social atmosphere, a subtle change in the demeanor of the passengers. Tongues, tied by convention, became loosened, and conversation, thitherto sporadic, became general. The wholesome democracy of the West was asserting itself.

"How far do you go, doc?"

Thus the giant, as he dropped into a chair by my side. I was astonished.

"What makes you think I am a doctor?" I asked.

"Lots of things. I had two guesses. Am I right?"

"You certainly are."

We drifted into conversation. I explained that I was on my vacation, traveling for pleasure.

"I've always wanted to see the West," said I. "I expect to spend a couple of months in Southern California."

The big man shook his head.

"You won't see any of the West there," said he. "San Francisco still has a few of the sons and grandsons of the forty-niners, but the southern part of the state is the tourist center of the universe. Los Angeles isn't a Western city—it's a mixture of Michigan, Iowa and Kansas. It's the buckle of the cafeteria belt—civilized to death! Now if you want to see the real West—where there's a bit of the wild and woolly left—don't miss the Bullfrog."

"The what?"

"The Bullfrog District—the newest and greatest mining country in Nevada. You've heard of Tonopah and Goldfield?"

I nodded. No reader of the newspapers could have escaped the flaring full-page advertisements of mining stock that Western promoters flung in his face day after day.

"Well," said the big man, "there are better mines and better prospects in the Bullfrog than Tonopah ever saw. The Mizpah won't be a circumstance when some of our mines get opened up! Most of the men on this train are going into the new field. There's a big rush on now. See that fellow looking out the window? He's a mining expert from the Transvaal. The one next to him made a fortune in Dawson City and dropped it all in the New York stock market. He's going back to get some more. The fat old boy in the corner is a mining man from South America.

"They are flocking into Nevada from all over the world because it's the big gold country—the coming country. Just as an experience it would be worth your while to take a trip into the Bullfrog. And then you might stumble on to a lot of money—don't laugh; such things have happened. Look at the Goldfield millionaires today! How many of 'em know anything about mines or mining? They happened to be there when things started and had a few dollars to invest. One of 'em walked into the camp without a nickel; now he can write his check for two millions—and get it cashed too. Take the case of ——"

There followed wonderful stories of sudden wealth, of crazy antics of fortune's wheel, of cities born overnight and desert places populated as if by magic. Some of those stories, as I now know, were true.

"Yes, sir," concluded the giant; "gold is where you find it, and wherever you find it people will go. If you're out to see things, doc, you shouldn't miss this. It may be the last great gold-rush this country will see—until Mexico opens up. Think it over."

I began to listen to the conversation of the other passengers. They were nearly all mining men and they spoke a language I could not understand; yet I found it fascinating in its fragmentary state. Their figures of speech were generous and when they mentioned money it was in terms of millions.

I recalled my youthful literary loves—Roughing It and the Western stories of Bret Harte. The last great

I Had Seen the End of a Mining Boom

gold-rush! Unquestionably it would be worth seeing. I began to think that I might do worse than follow the dusty trail of the Argonauts.

For six years I had not allowed myself a vacation. After graduating in medicine I had spent two years under a celebrated surgeon in an Eastern hospital. The hours were long and the remuneration small, but the experience was priceless. Following my Western jaunt I expected to spend two years in Europe specializing in certain branches of surgery. After that I would face the heart-breaking period through which every young physician passes—the struggle to earn a living and establish himself in the profession.

I mention this simply to make it clear that curiosity and a desire to be entertained were the motives that set me down on the station platform in Las Vegas, Nevada, on a blazing day in August, 1906. My future, as I then saw it, was already outlined; the trip into the Bullfrog District was nothing more serious than a diversion—a vacation incident.

In this careless spirit of adventure, and all unconscious of its significance, I took what has since proved to be the most important step of my life. I was never to use the return portion of my railroad ticket; and if I ever see Europe it will not be as a student. The desert was to claim the next four years—four years crowded with hard work and the kaleidoscopic changes that are part of a mining camp's existence. I am like the man who said: "Part of the show I saw; the rest of it I was."

I place the responsibility with the first Western booster I ever met—the big brown man. Nevada swarmed with boosters in those days; they voiced the spirit of the country. I sometimes wonder where they are now—those cheery optimists of the boom times who talked and dreamed in seven figures, and never by any slip of the tongue admitted the possibility of failure.

II

TWO days later, stiff and sore, crusted with alkali dust and blistered with a fierce dry heat, I arrived in Beatty, then an important camp in the district and Rhyolite's rival as the metropolis of the Bullfrog District.

In order to reach Beatty the stage traveled through one hundred and thirty miles of inferno that seemed to produce nothing but rock, cactus, sand, alkali and greasewood. Wherever my skin was exposed it felt as if it had been sandpapered and toasted over a slow fire. There had been strange experiences en route, but the one that made the deepest impression on me was the sight of drinking water on sale at fifteen cents a gallon!

Beatty boasted one hotel—and boasted is the word, for modesty had no place in Nevada in 1906; and that hotel had "the only room with bath in the Bullfrog"—as the clerk proudly informed me. Out of politeness I asked the price of this luxury and was told that it was twelve dollars a day. I presume the price of the water was included, but I do not know, for I did not occupy that room. The clerk at the hotel looked at my low shoes and straw hat and offered me advice.

"Don't order any mixed drinks in this camp," said he. "It's not safe. The other night an Easterner went into a saloon down the line and ordered a gin daisy. The regular bartender was off watch and old Fred Mitchell, a faro dealer, was taking his place. Fred was all right on the case goods and the straight stuff, but the gin daisy floored him. He was too proud to expose his ignorance before a stranger; so he went ahead and made up a drink with a little of everything in it. The Easterner tasted it and asked for his money back. One word led to another, and finally Fred lost his patience and took a shot at him across the bar—put a hole through his right hand. Poor old Fred was so mortified at missing a man right on top of him that way that he laid his head down on the bar and cried like a baby. No; it's not safe to order mixed drinks here."

I listened to that story with my tongue in my cheek. Afterward, when I came to know Fred Mitchell, I found that it was true. To the day of his death he never ceased to count that shot as a miss.

I did not remain long in Beatty. The rush was centering on Rhyolite and I went with it. As the stage topped the rise we looked down upon the metropolis of the Bullfrog District—a scattering of unpainted frame buildings and tents, spread out between two mountains and lying in the neck of a horseshoe of low, rocky hills.

"Is that all there is to the town?" I should have known better than to ask such a question as that—and of a stage driver too!

"Well, no," said he; "not exactly. The skyscrapers are sort of hid behind Ladd Mountain. You can't see the Flatiron Building from here or the Elevated Railroad either."

At that period there was not a two-story structure in the camp. The larger buildings were mere frames covered with canvas, and most of them were saloons, gambling houses and dance halls combined. Rhyolite, as I was soon to learn, was never more than one-third asleep. The day was divided into three shifts of eight hours each—one for work, one for sleep and one for recreation. In the bunkhouses, where bunks were built in tiers along the walls, no bed could be rented for longer than eight hours, and a late sleeper was usually dragged forth by the next occupant. Every bed worked twenty-four hours.

Thus two men in three were always awake—one at work and the other idle. The idle ones amused themselves after their own fashion, the favorite pastimes in the order of their popularity being gambling, drinking and dancing—all under the same roof.

I had been given a letter to the cashier of the Bullfrog Bank and Trust Company, the same that afterward became known as the Bullfrog Bank and Bust Company.

I found the gentleman in a frame shack, unstrapping a suitcase.

"Just a minute!" said he. "I'm opening the safe of this institution."

"You don't mean to tell me you keep the bank's money in that thing?"

"Why, sure! These people might kill a man, but they would never rob him."

He finished opening the safe, after which he read my letter.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm sorry; but I don't believe there's a bed in the camp or a spare blanket. You didn't bring any blankets with you, I suppose? Too bad! Always ought to carry 'em in this country. Let's see! There's a small room in the back of the bank here that was occupied by a doctor from Salt Lake. He was called home suddenly and he left a spring mattress, a chair and an oil stove. If you can do anything with 'em, fly to it; it will beat sleeping on a chair in a saloon."

He Counted Out the Gold Unconcernedly

I thanked him, cached my suitcase in the rear room and went out to see the camp. I mentioned to the cashier that I expected to pay my respects to the members of the medical profession.

"Go see Doc Biggs," said he. "He's the loud noise in the doctor line."

The streets were crowded with miners off shift, every gambling house was filled, and the brokers' offices were packed with feverish investors—a sight calculated to make the stranger believe that Rhyolite had confidence in its boom. Easterners were not the only ones who bought Nevada mining stocks.

Everywhere I looked there was gold—a strange spectacle to the tourist acquainted only with paper money. The big yellow twenties were stacked behind the faro layouts and piled high in the checkracks on the roulette and crap tables—a constant lure to those of a speculative frame of mind. Roulette was "the sucker game," with the percentage heavily against the player; the mule-skinners and day-laborers preferred craps and quick action upon small capital; but the seasoned gamblers—and there were hundreds of them in the camp—devoted themselves to the quiet and studious game of faro.

Never before had I fully realized the meaning of the phrase, "money in circulation." It was circulating on all sides of me. Hundreds and thousands of dollars were trading owners every minute. The shouts of the crap-shooters, the monotonous whining singsong of the roulette dealers, the rattling of chips, the tinkling of tinny pianos, the blare of the brass instruments and the stamping of the dancers melted into one steady roar of sound, stabbed here and there by the shrill whoop of a winner.

I withdrew from this pandemonium and called on Doctor Biggs. He had lived in Alaska and mining-camp life was no novelty to him.

"How are you with a knife?" was his first question.

I explained that I had had some experience in surgical cases.

"You're the fellow that I've been looking for!" said he. "I have some work up at the Miners' Hospital that has been piling up on me. Come along and help."

The Miners' Hospital was a rambling structure that, when crowded, would accommodate twenty-five cots. The operating room was about the size of a hall closet, and it was lined with white oilcloth. The tables and sterilizing equipment were modern.

The surgical cases were typical of the conditions existing in a new camp where there was neither a sewer system nor drainage of any sort. Water was scarce and so was fuel—so the laundry was not sterilized in boiling water; and, as fifty or sixty men used the same towel in the bunkhouses, cases of blood poisoning were common. Carelessness in attention to small wounds meant instant infection.

In two hours we operated upon five cases—three amputations among them. Doctor Biggs allowed me to do most of the work and I was aware that he was watching me closely. I did not know it then, but his invitation to assist was in the nature of a tryout.

"You would do well here," said he after we had finished. "This camp could use another surgeon."

Nevada nights are cool, even in summer, and at an altitude of four thousand feet they are decidedly chilly. I found this out when I retired on a spring mattress without covering of any sort. Toward one o'clock I found some old newspapers and made a blanket of them; but the springs cut fancy patterns in my back and there were other reasons why I could not sleep.

The theory that human vitality reaches its lowest ebb between midnight and morning does not apply to a Western mining camp in boom times. During the "graveyard shift" Rhyolite seemed wider awake and noisier than ever.

"Boys, get your girls! Girls, get your boys! Let her go, professor!"

Then the orchestra would rattle and crash and bang until the whole camp rocked to the noise. Because I could not sleep I heard the first tap at my door. It was Doctor Biggs.

"Do you want to go out and see a typhoid case?" said he.

"I might as well. I can't sleep."

"All right," said Biggs. "There's a man here with a team—a mule-skinner from the California-Bullfrog Mine. A woman out there has the typhoid."

"Fix me up some medicine and I'll be ready in a minute."

Before I left I asked Doctor Biggs a question:

"What shall I charge for this visit, doctor?"

"Well," said he, "it's quite a long drive. You won't get back until afternoon. You ought to have one hundred and fifty dollars at least."

"That's pretty steep, isn't it?" I gasped.

"Everything is steep in this country," said the experienced practitioner.

We drove until dawn along a road as straight as if it had been laid out with a gigantic ruler. When daylight came I could see the buildings of the mine at the head of the valley, but for an hour they seemed to come no nearer, though we approached them at a smart pace. That is a trick the clear atmosphere of the desert plays on the tenderfoot.

I attended to the case, left some medicine, with instructions as to how it should be used; and at the door the woman's husband put his hand in his pocket.

"Doc," said he, "what's the damage?"

I swallowed hard once or twice—every physician who reads this will recall his sensations when naming his first fee—but at last I managed to mention the amount suggested, with a rising inflection, which left the matter open to argument.

To my great surprise the man did not faint He did not even blink, but counted out the gold as unconcernedly as if the yellow twenties were silver dollars. All the way back to Rhyolite I jingled that money in my pocket and meditated on the richness of a country where such things could happen. As soon as I reached the camp I was called upon to perform a major operation of a sort at which I had often assisted. If I had been given time in which to be afraid of consequences I might have declined; but it was a case of life or death, in which no delay was possible. The operation was successful, and at the end of three days my hands were full and the money was rolling in at an astonishing rate. Perhaps I should not mention money; but it is as important a factor with a physician as with any other man.

There was, however, another consideration of far greater importance. For six years I had been preparing myself to practice medicine. I had been working under other men, deferring to their judgment, listening at their councils—in short, learning my trade. I suppose, to begin with, I had as much self-esteem as the average young man; but as the time approached when I must make good on my own resources there were days when the future frightened me.

Responsibility is a burden built for a single pair of shoulders, and no man can feel quite certain that he is fit to bear it until he has felt the weight. Every conscientious young physician experiences this period of uncertainty. It is a legacy that comes to him with his fresh-inked sheepskin, and it lasts until he has passed through a few serious cases and gained the only thing instructors cannot give him—faith in himself. A man may have every confidence in his training and in his knowledge, but the first time he stands over a patient and ventures these things against a human life the greatness of the stake is apt to make him fearful of his own judgment.

I had no time to think about these things. Life was swift in Nevada in 1906 and death was swifter still. Emergencies arose and I met them without waiting for an introduction. I was so busy that it was several days before I woke up to the fact that I had taken the plunge and was really practicing. I had been pitchforked into the profession without warning; but the very abruptness of my entry was the best thing that ever happened to me. I gained confidence in my judgment without having time to doubt it.

At the end of three weeks I sat down in the little room behind the bank and had a conference with myself. I weighed the advantages of two years in Europe and the long struggle in the home town against Nevada and immediate success. I considered the so-called advantages of Eastern environment as opposed to the primitive surroundings of a raw, new mining camp. In Rhyolite life was life without frills, stripped down to the running gear. Every man was as good as his neighbor—if he was as good—and the mere fact that Jones had more money than Smith counted for nothing, because Jones might not have it long. Nevada money never had to take wings—every dollar of it was born with a pair of its own.

Speaking of money, I counted my cash on hand—seventeen hundred dollars for three weeks' work. It was in gold and heavy enough to turn the desert end of the scale. I telegraphed for my kit, ordered a supply of billheads, and paid seventy-five dollars for one month's rent of the little back room.

III

WHEN I had time to draw my breath I began to study the business conditions existing in the camp. On every side I saw men making money hand over fist and pouring it back into new ventures. Ingrown optimism of the most violent type was the dominant characteristic of the desert-dwellers. I use the word "violent" because it would have been as much as a man's life was worth to hint that the game was too lively to last and that the bubble was being expanded to the bursting-point.

"Look at Tonopah and Goldfield!" was the slogan.

Rhyolite reflected the sensational success of the two camps to the north. The Mizpah and the Mohawk mines had set the country ablaze with gold fever—all the more so because the Mohawk stock had been placed on the market at ten cents a share. At this figure an investment of one hundred dollars would have been worth seventeen thousand dollars. It was the grand prize in the desert lottery. Every man who bought stock in an unknown property hoped that it might turn out to be another Mohawk or Mizpah, and every man who had a hole in the ground capitalized it and found eager buyers—at home as well as abroad.

Our camp had the spirit of the old West, mixed with modern get-rich-quick ideas and practices. The press agent was a prominent factor in Nevada boom days, for the promoters knew the value of publicity and used it lavishly. Mines and prospective mines were advertised in newspapers from one end of the country to the other. The local broker's offices were clearing houses for checks, which poured in with every mail; and every check represented an individual who was gambling that there was gold at the bottom of a particular hole in the ground, which he had never seen. Some of these mines were honest producers; some of them promised to produce, and others were capitalizing their hope and selling it with a smear of printer's ink.

I suppose I was afflicted with effete ideas of conservatism and stability. I could not look at that tented town and bring myself to believe it would last. I had been used to brick houses from fifty to one hundred years old. Rhyolite in 1906 had no appearance of permanence and gave one the impression that the next strong wind from the north would whirl it over into Death Valley.

At any rate I was a bystander during the first wild months of that boom. It was a game I did not understand, and one that my cautious Eastern mind told me was unsafe. Still, optimism is catching; and the time came when I dipped into speculation with the others.

My first speculative investment—and I would now be richer by several thousand dollars if it had been my last—was not in mining stock. The railroad was coming into Rhyolite and the camp was greatly excited in consequence. A patient of mine, who was supposed to have inside information, advised me to buy a certain lot on Golden Street.

"But that's away out of town!" I protested. "What do I want with that sandpatch?"

"Never you mind!" said he. "Just run along and buy it as quick as you can. You can get it for three hundred dollars."

I bought the lot. Then I went to look at it and wished I had my three hundred dollars back. I had never owned any real estate before, but that section of sand and sagebrush looked less like real money than any piece of property I had ever seen. Toward noon a stranger dropped in.

"Doctor," said he, "you've just bought a lot on Golden Street. I'll give you nine hundred dollars for it."

I nearly upset my desk in my eagerness to close with him. Before I was through congratulating myself upon my business shrewdness a second man waved a certified check for two thousand dollars under my nose, and he also wished to buy the lot on Golden Street. I was forced to tell him the property was no longer mine. Then I put on my hat and went out to find my friend.

"What is doing on Golden Street?" I asked. "I sold that lot for nine hundred dollars and I could have had two thousand dollars by hanging on to it a little longer."

"You sold it!" roared my friend. "Why, you chump, the railroad is coming through there. It'll be the business center of the camp!"

So my Eastern conservatism cost me eleven hundred dollars. It was a lesson to me; but the confidence and optimism I acquired as time went on cost me much more.

Rhyolite was not exactly a lawless camp, but it was a camp that had its share of killings and shooting scrapes. Willful murder was not allowed to pass without punishment; but in the case of a quarrel between two men public opinion found no fault with the one who drew first and centered his shots. A plea of self-defense could be stretched to cover almost any range of fact or fancy, and if a man could prove that he had ever had trouble with his victim that fact was regarded as sufficient excuse for the killing.

"I had to get him or he would get me!" was a popular plea.

During my first winter in Rhyolite a Chicago friend paid me a visit. George was the sort of man who smokes a pipe at all hours—cool, phlegmatic and reflective. A nervous man prefers a cigarette, but George had no nerves—at least none that I had ever been able to discover.

On his first night in camp he was sitting on the steps outside my office, watching me pick the stitches out of a mule-skinner's face. The man had been slashed with a knife in a saloon brawl. My office was still in the room behind the bank. It was small enough to begin with, but when half of it was curtained off and turned into a sleeping apartment there was just enough room left for a desk and two chairs. My waiting room was the open street. George sucked on his pipe and took it from his mouth to ask a question.

"Do you get much of that sort of work round here?" said he.

"Quite a good deal," said I. "Sometimes the boys get to fighting and ——"

(Continued on Page 47)

A Second Shooting Affray Broke Out at the Other End of the Street

WILSON IN WASHINGTON

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE reason Woodrow Wilson dominates the members of his party, who make up the majorities in the Senate and the House of Representatives, is that he knows more than they do.

Occasionally, as in the present instance, an intellect is projected into American politics—not often, but now and then. And when an intellect is projected into American politics you observe the ordinary, standardized brand of politicians snuffling and shuffling to the rear. We have had intellectual politicians and political intellects in our history that operated for the broad, general good of the people with such slants partyward as seemed desirable—and with a couple or three angles of self-interest discernible. The difference between those and the sort of mind that is operating just now is that the historical ones were encumbered with fleshly—not to say fleshy—detriments, while the Wilson dominance is a purely intellectual proposition.

It is not my intention to assert that President Wilson has not made mistakes—for he has—or to predict that he will not make more mistakes. The point I want to emphasize is that the mistakes he makes will be his own mistakes and the accomplishments will be his own accomplishments; for, as things stand, he is the actual Government of this country—not merely the executive head of the nation by virtue of his presidency, but the actual Government. And the reason for that is he knows more than the men in association with him. He knows he knows more, and so do they. Thus his power is complete.

Critics of the president say this undeniable strength is his chief weakness. They say he has so long been accustomed to taking a subject under consideration, thinking it out to its last details and then holding tenaciously to his conclusions, that this finality of opinion will, and has, led him into errors of performance and policy. These critics hold that he would be in better case at times if he modified his own course in accordance with the views of others fitted to advise—or, in any event, paid heed to a consensus of contrary judgment.

That criticism the president meets candidly. He often says to a protesting statesman: "I claim no superior attributes of mind or decision over you or over any man in my party; but you overlook the fact that I have been designated by the people to hold this office and be the official head of this nation. I am simply the instrument of the people for carrying out their desires as I understand them. It is my best judgment that this thing should be done in this way, and you should acquiesce in that judgment; for I must bear the burden of the responsibility to the people, and not you; and I have no desire to divide that responsibility or shift it. I have given this matter careful consideration. This procedure seems right to me. I ask you to adopt my plan. If you do not I am perfectly willing to submit both my plan and yours to the people and abide by their decision; but until the people relieve me of my responsibilities those responsibilities are paramount, and I must insist on my own conception of my duty."

His the Mistakes and His the Rewards

THERE is not much of an answer for that sort of statement. The man is there, accountable, and knowing it—and accepting his trust. If the objector is not satisfied to take his opinion as final the president is satisfied to submit the matter to the people for determination; but until there is an adverse popular ruling he intends to do as he sees fit as the instrument of the people—and he does. The mistakes will be his and so will the rewards.

The majority members of the Congress of the United States having discovered how useless it is to protest, and having experienced the impersonal, logical, determined method of the man, are cowed and conquered; and, though they vigorously assert their independence among themselves, they publicly display little of it. Now and then a man rebels, but he gets nowhere. As a mass the Democrats in Congress are eager to carry out Mr. Wilson's slightest wish—eager to acquiesce in his policies and afraid to do otherwise. They are eating out of his hand.

In an article I wrote about Mr. Wilson six weeks before he was inaugurated I said there would be no mistake as to who would be president of the United States after Mr. Wilson went into the White House. The president, I said, would be Woodrow Wilson, without the delegation of a particle of authority to any person whomsoever. That was plain enough after talking with the man about his plans. It is even plainer now.

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The Administration is His and None Other's

If this administration is a success it will be Wilson's success. If it is a failure it will be his failure. And the amazing thing about his complete domination is that it is not an arrogant domination, or a magisterial domination, or an offensive domination, but a suave, calm, perfectly natural result of a superior intellect dealing with inferiors. He is agreeable, mild-mannered, pleasant, even solicitous about it all; but the fact that he is affable and courteous does not alter the other fact that he is firmly and entirely the leader, and insists on complete recognition as such. He smiles when he tells a man to do a thing, but that smile does not decrease or soften the imperativeness of the order. He is a polite but not an easy boss.

The president's judgment, when once determined, may be questioned or carped at, but there is a complete understanding in Washington that it is final—I mean his judgment in large matters of policy of course. It may easily happen that he is misled on men, and it has happened. His whole method of mind during all his life has tended to make him inexpert in his assay of men; and the logic of patronage or the illogic of it is foreign to his manner of thought. So now and then the politicians, greedy for spoils, have deceived him with their candidates for office—and so, too, the necessities of partisan politics have led him to make some appointments that were not of the best. That was to be expected.

Mr. Wilson must have confidence in somebody. He has been obliged to take some men at the valuation of their sponsors, and some men have been extravagantly overvalued to him. When we reach the millennium of government all officeholders will be placed in office because of eminent fitness for their positions. Until those halcyon days arrive men will be appointed for political reasons; and political reasons will continue to be the poorest possible reasons for advent into public service.

This sort of criticism, however, is like chasing flyspecks. The main fact, as developed since March fourth last, is that, come success or come failure, this administration is Woodrow Wilson's, and none other's. He is the top, the middle and the bottom of it. There is not an atom of divided responsibility. He has accepted every issue as his, has formulated every policy as his, and is insisting—and with success—on strict adherence to his plans. The Democratic party revolves round him. He is the center of it; the biggest Democrat in the country—the leader and the chief. He will heed a protest, but considers himself under no obligation to act on it if it is not in accordance with his own conclusions. He is tenacious of his own judgments, confident of his abilities, without acting cavalierly over them—and is the president—definitely so.

According to custom the president selected a Cabinet. As a whole it is not a Cabinet to justify any loud shouts concerning its aggregate brilliance or its aggregate brain. It is a good, workaday Cabinet, with two or three high lights in it. It suits his purpose and it suits the conditions surrounding it—that Cabinet does. He wanted responsible heads for the various executive departments and he secured such heads. So far as the president is concerned his Cabinet members are just that and nothing much more—executive heads. He discusses departmental affairs with them when he discusses anything with them.

In reality Cabinet meetings on stated days have lapsed. When there is a Cabinet meeting the president sits at the head of the table and takes up with each secretary things that intimately concern him. He talks to them one at a time. While such a talk is going on the other secretaries may twiddle their thumbs or discuss the weather. They are not in it. If the president has a policy to announce or a message to read he announces the policy or reads the message to the Cabinet. He is scrupulously polite in listening to suggestions for change. He is at no pains to adopt any suggestion that does not meet with his own personal view.

It would not be surprising if this winter, when all the secretaries are back from their junkets, there should be no stated Cabinet meetings, but only individual consultations with Cabinet members when consultation about individual or departmental matters is desirable.

It is quite probable the president considers this Government in the light of a university. He is the head of it. His Cabinet members are his executives. The senators and representatives are the students.

He is ministering to the students—and through them to the people—along certain well-defined lines. He has formulated his policies and he has no intention of changing the curriculum or decreasing its scope.

A Man of Unswerving Purpose

WHEN President Wilson came into office there were two obvious tasks before him: The first was to revise the tariff, which has been done; the second was to revise the currency laws, which has not been done, but which is under consideration as this is written. There was no particular difficulty about the revision of the tariff. Every person in the United States who knows anything at all about the country knew the tariff must be revised. The Democrats were committed to revision. That was one of the chief factors in their success a year ago. The only question was concerning the manner and the amount of revision that were desirable.

The president had certain definite ideas on this subject. He came into office with those ideas firmly fixed. He persistently and consistently pressed those ideas. He did not move backward or forward, or up or down. He stood exactly where he stood in his tariff message and where he had stood long before he read that message. As an instance of his fixedness of purpose, let me say that last January he told me in substance what form that message would take; that it would be a tariff message, with a paragraph at the close saying that the next subject to be considered would be currency reform. And that was exactly the message he read weeks later, after all the statesmen in the Democratic party had taken a shot at advising him what to say and how to say it.

There was a good deal of backing and filling by the Democrats on the tariff. Some of them wanted this and some of them wanted that, albeit all knew they must revise it; but in the larger essentials the Democrats did what Mr. Wilson forced them to do—revised the tariff as he wanted it revised. Forced is the right word. He put on a steady pressure and never relaxed. Still the situation

was made for him. They had to revise and they had to revise his way. There was no escape.

That left one of the two obvious things undone. Then came currency reform. While the Senate was making up its mind to do as the president wanted it to do about the tariff, the House passed the sort of currency bill he desired. This was easy in the House. There was some show of protest in the Democratic caucus, but the president insisted and the opposition was not effective. The House, operating under a rule, passed the Glass Bill and handed the matter over to the Senate.

Every member of the House must go before the people in 1914 for reëlection—unless he decides to quit public life. No Democratic member dared go before the people on a platform of opposition to the wishes of the president as to currency reform. They did as he said, after he had examined and revised the bill and had approved it. I am speaking now of essentials, not of minor details. He was dictator. And they were his willing subjects.

As this is written the Senate is considering the bill in committee. The Senate is a slow-moving body. There is Democratic opposition to the bill in the Committee on Banking and Currency. There will be Democratic opposition on the floor of the Senate. There is tremendous pressure from the outside.

The president is anxious to have the matter disposed of at this special session of the Congress, which must end when the regular session convenes on the first Monday in December. It is quite possible the president will not get his bill through at the special session. The subject may go over in the Senate until the regular session. There is no telling about that in these early days of October; but it is reasonably safe to say—when he does get his bill, when it finally becomes a law—he will have substantially what he wants or he will not sign the bill.

If the President Should Yield

THE chances are vastly in favor of the Senate's capitulating to him, rather than his giving in to the Senate. His record, method, habit of mind and practice of his prerogatives do not seem to admit of any such contingency. But if he should—if he should—then, Good-by, Woodrow Wilson! At that moment he will personally hang his harp on a weeping willow tree.

It is vital to the president to secure the kind of currency bill he has demanded. His chief difficulty lies in the fact that the Democrats considered the tariff a political matter—which it is, of course, under our archaic method of formulating tariffs—and nothing else. So considering it, they were susceptible to political pressure and sensitive to political obligations. They look on currency reform as a non-political question, and that is an excuse for the Senate protest—that and heavy big-business pressure. Now that is but a subterfuge; for though currency reform is non-political, of course in its basic relations to party it is as political as the tariff so far as the Democratic party is concerned, because it is a well-defined policy of this administration, and as such, from the very nature of our system, is political.

It is not likely Mr. Wilson will pay much attention to any non-partisan spirit shown by recalcitrant senators. He wants the currency reformed and he has set forth the manner in the Glass Bill. Undoubtedly he will submit to amendments that do not annul the spirit and purpose of the Glass Bill, but he has made it a Wilson issue and will fight it out on that line.

These are the obvious things. The tariff was not difficult. Just how difficult currency reform will be is yet to be developed; but, whether hard or easy, the two big things thus far considered by this administration had and have no such possibilities for trouble and grief, and partisan splits, and all-round disturbance as the policies that must be considered in the future. The Democrats had to revise the tariff and they must do something for the currency. Those tasks were fixed, inevitable and ordinary.

Now comes the constructive period for the party. Now come the new things that must be done. Whatever the difficulties of the past have been, they are child's play when compared to the difficulties the future holds. Mr. Wilson is now asking himself these questions: What are we to do in the matter of trusts and monopolies? What of conservation? What of Government ownership? What of a greater navy? What of the regulation of transportation and distribution? What of a universal divorce law and universal health laws? What of Mexico—of Central America—of Japan? What of the establishment of free competition and of the curbing of unlawful combinations in restraint of trade?

There the president faces the real test of his administration. Sanely radical as he may be in regard to the regulation of monopolies and trusts, for example, he is confronted by a considerable section of his party that is radical almost to the point of confiscation. Imbued as he may be with the idea of a national policy for the conservation of the natural resources of the country, he is facing a large and powerful portion of his party that believes in the doctrine of state rights in such matters.

Undoubtedly he thinks our program for the increase of our navy should be commensurate with the greatness and power of our country; but many members of his own party have for years fought naval increase, and instead of allowing two battleships a year have cut the new construction to one. There are as many ideas among the Democrats as to the proper regulation for railroads and other means of transportation and distribution as there are Democrats—almost. And so, all through the catalogue of new legislation, he must propose and foster.

It is true enough that the determination of the congressional elections and the senatorial primaries and elections in 1914 will rest to a considerable extent on the outcome, as discovered by the people in their individual cases, of the revision of the tariff and the reform of the currency; but it is also true that the men who must stand for election will consider carefully the new legislation that is proposed and its effect on their own fortunes, and will undoubtedly be more insistent on their own ideas and plans than they were either in the tariff or the currency issues, which were practically predestined.

This legislation will come in the session that will end some time next summer, just previous to the elections; and it may be that many of the Democrats will think enough has been done with the tariff and currency for going-before-the-people purposes, and try to stave off this newer, constructive legislation.

If that is the case there will be an immediate conflict, for President Wilson is no believer in expediency. He has certain definite ideas on certain definite subjects, including the topics above mentioned. He is not the manner of man who can excuse or justify delay in consideration of those topics for any mere personal advantage to the men in Congress. Undoubtedly he will press his policies, which will include a drastic regulation of trusts and monopolies and combinations in restraint of trade, by amendment of the Sherman Law or otherwise, which may include preliminaries leading to the ultimate Government ownership of telephones and telegraphs, as well as other radical departures from our present system.

When Mr. Wilson begins his steady insistence for action on these propositions and others he will be facing the crucial period of his official career. He will meet with opposition at every step, but he will be better prepared for it because of his experience with the tariff and with currency, and his wider knowledge—not only of conditions but of consequences and how he can entail them; and it is a safe prediction that he will win more times than he will lose.

His greatest danger as well as his greatest difficulty will be, and is at this moment, the difficulty of patronage. Despite any denials that may come, I assert that the great majority of Democrats in Congress—and probably the great majority of Republicans—are in their hearts utterly opposed to civil service. They would root it out if they dared. They are hungry for patronage. The pressure is great—especially from the South. There are no jobs to be given out. It is quite true there are not more than twenty senators out of ninety-six who would not vote to do away with civil service if they thought there would be no personal and political reaction. They want places. They are desperate. The whole pressure is focused on them.

The Clamor of Hungry Democrats

THIS gives them a distorted view. It is centralized in Washington—this pressure for place. It seems that every man wants a job. This, of course, is absurd; for out of our hundred million there are millions and millions and millions who never even dream of getting a Federal place, who never have any idea of applying for one, and who think, vaguely perhaps, that the men who do hold the jobs should hold them under some system that will keep them in place as long as their services are useful.

You cannot make a senator or a representative think that. It is his firm idea that everybody in the nation wants a job and that practically everybody is on his shoulders howling for one; so they are making tentative assaults on civil service. They are feeling their way toward more jobs for the boys.

They did a little of it in the tariff bill—a little, but not much. Then they grew bolder and took a good, fair swing at it in the Urgent Deficiency Bill. As this is written that bill is still in Congress, but it contains a provision exempting deputy collectors from civil-service requirements. All told it means about fifteen hundred places. President Wilson has not said what he will do with this bill if it comes to him with this provision in it; but that is not the point. The crux of the matter is that the Democrats in Congress, hungry for patronage, thus boldly made this attack on civil service; and the plan is to go further if they are successful in keeping the provision in the bill—and the president signs. The argument

President Wilson and the Washington Newspaper Correspondents

(Continued on Page 44)

ACCORDING TO THE SUCKER

Virgil Custard Gets the Horse-Laugh on Reverend Baltimore Criddle

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE rear of the Shining Light Restaurant, behind a latticed partition, two negroes sat—at different tables—putting their heads close together when no one observed. Chicago Sid was chunky and chocolate-colored; the other was a hatchet-faced lighter mulatto, with a split lip that curled upward into a perpetual parody of a smile. The Smiler peeped through the lattice door, while Chicago Sid talked earnestly. Smiler sprang up.

"Dar goes dat Pop-eyed Parson. Now's my chance to tackle him."

Chicago Sid held him back.

"I ain't put no bug in his year—not yit."

"Our kind o' bizness needs to be did right quick. We got to make a killin' an' hit de railroad."

"You ain't no more hastier to sneak dan what I is. Git bizzy wid dem udder suckers!"

So the dapper perkiness of Virgil Custard wafted itself unmolested along the primrose path of dalliance. He passed the barber shop; the second-hand shoe stores; the eating houses, where red-checkered cloths hung on the tables and fried-catfish smells hung in the heavy air.

The Pop-eyed Parson flitted airily as a bird on summer wings. This was Virgil's hour for wafting and he wafted himself to the trysting place. If Virgil had forgotten his dog would have reminded him, for old Jume had likewise contracted the Luella Dorkins habit.

Though the barber-shop loafers grinned at Virgil's philandering and coveted the striped festivity of his pants, Virgil knew himself for a rose of yesterday, ready to drop its petals and go to seed. The creases in his pants were not so rigidly exact, saw-edges came upon his collars, and his patent-leather uppers were shamelessly divorcing their soles. Old Jume wore no clothes and more than hinted at lean times. From being a marvel of liver-and-white rotundity, Jume showed first a suspicion and then a certainty of ribs.

Virgil tarried at the gashouse corner. Jume wagged his tail stiffly as a crowbar. Every loafer on the barber-shop bench knew that Luella Dorkins was approaching. Saul Jordan left his lathered customer and looked out the door.

"Befo' dat Pop-eyed Parson sot up in dis Coffin Club business de black gals wouldn't notice 'im. Den he traded fer a straw hat an' commenced runnin' wid chocolate-browns. Huh! Nothin' won't suit Virgil now 'cep' de high yallers."

Luella Dorkins was distinctly a high yaller—very high. She stooped and patted old Jume.

"Virgil, is you done bought dat pianner?"

"Not yit; I got to 'range my bizness wid Criddle."

Virgil Failed to See a Hatchet-Face Peep In Cautiously

"Thought you done 'tended to dat!" contended the yellow woman.

"I'll git it fixed dis evenin'," Virgil said.

"All right, den. I'm gwine to look at dat pianner agin."

Luella's skirts rustled like the leaves of a cottonwood tree as she swished along toward the music store.

Virgil walked thoughtfully back and halted at the drug-store corner. It had become cool enough for the Reverend Baltimore Criddle to draw out a rocking chair and convene with himself on the sidewalk in front of his Coffin Club. Criddle's collar hung flabbily round his neck; a triangular shirt-front showed puddles and ponds, with a diamond cluster pin in the middle; he waved a palmetto fan and mopped his forehead—but nobody ever knew Criddle to lay aside that long black coat.

Virgil grunted.

"Huh! Ef a hog wus half as fat as what Criddle is, he wouldn't eat no mo', 'cep' dey turned a razorback in de same pen wid 'im. Money rollin' in so rapid Criddle can't scuffle out de way! Don't even rake it in for hisse'f—got de Treasurer doin' dat!"

Virgil was not getting any coin, however, and the parable of the fat hog festered in his mind.

"I sho' is a po' hog! Gotter git smack in de middle o' dat pen!"

Virgil the thin rambled toward Criddle the fat and sat grumpily on the doorstep.

"Rev'ren', I wants a better job outer dis here Coffin Club."

Criddle's well-oiled neck revolved, upholding a countenance that denied hard times.

"What ails yo' job?"

"I needs money."

"You always is needin' money."

"Boun' to need it—I don't never git none!"

"You made a plenty 'swadin' new members; whyn't you 'swade some mo'?"

"All of 'em is done 'swaded; 'tain't no mo' niggers lef'."

Criddle stirred the dry air with his fan; a yellow diamond sparkled on his finger.

"We aims to set up branch lodges at Jackson an' Greenville an' Natchez. Dey'll be fields green an' pastures new."

"When you gwine to do dat?"

"D'reetly after dis nex' comin' 'lection."

"Why can't you open 'em up right now?"

"Dem niggers mought take a fool notion to 'lect somebody else; den whar'd me an' you an' Perkins be at?"

"I knows whar I'm at—I'm fixin' to git hongry. I wants ——"

Virgil opened his mouth and shut it, for Saul Jordan had shut his barber-shop door; Saul was crossing the street to foregather with Criddle and the Elders. Perkins lugged out his chair; Wesley Adams, who kept the grocery next door, dragged up his well-whittled bench; Uncle Gascue Bozey hobbled along and sat down.

Criddle would talk no more business; so Virgil humped himself in a corner of the doorstep, taking no part in the discourse. Old Jume lay contentedly at his feet. Criddle rolled the whites of his eyes and remarked:

"Here comes dat Chicago nigger! Wonder why he keeps on hangin' roun' dis town?"

Criddle looked cross-eyed at every new negro who was lippy and smart enough to set up competition in the Coffin Club business.

Chicago Sid dawned upon Vicksburg without sponsors or pedigree and cultivated an intimacy with Virgil Custard. Through Virgil he invited himself to join the doorstep conference. Sid expounded on every subject except his own affairs and Criddle got jealous of the slack-jawed interest with which the other negroes listened.

"Hello, Sid!" Virgil greeted him. "I thought you done lef' town?"

"Ain't gone yit. I likes Vicksburg. Folks treats me nice. It feels kinder friendly atter hangin' roun' Chicago."

"Huh!" Criddle kept his eyes on the sidewalk. "Niggers don't l'arn nothin' good in Chicago."

Nobody else said a word, which gave Saul Jordan his chance.

"I seen a nigger drayman win five dollars offen a white man jes' now—done it mighty slick!"

"Don't Let Nobody See Dat Ring for Better'n a Month—Specially Yo' Gal!"

"How was dat?" Virgil bit at anything like a bet.

"You-all knows Tom Woodall, what's got de big black mule? Steamboat has jes' made her landin' wid a lot o' Nawthe'n folks to see de park; dey wuz skylarkin' roun', waitin' fer deir automobiles an' prankin' wid each other. Tom had done rolled two bales o' cotton on his dray an' started up Crawford Street hill. One o' dem white fellers say to him: 'How much do dem bales weigh?' Tom 'ply back: 'Tween 'leven an' twelve hundred.' De white man look at de hill, den look at de mule. 'Dat mule can't pull twelve hundred up no sech hill!'

"Tom hates fer anybody to low-rate his mule; so he say: 'Ole Steady kin pull three bales up dat hill widout me drivin' him!' Den anudder white man speak up; he mus' 'a' been some kin' o' hossman: 'You say yo' mule kin pull eighteen hundred pounds up dat hill? I'd give five dollars to see any mule do dat!' Tom ketch' 'im right quick. 'Will you gimme five dollars?' Some of 'em laughed an' de white man stick to what he say. 'I'm game—five dollars goes!'

"In less'n no time Tom h'isted anudder bale on top o' dem two, an' turned Ole Steady todes de hill. Den he laid de reins acrost de mule's back an' say: 'Ole Steady, git up dat hill!'

"Tom never said no mo' to de mule—jes' went stragglin' 'long de sidewalk whar de mule could see 'im. Whole passel o' white folks follered in de middle o' de street, watchin' to see what de mule gwine to do. Ole Steady knowed he had a big load. He squints at de hill an' spraddled his legs; den went up dat hill sideways an' zigzag. 'Dat ain't fair! Dat ain't fair!' laughed de white gent'mun. Dat mule never paid 'em no min', 'cep' to flop his years.

"Eve'y time Ole Steady got tired he stopped his dray crosswise o' de hill an' rested hisself good an' plenty. No mule ain't gwine to bust his constitution fer nobody. Ole Steady pulled dem three bales plum' to de top an' ev'ybody sot up a laugh at de manner he done so. Dat white feller sho' ack squure; he give Tom five dollars an' say: 'It's wuth ten dollars to see dat mule pull!'

"Den he tuk off anudder five: 'Here, feller! Feed dat mule extry wid dis! Now I got ten dollars mo' what say yo' mule is got twice as much sense as what you got!'

'You wins!' Tom grinned while he stuff dat easy money in his pocket."

"Dat ain't sech a big mule!" observed Virgil.

"Bigges' mule in dis town!" Saul Jordan contradicted.

"He lacks a whole lot o' bein' de bigges'. I bets ten dollars dat roan mule o' Sandy Russell's weighs a hundred pounds more'n de black mule any day you wants to put 'em on de scales."

Criddle turned to Virgil.

"He dat hath knowledge spareth words. Don't go roun' bettin' so rash; den you'll have mo' money to bet wid."

"I got money!"

Virgil produced his lonesome twenty. Saul Jordan never produced anything except an assertion:

"Tom's mule weighs two thousand pounds."

"No sech thing! Dat mule is got too much daylight under him. Here's twenty what say he don't weigh over eighteen hundred an' ninety!"

Saul Jordan took water.

"I don't wanter bet."

"Ef you can't talk wid yo' money don't talk so swif' wid yo' mouf!"

Virgil twisted the bill sportily round his finger, while Criddle asked:

"How you know what dat mule weighs?"

"By lookin' at 'im. Anybody knows Rev'ren' Criddle weighs twice as much as Unc Gascue Bozey. I hates to argufy wid niggers what ain't got no jedgment an' won't bet."

Criddle took the wind out of Virgil's sails.

"Huh! Virgil mus' 'a' forgot dat time he wuz ramblin' down Washington Street an' a nigger foun' a pocketbook right befront him. O' co'se, as Virgil seen it too, he claims his share. Dat nigger open de pocketbook an' let Virgil see wid his own eyes dat it had a twenty-dollar bill an' two fives, an' a one. Den, while Virgil helt it in his own han', dat nigger 'sists to Virgil twarn't but two dollars in it, an' Virgil's share warn't but one dollar. Dat sot 'em squabblin'; an' Virgil wanted to bet, same as he do now. Dey bets ten dollars; an' when Virgil opened dat pocketbook hisse'f he couldn't find but two dollars in it!"

"Dat wuz a trick'" Virgil protested. "He swapped dem pocketbooks while I wasn't lookin'."

The Reverend Criddle nodded wisely.

"You oughter be lookin' when you bets on other folks' tricks."

"Played Virgil for a sucker!" Saul Jordan hawhawed.

Virgil was on the run and Criddle took another shot.

"Virgil, I bets you can't guess what you weighs yo' ownse'f ef you takes off dem feet! But 'tain't safe; 'cause ef you wuz to onscrew bofe o' dem feet yo' head would h'ist you up in de air—same ez a berloon."

Virgil could not talk against that whirlwind, with old Gascue Bozey rolling over in a fit; so he called his dog.

"Come 'long, Jume! I'm tired skull-draggin' wid niggers what ain't got common onderstandin'."

Virgil marched away to the music of their jeering approval. Chicago Sid rose from the doorstep and followed.

"Don't let dem niggers pester you!"

Virgil tossed his head resentfully.

"I sho' would love to git de hoss-laugh on Criddle!"

Sid laughed.

"You's smarter'n Criddle; you kin bilk 'im outter his eyeteeth; he ain't nothin' but a saphead behavin' biggity."

Virgil looked dubious.

"Is you ever tried to beat Criddle? I is."

"We ain't gwine to try. Criddle's de official lamb an' wese gwine to clip 'im! Den we'll make his hide pop like a new saddle. Go 'long up de street on dis side; I'll loaf along de udder side. Meet me at de poolroom."

Across a table at the poolroom, Chicago Sid unfolded his pious scheme to Virgil.

"You heered Criddle bluffin' 'bout you couldn't guess what you weigh yo' ownse'f ef you wuz to onscrew yo' feet? It tickles Criddle to make dem niggers hawhaw. He's gwine to git fresh again an' dat makes yo' chance.

"Now lissen to me real good! Tomorrer evenin' while me an' Criddle is talkin' you goes away an' leaves old Jume. Immediate' I puts a bug in Criddle's year to weigh yo' dog on de grocery scales nex' do'. O' co'se you don't know nothin' 'bout dat when you gits back an' sets down.

"Den me an' Criddle proceeds to argufyin' 'bout how much do a man weigh, how much do a mule weigh—an' likewise a dog. You makes yo' brags an' Criddle makes his brags. Den Criddle wants to bet he kin guess nigher de weight o' yo' own dog dan what you kin."

"Co'se he kin!" Virgil objected. "Ain't he done weighed Jume?"

Sid winked.

"You ain't seed my p'int! Criddle thinks he's got it framed up to beat you, an' all de time we's got it framed up to beat him. It's dis way: You mus'n't let old Jume have nothin' to eat tonight—needer all day tomorrer. Criddle weighs dat dog hisse'f when ole Jume is holler an' hongry. Den you comes 'long, calls Jume off an' fills him plum' full o' pot-liquor!

"A p'inter dog kin eat five pounds o' cornbread an' pot-liquor. Atter dat you comes back—an' dat's de time you makes yo' bet! Criddle guesses zackly what he seen de dog weigh an' you guesses five pounds mo'. De five pounds extry is what de dog et."

A glorious light burst on Virgil Custard. He bounded up, headed for the door.

"Come 'long, Jume!"

Sid grabbed him.

"Hole on, Virgil; 'tain't time to start nothin'. Jes' set down an' wait."

When Virgil's enthusiasm quieted he felt the doubts again.

"But I sho would love to throw de hooks into Criddle!"

"'Tain't nothin' easier; all you got to do is to bait it right."

"Criddle's mighty sharp!"

"Sharp niggers bites a heap more quicker dan de ones what keeps deir moufs shet. Don't make no diffunce how crafty a nigger is, 'long comes somebody else what's got 'im skinned a block! Lissen to dis!" Sid drew out a folded newspaper. "Here's a piece in dis paper 'bout a feller's ring what he los'—great big dimunt—hundred dollars reward an' no questions."

Virgil was not listening. Sid drew nearer and whispered:

"Dat white feller come down on de same boat wid dem folks what Saul Jordan wuz tellin' 'bout. He's a gambler. I knows whar he los' dat ring an' I knows who's got it."

"How come he los' his ring?"

Sid grinned. "Jes' like I wuz tellin' you. Don't make no diffunce how slick you is, some feller comes 'long what's slicker—an' foxes yo' devilment. Dis gambler is named Stallman—eve'ybody calls him Stall. In shufflin' pasteboards 'tain't nobody mo' artful dan Stall. He got on de steamboat at St. Louey an' I seen a slim-built yaller nigger trailin' 'im. Says I to myself: 'Stall done foun' his match in Smiler! Virgil, ef you is seekin' fer a fool don't pick up no hatchet-face yaller nigger wid a split lip. He's got dat ring an' he won't cough up fer no hundred. Ten hundred wouldn't buy dat ring—'cep' Smiler got broke.'"

"A ring wuth a thousand dollars?" Virgil's breath escaped in a hiss.

"Yes; got a gold band what reaches from dis knuck to dat'n; dimunt big as a marble, wid two red things what dey calls rubies. Mighty few white folks got dem kind o' rings—an' no niggers at all."

"Whyn't you tell dat feller Stall whar his ring is at an' git de hundred? Dat's what I'd do."

"Huh! Smiler might go to Stall hisse'f an' say: 'Here I is; I got yo' ring on me.' Den Stall couldn't find it; neither all de perlices in de worl'—not ef Smiler didn't want 'em to git it. Nobody won't never see dat ring onless Smiler takes a notion to sell."

"Hundred dollars is a mighty heap!" Virgil kept pondering. "I sho' would try."

"No; we got dis bizness on wid Criddle—an' Criddle's easy! Go 'long home an' lock up old Jume whar he can't git nothin' to eat. An' don't say nothin'; a fool's tongue is plenty long to cut his throat."

Next morning Virgil sidetracked his horse-laugh enterprise and tackled Criddle on the subject of steady rations, which was far more important. The Grand Organizer rocked at ease, his diamond cluster sparkling, while Virgil orated before him, waving a pair of skinny arms and sweating with enthusiasm.

"What I aims to do is have a extry degree in dis Club, whar all de brudders wears red aprons an' dem twisty rags roun' dey heads. Won't 'low 'em to buy deir reegalia from nobody 'cep' me. I'm gwine to git married an' buy stuff at de sto' what cost fo' bits. Luella stitches 'em up on de sewin' machine. Den I charges de members fo' dollars an' six bits per each. Dat leaves me fo' an' a quarter clear! Two or three hundred brudders be nacherly 'bleeged to j'ine or dey can't march in de peerade ——"

Virgil paused, breathless, for admiration and approval from his audience.

Criddle poured him back in the jug with an icy silence, then turned his head.

"Perkins, you hear what dis young nigger say? He wants to start a side degree an' sell all de 'galia hisse'f."

"Yo' Scales is Wrong! Dey's Cheatin' Scales!"

Perkins snorted like an alarm clock, which effectually roused Virgil from his dream.

"You-all needn't laugh! Criddle, you sells de secret work an' gits yo' rake-off from all dese white gloves an' spangled collars, an' so on. Perkins is got his reg'lar p'cent on what de members pays fer dues. An' bofe o' you 'vides de pickin's eve'y time you pays a widder 'ooman her policy."

"Hustle up some mo' new members; dat's whar you comes in!"

"I'm burnt out o' hustlin' fer new members, what pays me a dollar per each; den see 'em come here ev'y month an' feed you two niggers wid a spoon continual—continual! I'm 'bleeged to pick up sumpin a leetle bit more reg'lar!"

"I 'lowed bettin's done got to be yo' reg'lar job!" Criddle's fat jowls shook like tar jelly as he reached for his hat. "Come 'long, Perkins; le's go compromise wid de Widder Rye."

Criddle and Perkins passed out together, nudging each other. The Pop-eyed Parson clenched his fist.

"Dat's de way dey does when I starts to talkin' my bizness!"

Virgil made himself small in one corner of Criddle's rocker; his heart was bad and his ears were deaf. He failed to see a hatchet-face peep in cautiously at the back door, and failed to hear the noiseless footfalls, until a slim-built mulatto stood beside him. Virgil had never got yardbroke to that black-draped coffin in the middle of the floor; the sudden apparition startled him.

"What you want? What you want?"

The split lip curled upward and Virgil recognized the Smiler.

"I wants to talk wid you," the intruder whispered. "Anybody here?"

"No; all of 'em gone away."

"Eve'body say youse got plenty sense!" Which Virgil admitted with a nod.

The Smiler went on.

"Dat's de kin' o' man I loves to do bizness wid. Don't 'quire so much splainin' an' argufyin'. I picked you

out 'cause dese niggers say you loves good clothes an' jew'lry ——" Smiler noted the effect of his words, and it was good. "Parson Custard, maybe you'd like to buy a nice ring—cheap?"

"Dunno. I might."

"Kin you keep yo' mouf shet?"

"I knows a whole family in Georgy what makes good money tendin' to deir own bizness."

From his trousers pocket the Smiler produced a small wad of newspaper, with a wary and significant glance at Virgil.

"Pardner, I'm trustin' you a mighty heap, which I wouldn't never do ef 'twarn't fer de fine rep' you got."

Virgil had risen, his nervous fingers twitching, his eyes fascinated by the slow unrolling of that package. Smiler held the ring in a ray of light that traversed the dim recesses of the gloomy room.

"I sho' does hate to part wid dis; but I'm boun' to leave fer St. Louey tonight. Try it on, pardner."

Virgil thrilled with delicious shivers at the feel of the broad gold band and the glitter of the jewels.

"How much is dis ring wuth?"

"Don't ask me how much it's wuth onless youse ready to shell out a thousand—cose I couldn't sell it fer no thousan' 'thout gwine to a jew'lry sto'; an' dey wouldn't believe me when I tole 'em whar I got it. I hates a lot o' back talk."

"Whar'd you git it?"

"How did I git dis ring?" Smiler repeated musingly. "De play come up accidental. Dere wuz a big gambler named Stallman what works on de steamboats out o' St. Louey. Stall got in bad. Cops wuz bullheaded 'bout sendin' 'im over de road. 'Tain't no use talkin' a long rigmarole. Stall says to me: 'Smiler, you knows sumpin' what'll git me outer dis an' I'll give you my ring.' Stall never went over de road. Here's de ring!"

Virgil listened. The lure of the ring throbbed through him and the snappy scintillations of it glittered in his eyes.

"What's de leas' you'll take?"

"Tell you what I'll do, pardner—same as givin' it to you: Slip me a hundred an' 'twon't be no mo' said."

"I ain't got dat much ——"

The split lip curled incredulously.

"No joshin', pardner! Eve'ybody says youse lousy wid simoleons." Smiler suggested a compromise. "I'm in a jam an' ain't no hosstrader. I offers dat ring fer a hundred, an' you don't offer nothin'. Jes' split de diffunce an' han' me fifty."

He reached out for the cash, but didn't get it—though Virgil clung to the ring.

"I'll give you twenty." Virgil felt like a piker, but twenty was all he had.

"Not on yo' life! I'm hard up, but twenty dollars won't take me to St. Louey an' buy grub 'long de road."

"What time is you goin'?"

"Ten-thirty tonight."

"Don't let nobody else git dis ring."

"You'll hafter hurry."

Virgil besought him hurriedly enough:

"Come back in de alley about eight o'clock tonight, when 'tain't nobody here."

"All right!"

Smiler nodded, slowly wrapped the ring, and walked toward the back door with the Pop-eyed Parson he had caught. Virgil caught his sleeve and whispered:

"Don't fergit! Come at fust dark, when all dem fellers is settin' on de sidewalk —— Git out o' here! Quick! Quick!"—Criddle and Perkins having entered at the front.

For hours Virgil hung round the Coffin Club, seeking by wiles and stratagems to borrow thirty from Criddle, from Perkins, or from anybody else. A dejected failure, he shuffled toward the front and whistled for his dog.

"Huh! Jume ain't here; he's been shet up all day jes' to play a joke on Criddle." A sudden thought nailed him squarely between the eyes—why hadn't he thought of that before? Virgil stopped mighty still.

"Needn't be no joke; ef I can't git thirty one way I mought git it another!"

He raced off like a hound, hot on the trail of Chicago Sid.

"Parson Custard say he wouldn't pay but twenty!"

Smiler leaned forward and whispered, while Chicago Sid peeped through the latticework partition, watching the front door of the restaurant.

"Take it! We ain't dodgin' no dollars."

Smiler shook his head.

"Dat Parson'll pay fifty dollars jes' as quick. Better play 'im fer de limit while I'm 'bout it."

"You mought git fifty an' den you mought git nothin'!" Sid drummed on the table.

"Trust me!" smiled the Smiler.

The buzz of their voices hushed—like a mouse's gnawing when somebody knocks on the wainscot. Virgil's shrill excited voice called in at the door:

"Sandy, is Sid in here?"

"Run, Smiler! Run!"

Sid shoved him out the side way just as Virgil burst through the lattice door.

"Hello, Virgil! Is yo' dog hongry?"

"Sho' is!" Virgil panted. "Sid, I'se jes' been studyin'. I 'quires thirty dollars. S'long as we gwine to bet wid Criddle, can't we injuce him to bet some real money?"

"Nothin' easier; when Criddle starts to braggin' he'll sho' flash de spondulix."

"Reckon he'll bet as much as thirty?"

"Criddle's gwine to bluff jes' big as he kin—two to one, or three to one—an' make his play look stout."

"I ain't got but twenty to bet wid."

"Ain't got but twenty!"

This staggered Sid and Virgil noted it.

"Dat's all I has in my pocket right now; but I got ways an' ways o' gittin' money." He reared back. "Lemme onderstan' you real good: I got to leave Jume wid you an' Criddle; den call him away an' feed 'im. When I takes him back agin' dat's de time us makes de bet?"

Chicago Sid nodded.

"You ketches on mighty slick."

Virgil wanted to get out before Sid served notice for a division of Criddle's spoils. He paused at the lattice door.

"Be sho' an' put de bug in Criddle's year to bet good money!"

The watering cart had passed, laying the dust. Steam rose and floated away on the river breezes. Criddle pulled his chair to the coolness of the sidewalk. Virgil squirmed on the doorstep patting Jume, so that the hungry, restless and all-important dog might not get away.

Chicago Sid came zigzagging across the street and moved his broken-bottomed chair nearer to Jume. When Virgil rose and went inside Sid hooked a finger in Jume's collar and held him. Virgil made pretense of fumbling with the spears and rearranged some boxes of gloves, drawing nearer to the back door—then slipped out into the alley. Chicago Sid proceeded to make hay.

"Rev'ren', dat young nigger sho' is a spote!"

"Huh!" Criddle poised his fan in midair. "Virgil ain't no spote—he's a sucker!"

"Dat's how I sizes him up! All de time bettin' on dis an' dat. Rev'ren'"—Sid leaned closer and whispered—"Rev'ren', you got mo' sense dan all dese niggers put togedder. Whyn't you break Virgil from suckin' eggs?"

Criddle had a trained nose for crookedness, but a wary tongue.

"Uh-huh!" he barely grunted. "Uh-huh!"

"Las' night I heered you poppin' caps dat Virgil couldn't guess what he weighed ef he'd onscrew dem feet o' his'n."

"It Tickles Criddle to Make Dem Niggers Nowhaw"

Criddle chuckled at his own wit. Sid watched the round, black face and cautiously felt his way.

"S'posin' you banters Virgil fer a bet on how much do his own dog weigh?"

Criddle glanced at Jume. "No, suh; I ain't much on dogs an' Virgil knows 'bout how much Jume weighs."

"Virgil don't know zackly—dat's my p'int. S'posin' we weighs dis dog on Unc Wes Adams' scales! When Virgil gits to bluffin' his bluffs you kin jerk a knot in his tail."

Criddle flashed the whites of his eyes and smiled as he saw the Chicago negro's point. He glanced up and down the street; then rose—large bodies do not always move slowly. He looked in at the grocery. Wesley Adams was bending over a barrel in the rear, drawing molasses for a customer. Criddle snapped his fingers.

"Here, Jume! Sid, you wait in de do' an' watch fer Virgil."

The grocer's scales stood near a bin of salt meat. Criddle balanced them accurately, then coaxed old Jume to the platform. It took only a minute. Sid heard him muttering to himself, then call:

"Come here, Sid, an' see what you makes it."

Criddle changed places with his sentinel on the sidewalk, while Sid reweighed the dog.

"I makes him balance at fifty-one and three-quarters, a leetle bit up weight."

Criddle nodded in verification and strolled back to his chair. Jume looked yearningly from one to the other, disappointed that these proceedings neglected to include a dinner. He turned round a time or two, then settled down to wait. Sid waited. Criddle waited. And Virgil Custard also; but he kept watch while he waited.

When Criddle squeezed into his chair and the fan began waving, Virgil straggled out of the shoemaker's shop and loafed along toward the Club. Hesitating a moment, he clucked for Jume and passed on.

"Hole up, Virgil!" Criddle beckoned with his fan. "Don't go 'way yit; I wants to talk wid you."

"I ain't goin' nowhar—jes' to git a clean collar an' come right back."

"Lady bizness on yo' min'?"

Virgil grinned guiltily and kept moving.

On the floor in Virgil's room was a competent pan, full of pot-liquor and cornbread, also a big basin of water. While Virgil changed his collar Jume attended to the banquet, leaving a clean pan and a cleaner basin. Virgil patted and praised him.

"You sho' eats noble!"

Virgil carried a pretty wise head—sometimes. Before flirting with chance, he assured himself by weighing his dog, dinner and all. Jume waddled down the street so clumsily and with such wide-spraddled legs Virgil feared that Criddle would notice it. Criddle never noticed anything but Virgil—for symptoms of suspicion. Virgil sat down innocently on the doorstep. Jume disposed himself like a gorged anaconda and went to sleep.

Criddle fidgeted and Virgil squirmed. One by one their audience arrived—Saul Jordan, old Gascue Bozey, Wes Adams from the grocery, and a volunteer couple of trustees.

Criddle's fan moved with less deliberation, almost in jerks, until somebody started to talk about betting. It was Chicago Sid.

"Tom Woodall specify his mule weighs more'n dat big roan."

"I ain't carin' what Tom say!" Virgil asserted, with uncalled-for aggressiveness. "I backs my own jedgment," he continued boastfully. "I kin tell what a mule weighs by lookin' at 'im—or a man either."

"I ain't b'leevin' dat!"

Criddle's softer tones roused antagonism. Virgil bristled.

"I bet I kin guess nigher dan you kin at de fust mule what comes 'long!"

"Mules is powerful big guessin'. Whyn't you pick sumpin littler?"

"I kin guess you—but you ain't much littler."

"Huh! You can't guess yo' own dog!" Criddle was afraid he had been too hasty and shied off. "Whar'd you git dat dog?"

"From Baton Rouge. His right name is Jumel—ev'y bigbug white gent'mun at Baton Rouge is got a p'inter named Jumel. But what wuz you sayin' 'bout his weight?"

Criddle drew a safer breath—he hadn't alarmed his sucker.

"I ain't settin' myself up fer no extry-fine guesser; I jes' wants to show dese folks you don't know nothin'—an' you

(Concluded on Page 38

AN IDLE MILLION

It Considers Banking—By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Treasury Commission Was to Look After That Million

BIG Tom Brake suddenly slammed down his newspaper and rang for a page.

"Stelling in the billiard room?" he demanded in tones that grated.

The page was a new boy, with lop ears and a gentle manner; and the Brake Marching Club was no place for him. He gulped down his voice, but nodded.

"Get him!" ordered Brake in the same tone which had robbed the lop-eared boy of speech.

Squint Fletcher, huddled in the adjoining chair like a leathery old gargoyle, with his thin legs wrapped round each other, his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, glanced slyly across at the Old Man; then he picked up the paper and made a quiet search. Presently a smile curled his wide, thin lips.

"Well, the nerve of it!" Squint Fletcher commented. "Stelling 'admits' that he is probably slated to head the ticket."

A glare from Brake's heavy-lidded eyes was all the answer Squint received; but the glare was quite sufficient. Brake, too ponderous of body to sit comfortably bolt upright, leaned forward with his bristled hands on his knees and gazed moodily at the floor. A roll of fat bulged over his collar at the back of his neck. His cheeks were pendulous, but they were firm and solid. In spite of his overweight one felt him to be muscular. His brows were shaggy; and his gray hair kept neatly cropped was, nevertheless, an unruly tangle in front.

Stelling came presently—a man with a beefsteak complexion and a curly mustache. He was in his shirtsleeves and carried a billiard cue.

"Hello, Brake!" he cheerfully hailed, and nodded to Squint. He noticed that Squint's one eye had in it a quiver which would have been a twinkle with any one else. "Anything I can do?"

"Yes, you pinhead! Go jump in the river!" growled Brake. "Who told you to open your trap about the nominations?"

"I didn't!" denied Stelling, his cheeks suddenly relaxing while he shot a resentful glance at the grinning Fletcher. "This new man from the Journal collared me in Tinney's and said he'd heard I was slated for mayor. I said, 'Maybe!'—that's all."

"You onion!" returned Brake in thick contempt. "Well, that rang the bell for you!"

"Why, I didn't think ——"

"Of course you didn't think!" roared Brake. "You've got nothing to do it with!"

"I'll deny it," offered Stelling, and sat down. He had it in mind to be humbly acquiescent—and Brake might waver!

"I'll deny it myself!" quickly declared Brake. "I want it strong. Things have happened that make us need a square man for mayor."

The red flush of honest indignation mounted the cheeks of Billy Stelling.

"My record's all right!" he argued.

"You mean you've never been pinched," retorted Big Tom. "That reform ticket's too healthy for you to buck. Why, you couldn't carry even your own family against Whittaker."

"Poof!" laughed Stelling airily, and his brow cleared. "Whittaker's an old stiff, and that whole reform slate's made up of stiffs."

"Billy, who are you playing billiards with?" inquired Big Tom.

"Jimmy Hoban. I'm on my second string and Jimmy's only twenty-seven."

"That's right—go to it. Beat him!" And the Old Man turned to the human gargoyle at his side, upon which clammy hint Billy Stelling, revolving many painful matters in his mind, took himself off. "All dummies!" commented Big Tom. "Politics ain't what it used to be."

"Well, it ain't a good career for a smart young man any more," returned Squint, considering the matter very carefully. "There'll always be money in politics, but the pikers have hurt the game."

"That ain't the real trouble," mourned Big Tom. "The public has butted into politics and busted it wide open."

"It does beat the Dutch!" agreed Squint, uncoiling himself and standing by the mantelpiece, looking uglier than ever as he gazed across his hook nose at the chief. "Even the voters want to muss in with city government and see where every cent of the money goes! Why don't they tend to their own business?"

There being no answer to that question and no understanding of the public's impertinence, Big Tom, who had grown heavy and gray—also rich—in the "service" of the city, only to find a dawning disposition toward ingratitude, shook his head and sighed.

"The handwriting's on the wall," he gloomily declared. "There was a time when you could josh a reform campaign by heading the ticket with a square man; but now you got to sprinkle 'em in all down the line."

"We've got four out of the six aldermen that hold over," figured Squint; "so we got to get three safe men out of the six that are to be elected. The other three we'll round up at a prayer-meeting."

"The mayor has to be a business man without a flaw in his record," said Brake as a result of matured decision.

"I suppose so," agreed Squint dubiously. "You never can tell about these business men. They always say that things have to be run on the level, and you think they're too busy to butt in; but the first thing you know they take a Thursday off and muss up the whole works."

"Not if we have seven in the council."

"Even then you have to lay low nowadays," sadly commented Squint. "Why, there's over a million dollars in the city treasury right now—not working! If a reform ticket gets in they'll just waste that money in public improvements. Who's your man?"

Big Tom looked round him cautiously. Even in the Brake Club he was not reckless with his voice.

"Martin Arnold!" And he gazed thoughtfully down a long perspective of mental intricacies. "If that crockery merchant can swing the ticket I think I'll retire from politics and start a bank."

II

MARTIN ARNOLD was a wiry, almost undersized man with an undersized beard and a cold gray eye; and he turned from his neat desk in the wholesale crockery establishment of Martin Arnold & Company to greet Big Tom Brake with businesslike briskness.

"Good morning, Mr. Brake!" he said as he reached for his checkbook. "After the usual sinews of war, I suppose?"

"Well, no," returned Brake, sitting down and sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. "The party needs something stronger than money this campaign."

"I should say it did!" heartily agreed Arnold. "It needs a few decent principles and a few decent men."

"All right! Here's where I call you," unexpectedly acquiesced Brake. "We want you to head the ticket."

"Me!" And Arnold laughed. "Couldn't think of it, Brake. I have a business that is growing so rapidly I can scarcely take care of it. I've been down here after hours every night for a month."

Brake nodded briefly. He had counted on Arnold's absorption in business as a distinct political asset.

"Same old holler!" he retorted with a touch of scornfulness. "You square people give me a cramp! You say politics is conducted by riffraff; and yet when you're asked to show us how to run it pure you say you're too busy!"

Arnold, with his sharp-pointed lead-pencil, made delicate little holes in his blotter. Mayor, eh! Mayor Martin Arnold sounded right pleasant; but, of course, he was above vanity! Still, there was duty to be considered—his duty as a citizen and his duty as a loyal supporter of the party with which his family had always voted. By George, it would be a great thing to redeem the party! Strong, fearless, upright men were needed. Tom Brake was right. Business men refused to accept office, so that none but grafters were available for election.

A man like himself might save the party. Not only strength, fearlessness and uprightness were needed, but shrewdness; and they wouldn't be able to pull the wool over the eyes of Mayor Martin Arnold! Had a pleasant sound, didn't it? He liked to be considered and to consider himself a man of startlingly abrupt and, at the same time, marvelously correct decision.

"All right—I'll do it!" he declared, throwing down his pencil. "But I'll give you warning, Brake, that if I'm elected things will be run as square as a die!"

"Oh, certainly," agreed Brake easily. "Much obliged."

III

BOSSVILLE, so long graft-ridden that it was saddle-galled, took a pathetic interest in the campaign. It had looked with longing eyes at the new municipal experiments with which the West and the North and the South were toying; but as yet it took its politics in the old way, though a shade more carefully. Down in its little heart it preferred its Brake gang, but it was not so easily amused as formerly with having its pocket picked and its whiskers pulled; and it examined the opposing candidates—both square men—with a soberly critical eye.

On that comparison—and on that comparison alone—Martin Arnold won over the cold Whittaker; and he carried most of his ticket with him, notably, in the city council, Billy Stelling and Jimmy Hoban and Frank Sayers—all safe men! Besides these there was one Griffeny, of the opposition party, but also safe; quite safe indeed; and Big Tom Brake wore a smile of content on his heavy face. He had seven out of twelve handy men in the council—eight in an emergency; and the square mayor was no more powerful than one of his own lithographs.

Martin Arnold at first did not distress himself about politics. There seemed to be no cause for distress. Politics had already reformed! As soon as he had recentered his interest on the crockery business, however, Jimmy Hoban rose one bright morning and stood at the window with his hat on until his next-door neighbor came out of his house, whereupon Jimmy serenely sauntered forth to wait for the same street car.

"Beautiful morning, Clark!" he observed; but, though his words were cheerful, his voice was not. He seemed to have something preying on his mind.

"Great weather!" enthusiastically declared J. G. Clark, who was a thin-necked bookkeeper with a noisy voice. "I feel like a boy!" And, to prove it, he lifted one foot and hopped.

"Wish I felt that way," sighed Hoban, the creases in his brow deepening. "I didn't sleep very well. Say, Clark, have you heard anything about the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank?"

The glory of the morning suddenly faded from Mr. Clark's face. He had five hundred and twelve dollars in

the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank and he had five hundred and twelve anxieties concerning that thoroughly sound institution.

"No!" he breathlessly exclaimed. "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, I guess," returned Hoban. "I have a little money down there. Your lawn's looking fine."

"Uh-huh!" agreed Mr. Clark, his Adam's apple moving slowly up and down. "Say, what did you hear about the Farmers and Wholesalers'?"

"Not a thing. Fellow just asked me last night whether I'd heard anything about it—that's all."

"Oh!" breathed Clark, and made a dash for his car, where he sat in the far front corner, looking out at Hoban, who stood on the back platform smoking, with a preoccupied air. Both gentlemen seemed immersed in their own thoughts; but, halfway downtown, Clark could stand it no longer. Became out to Hoban and said rather anxiously: "Say, do you suppose there's anything wrong with the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank?"

"No!"—this emphatically. "I'd leave my money right there—except that I want to use it this morning."

J. G. Clark's eyes distended. He was a dyspeptic-looking man; and now, though he had been hopping to show that he felt like a boy, he was aware of rapidly developing symptoms of indigestion.

"Are you going to draw out your money?" he pantingly inquired.

"Yes; but it's only because I have to use it. The bank is as solid as a rock."

"Oh, certainly!" quickly responded Clark; but he beat Hoban to the paying teller's window by about two lengths. He thought the teller looked worried, and he was. The teller's wife was on a visit to her mother and he was preparing his own breakfasts.

"Five-twelve, forty-three," mechanically murmured the teller, and as mechanically turned to his ledger. "This just closes your account, Mr. Clark."

"Yes; I want to use the money," husked Clark, and he thought the teller painfully slow in counting it out.

Meantime Frank Sayers went into the butcher shop near his house and bought a slice of ham.

"How's business?" he inquired.

"Rotten!" said the butcher, who never had enough business and who never would have if his shop covered a block.

"It's rotten all over," responded Sayers. "Money's always tight after election, and this is a bad year anyhow. I wouldn't be surprised to see a failure or two. Say, have you heard anything about the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank?"

The butcher stopped with his cleaver in the air.

"What about it?" he asked.

"Not a thing that I know of," answered Sayers easily. "Fellow asked me last night whether I'd heard anything—that's all; but it don't make any difference to me. I haven't any money there."

"By golly, I have!" said the butcher, and cut through the hambone. He was a slow-thinking man, and he did not go down to the bank to withdraw his deposit for nearly an hour.

Billy Stelling walked out to where a carpenter was patching the door of Billy's garage.

"Here's that forty dollars for your last job," he observed, tendering a check.

The carpenter reached into the pocket of his blouse and drew out the little red bankbook which Stelling had always seen him have. He folded the check in two places and inserted it at the page of next deposit.

"Farmers and Wholesalers'?" commented Stelling, glancing at the bankbook. "Humph!"

There was something peculiar in his tone, and the carpenter looked up at him quickly.

"I've always banked there," he said. "It's all right."

"Yes; I guess it's sound as a dollar," responded Stelling. "I think it's all right in spite of the rumor."

The carpenter reached for his blouse

"Is there a rumor?"

"A fellow asked me if I knew anything about it—that's all. Do you carry much of a balance there?"

"Every cent I have in the world!" stated the carpenter earnestly; and he headed for the front gate, putting on his blouse as he went. On the car he found a man he knew. "Say, there's a rumor that the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank is shaky!" he blurted in the hearing of all, as he sat beside his acquaintance. "I'm going right down and draw my money—if they still have it when I get there."

Three blocks from the bank the car was halted by a congestion of traffic, and the carpenter was the first man to get off and walk.

J. G. Clark caught up his early morning entries and lounged over to the head floorwalker of the Big Bee Department Store.

"Had a narrow shave this morning!" he stated. His eyes were shiny and his face had a slightly greenish cast. "I heard the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank was shaky; but I got my money out all right—five hundred and twelve dollars."

"It was a very wise thing to do," sagely advised the floorwalker, who was of imposing presence and precise speech. "Our public financial institutions are not nearly so well guarded as they should be."

"That's certainly the truth," returned Mr. Clark, patting his pocket. "Money's a worry any way you take it."

"Quite so," agreed the floorwalker gravely, and started his professional smile as he saw some ladies pause outside the door. He headed toward the ladies in a calm and unruffled manner, for mishaps to banks meant nothing to him in person.

Halfway of the distance to the door, however, he had a sudden horrifying thought; and, deserting his post of duty, he hurried to the telephone at a pace that spread his coattails in a most undignified manner. He called up the drug store near his mother-in-law's home and had them send across the street for that estimable lady.

"This is Harvey, mother dear," he suavely began. "Haven't you an account in the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank?"

"I'm nearly broke, Harvey," she hastily told him. "What does Myrtle want?"

"Nothing, mother dear," responded Harvey, then cleared his throat. "However, financial circles are disturbed by a report that the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank is about to go under; and if I were you ——"

"Mercy!" gasped the staccato voice of "mother dear," and the next instant there was a click.

By ten o'clock Jimmy Hoban and Frank Sayers and Billy Stelling had mentioned incidentally to some twenty persons each that they supposed there was nothing wrong with the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank, in spite of the rumor; and each of those sixty persons had told a dozen more that the rumor was probably true.

A few minutes before twelve Martin Arnold's cashier came in to him with a worried expression.

"There's a run on the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank," he reported.

"What's our balance there?" Martin Arnold's voice was like a whipsnapper.

"A little over thirty-eight thousand—thirty-eight-one-three-seven, twenty-six. Shall I withdraw it?"

"Wait a minute!" said Arnold; and he grabbed the telephone.

"Monument-four-o-two! Farmers and Wholesalers'? This is Martin Arnold. Call Dunlap."

Three minutes elapsed before Mr. Dunlap answered, and when he did his voice was vibrating with suppressed excitement.

"Hear you have a run!" stated Arnold. "What's the trouble?"

"I can't make it out," worried President Dunlap. "There's no reason under the sun for it!"

"Much of a panic?"

"It's growing pretty hot!" responded Dunlap with something that sounded almost like a groan. "It began with a few small depositors early this morning, but now the big ones are coming in." He hesitated a moment. "I hope you're not going to withdraw."

"Are you all right?"

"Sound as a dollar; but they can cause us a temporary suspension if they keep it up."

"I'm satisfied," snapped Arnold; and, without waiting for Dunlap's thanks, he hung up. Three minutes after, however, Martin Arnold, in the midst of judging between two patterns of Haviland, suddenly grabbed the phone again and called for the City Hall, where he asked for the treasurer.

"Say, Johnson, some of the city funds are in the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank, aren't they?"

"A hundred thousand dollars."

"We'd better send right down and get it," advised Mayor Arnold briskly.

IV

WILD-EYED depositors thronged the steps of the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank and clawed at each other for places in the line. Women were there; and half of them, as the afternoon wore on, were crying.

The bank had used every known device to save itself. It had bolted one of the double doors, so that ingress and egress must be through the same narrow passage; its paying teller counted every payment four times, four times verified every account, and used the most painstaking delicacy in examining the genuineness of every bill and coin—yet the money poured out of its vaults in an endless stream; and still the depositors came!

Those who were lucky enough to have drawn their money buttoned it tightly in their inside pockets and wedged their way out in desperate haste as if there were something like contagion in the very building. They met nothing but glances of hatred from the incoming line.

Back of the paying teller President Dunlap, a man whose linen was so preternaturally white that he glistened, kept a smiling face above his palpitating bosom. He greeted each depositor by name, made remarks about the weather, and tried to convey the impression that it was a pleasure to him to drain his bank of its last red cent; but when City Treasurer Johnson worked his way up to the window and laid down the city's warrant for a hundred thousand dollars Dunlap lost that look of gay ease, and the pallor popped out on his face as if a green spotlight had been flashed on him.

"Come inside," he invited.

"All right!" agreed Johnson. "I'll be in as soon as I get this specie."

"Uh-huh!" grunted Dunlap slowly, though he had not removed his eyes from the check. The thing seemed to fascinate him. He was looking over the paying teller's shoulder. The teller, a withered old man with no teeth and perpetually moving jaws, had made no motion to take up the piece of paper. "Who ordered this?" Dunlap asked.

"The mayor—there's his signature," returned Johnson glibly. He was one of Brake's old crowd, and had been city treasurer through three administrations. Dunlap had secretly handed him two per cent on the city's money—five hundred dollars every three months!

"There must be some mistake," considered Dunlap with a ray of hope. "Hold this just a minute until I step into the telephone booth."

He called up Arnold.

"Johnson's here with a warrant for the city's funds," he explained. "He says you advised it."

"That's right!" acknowledged Arnold promptly.

"I thought there was some mistake about it," worried Dunlap. "You haven't withdrawn your own account."

"That's why," returned Arnold. "I can take any risk I please with my own, but I have no right to be careless with the city's funds."

"By George, Arnold, that hundred thousand will clean out our vaults!" cried Dunlap, whose forehead was suddenly dripping. "Can't you hold it off?"

"No!" decided the new mayor with almost oratorical effect. "If a hundred thousand will take all your specie they'll close you anyhow; and the city might as well have the cash as any one."

THE city! That, after the smoke of the accident had cleared away, proved to be the depositor of greatest public interest. Why, do you know, if Mayor Arnold had not acted in so prompt and decisive a manner the city might have lost a hundred thousand dollars!

Well, of course the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank would be able to pay its hundreds of small depositors dollar for dollar as soon as its affairs were straightened out; but, after all, the city's funds should be better safeguarded. Here were the city funds scattered in half a dozen banks, any one of which was liable to go up at a moment's notice. Banks were notoriously unsafe—and what were they going to do about it?

Alderman Stelling told them what they were going to do about it. He had turned out to be an astonishingly bright city legislator. No one had imagined Billy Stelling to be possessed of an acutely creative brain; and yet at nearly every meeting he was right there with ordinance after ordinance—all of which passed at the uniform majority of seven to five. This particular bill was one designed to save the city treasury from any more such narrow escapes as had befallen it in the suspension of the Farmers and Wholesalers' Bank. Before Billy introduced it, however, Big Tom Brake went into Martin Arnold & Company's and sought the founder of the firm.

"I guess you'd just as lief talk city business here as any place?" he suggested.

"I'd rather," smiled the mayor. "I can think better here. What's on your mind?"

"City funds!"—and the Old Man did not even smile—"they ain't very safe, Martin."

"They never have been," retorted Arnold, who permitted himself time for one joke a day.

"No," agreed Brake without the flicker of an eyelash. "The boys have been figuring out some way to tighten 'em up. We don't want anything to happen in your term."

"Thanks—neither do I," responded Arnold.

"Well, it ain't on your account; it's for the sake of the party," Brake ponderously explained. "We've got to show the public, this term, that we've got any reform party skinned to death when we want to do the right thing, because we know all the tricks. Now let's see what you think of this scheme." And he bent heavily forward with his bristly hands on his knees. "We'll make a Treasury Commission—six property-owners, bonded for the full amount of the city funds. You make them responsible for the money. Of course they'll put it in the banks; but if the banks break the commission's got to make good. See it?"

Arnold punched delicate little holes in his blotter with the point of his leadpencil. "I can see it better in writing," he cautiously decided. "Suppose you have the city solicitor put it in the form of an ordinance and let me look it over."

"That's a good thought," approved Big Tom, who had a copy of the ordinance in his pocket at the moment. "I'll put Squint Fletcher at work on it right away," and he rose. "Of course it's none of my business; but I want to see you make a clean record."

The next day the ordinance was brought to the mayor and he took it home with him. He sat up until the small hours and did several careful little things to it. He inserted the clause that the members of the commission should be bonded both jointly and severally for the full amount—that the funds should be upon immediate demand in local banks; and in various ways he made the document safe, sane and wholesome.

He had been a little suspicious of it at first, but after he had put his own acumen into the thing he was naturally quite well satisfied with it. Alderman Stelling introduced it at the next meeting.

There was a grand idea, and one which pleased the people immensely. After all, you know, there was nobody so competent to govern a city as the good oldline politicians. Brake's crowd might have its faults, but it knew a thing or two. Moreover, Bossville had heard a lot about government by commission; and here was one phase of it—a Treasury Commission!

You could see how that worked, couldn't you? The city's million dollars was first to be put in charge of six reputable property owners, each one bonded for the entire amount of the city's cash. No doubt these men would put the money in the banks; but, if the banks broke, these men—or their bondsmen—would be compelled to make good. Sort of a double padlock, as it were—no chance to lose there, I guess.

Naturally that brilliant and popular plan went through the city council with a whoop and was carried, amid much public acclaim, by the safe and comfortable majority of seven to five.

Immediately thereafter—or as soon as the mayor had signed the bill—the city council appointed its six members of the Treasury Commission, which was to look after that million; and these were Tom Brake, Squint Fletcher, and four of Brake's other reliable and reputable property owners, none of whom had possessed enough ground to pot a geranium until Big Tom had enrolled them in the patriotic service of the city.

Two days after this a charter was granted for a new bank, to be known as the City National. Its incorporators were Tom Brake and Squint Fletcher, and the four other property owners of the Treasury Commission—Sam Phelps, Dan Dorsey, Dick Foley and Gus Swissman. The authorized capital was a million dollars.

Martin Arnold, seated in his automobile in the midst of morning papers, read that notice of incorporation automatically; then he went back and read it again—now individually. For the first time since his election he called at the City Hall on his way downtown. He had the janitor open the door of the mayor's private office, lifted a waste basket off his chair, and reached for the telephone.

"Open the windows and dust off this desk; and tell Johnson I want to see him on the jump!" he directed, like the barks of a magazine rifle. "Get me Tom Brake!" he ordered his secretary on the phone.

"He's a hard man to find at this hour," came the smoothly insolent tone of the secretary who, because he carried out the mayor's orders, was more like a mayor than any mayor.

"I didn't ask you how hard he was to find!" stormed Arnold. "Say, what's your name?"

"Taylor—I thought you'd remember it by this time—Louis L. Taylor."

"Well, Louis L. Taylor, you're fired! Now get me the man who handed you to me."

Treasurer Johnson came in, but not on the jump. He had been elected to his position, and he owed allegiance to no one but the free and independent voters—and to Big Tom Brake, who had told them to vote for him.

"Good morning, governor!" hailed Johnson, sitting down and puffing lazily at a cigarette. "You're bright and early today."

"You bet I am!" snapped Arnold. "You crooks can't make a fool of me!"

Johnson regarded him with open mouth for a shocked moment, and then decided that this was a joke. It couldn't be anything else.

"That's not a clubby way to talk so soon after breakfast," he protested. "What's the row?"

"Has that warrant been issued to the Treasury Commission for the city funds?"

"You'll see it when it is. It has to be signed by you and the auditor, you know, and on order of the city council."

"I'd advise you fellows not even to bring it up to me for signature."

Johnson threw away his cigarette. This was passing the bounds of mere repartee.

"You talk like the foreman," he observed; "but this isn't the works. When it comes time we'll send you that warrant for signature. Why, Arnold," said he, leaning against the corner of the desk. "I'm vexed with you. You're as good an ornament as we've had in this room for many a term; but in this state the mayor's legal powers, political strength and personal pull are about as important as the janitor's. I don't know what you're driving at—but you've dropped your whip." And he sauntered out to hand the laugh to the boys in the recorder's office.

Big Tom Brake clomped in a quarter of an hour later, and found the mayor still pondering on the limited powers of his office.

"What's it about?" he demanded.

"Crooked work!" exploded Arnold, who had only needed Brake's voice to rouse his wrath anew. "I told you before election that everything had to be on the level!"

"Well, ain't it?" queried Brake comfortably, sitting in the biggest leather chair and resting his hands on his knees. "I ain't heard a holler yet. Have you?"

"You've worked a steal on me!" charged Arnold, his voice rising. "You manipulated this Treasury Commission from start to finish."

"Aw, what's the matter with the Treasury Commission?" mildly protested Brake, with the beginning of a grin. "That's a good thing for the city. It makes the money safe."

"I don't believe you know what a thief you are!" marveled Arnold. "You maneuvered this whole thing in order to use the city's money, without interest, to run a private bank! And you expect me to stand for it!"

Big Tom was not a particle abashed. Instead, he viewed the mayor with something akin to admiration.

"You're pretty cute!" he grunted. "Most of these political amateurs are fatheads; but you see quick. It's too bad you didn't take up politics as a career."

"I sent for you to let you know you'll have to let go of that bank," insisted Arnold, ignoring the compliment.

"Aw, forget it!" chuckled Brake. "Why, that bank's a good thing for the city! The public likes it; and that million dollars in the city treasury might just as well work for a living. It's doing nobody any good where it is, and we can use it. Why, say, mayor"—and he leaned a little closer—"I've even thought you might like a few shares. It's a public institution the town'll be proud of, and it'll be a hot money-maker, because our capital don't cost us a cent of interest."

Arnold only glared. He was speechless for the moment.

"There's no use arguing with you!" he finally spluttered. "The simplest way is just to tell you that you can't go through with it!"

Brake regarded him with a ponderous frown.

"Well, if it comes to a showdown I'll have to nudge you when to jump," he observed. "You know, Martin, this job's done. The whole thing's through—and the City National Bank opens for business the first of next month."

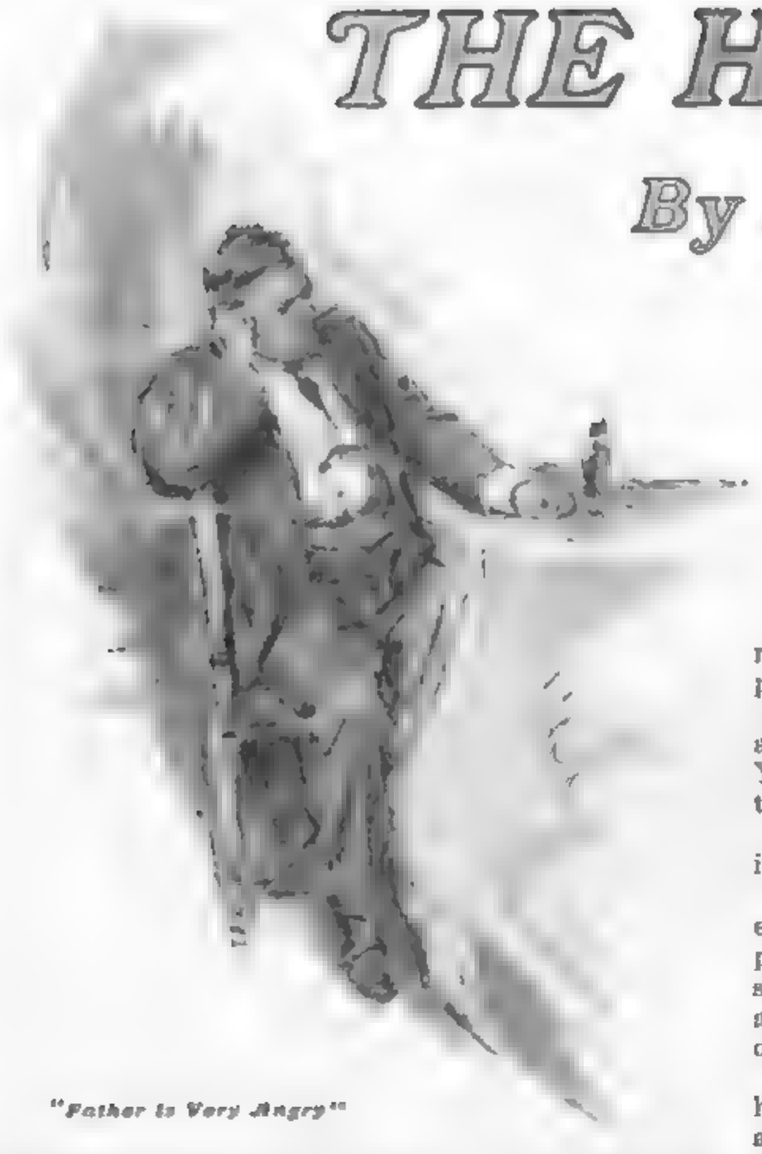
"Not with the city's money!" the mayor shouted. "That ordinance must be repealed!"

(Continued on Page 53

Wild-Eyed Depositors Clawed at Each Other for Places in the Line

THE HONORABLE ARCHIE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON



"Father Is Very Angry"

FOR the third time that afternoon a caddie trotted across the links to demand Mr. Archibald Stewart's attendance at the clubhouse telephone. He meant to complain of this. It was an outrage that a member's game should be interrupted by telephone calls! The boy now reported that it was most important, which Archie knew could not be the case, as all his near relatives were already dead and he never had any business that would not keep.

"You'd better see what it is, Archie," said Mabel Squires, striking viciously at her ball, which had stupidly imbedded itself in a sandpit. Archie observed with pain the fury of her onslaught, which only served to bury the ball more deeply. It was a grief to him that Mabel's game did not improve under his patient instruction. "Maybe it's Ethel Brewer; and if she wants us to come over tonight say yes. She's picked up a new man from somewhere. He sings or plays or something."

Archie strode gloomily toward the clubhouse, leaving his partner engaged in a furious attack upon the helpless lump of gutta percha and the sand adjacent thereto. In the dark, stuffy telephone booth he did not at once identify the voice.

"It's Miss Reardon speaking," he made out finally, not without irritation.

He had employed Miss Reardon only a week earlier for the sole purpose of telling people who were absurd enough to call at his office that he was out. He was always out; he had no intention of being in. There was, in fact, no good reason why he should be in. Only twice during the year that he had received his mail in his father's old office had he been molested by clients, and just for the sake of appearances he had accepted their cases.

One had been the defense of a neighbor who had inadvertently bumped into a cow with his automobile; the other was a suit for an injunction against a railroad company that had begun laying a switch in a street near the brass foundry, to the distress of certain humble citizens who had chosen that thoroughfare as a place of residence. He had compromised the cow case for fifteen dollars, and his injunction in the other case had been made permanent by the Circuit Court.

This was an honorable record and satisfied the ambitions of Archibald Stewart, who, having an income of something like forty-six hundred dollars a year, saw no immediate reason why he should bother himself with the world's sorrows. And, besides, the injunction case had been full of vexations; it had made him work—and he did not like to work.

His father had been not only the best lawyer in Kernville, but a public-spirited citizen who had served at various times on the town council and on the school board, and had once been speaker of the House of Representatives.

The Honorable Roger Taney Stewart had died just as Archie was emerging from the Harvard Law School, and the comfortable income of forty-six hundred dollars a year made any fierce struggle for more money seem foolish, if not absolutely ridiculous.

Archie spent a year in Europe and then returned to Kernville, chiefly because it was the source of most of his income; and as he had found it easy to spend money in Boston, New York and Paris, it seemed the part of wisdom to camp close to the oasis well. And now this preposterous girl at his office ——

"You've been nominated ——"

"I've been what?"

"Nominated—nominated for mayor."

"Don't be foolish! I'm in a great hurry. Just what is it you want to say to me?" he urged with dignity.

"The Citizens' ticket has just been nominated and they've put you up for mayor," said the voice. "It was that meeting called to protest against the nominees at the primaries. The committee is looking for you and the reporters are waiting here in the office. They want your photograph. Yes—photograph!"

"Tell them I decline; tell them there's nothing doing. It's all a joke. Tell everybody I'm out of town. You hear? Yes—decline! It's a put-up job. I won't have anything to do with it."

"But they had to have something for the Star to put in its extra; so I gave them ——"

Central did something to the line and Archie lost whatever it was that Miss Reardon had given the afternoon paper. In a moment, however, he heard Miss Reardon severely rebuking the operator for breaking in; and then, as she tranquilly resumed her explanation, a cold chill ran over him.

"The Star was getting out an extra and they had to have something; so I gave them that piece you wrote about the failure of municipal government in America. I hope that's all right?"

It was not all right. He remembered the piece well enough. It was a thesis he had begun at the law school, but never finished. He had abandoned it for a theme that required less original research. He had given it to Miss Reardon to copy in order to relieve the monotony of her days in his office, and her stupidity in handing it over to the Star was unpardonable.

He vaguely recalled its lofty tone. It had been inspired by the special course of lectures given by an eminent student of municipal problems, who had proved clearly that the abasement of American cities is due less to weaknesses in municipal systems than to the apathy of the good citizens who meekly submit to boss rule.

As a generalization this was admirable; but it had nothing whatever to do with Kernville, the Gem City of the Wabash, which is a long way from Harvard Square.

"Can't stop it now," Miss Reardon was saying sweetly. "I tried to get you on the phone before I gave it to the reporter, but you wouldn't answer. If it isn't all right I'm awfully sorry."

She did not sound awfully sorry. She seemed, indeed, to take a very cheerful view of the whole matter. It evidently had not entered her head that she had handed out to the newspaper a lot of silly twaddle about municipal government that was likely to be construed as an acceptance of a nomination the very thought of which caused black spots to dance before Archie's eyes. He would be the laughing stock of Kernville. His college friends would hear of it and he would never dare attend a class reunion for fear of the ragging he would get.

He made it clear to Miss Reardon that she had made a blunder and then called the attention of the club superintendent—who combined the offices of steward, head waiter, caddie master and golf instructor—to an imaginary rule against calling people from the links to the telephone.

Archie thereupon strode back to his fiancée, who, having dug her ball and most of the sand out of the pit, was sitting on a bunker munching a caramel she had found in her sweater pocket.

She was a tall blonde who had enjoyed advantages—said advantages consisting of two years at a fashionable school easily accessible from the Grand Central Station, where the racy papaw tang of her native Hoosier speech had yielded readily to treatment.

Mabel, to whom all sports were a form of penance, was learning golf to please Archie, who had nothing else to do. They, in fact, comprised Kernville's leisure class.

Archie was the originator and founder of the golf club, and it had been charged that he had inveigled a dozen of his fellow citizens—men of serious occupations—into putting up money to start it, largely for Archie's special and personal benefit.

"I must say you took your time to it, Archie," observed Mabel, feeling in her pocket for another caramel. "What on earth's the matter?"

Archie looked absently toward his ball, which he had dropped neatly on the eighth green just before the tragic summons. Archie was twenty-six. He was not beautiful, but girls called him nice looking.

He seemed sometimes to be a trifle dreamy and absent-minded, and he gave rather more attention to his apparel than was considered respectable in Kernville, where Archie's appearance in evening clothes at a concert of the Apollo Quintet in the Dollar Lecture Course—an entertainment given in the First Presbyterian Church—had evoked unfavorable comment. A dress suit, in local judgment, was of the world worldly and not to be worn in church with impunity.

Archie made remarks at times that were suspected of being funny, though no one could be sure of it, because he never smiled himself; and his eyes had a baby stare, misleading and disconcerting, that had caused certain plain-spoken people to express the belief that Archie was not "all there."

"For heaven's sake, go on and say it! Has anything happened to papa?"

"Papa? No; your papa's all right. It's much worse than that," said Archie with supreme desolation written on his countenance. "Some fellows have taken advantage of my absence from town, and my youth and inexperience, and put me up for mayor."

"You for mayor? I wish you would always be frank with me, Archie. If mamma has been hurt ——"

"Your papa and mamma are both perfectly well," replied Archie with some asperity. "I tell you they've had a convention—probably about seven men present—and nominated me for mayor; wished the nomination on me; never said a word about it. It's the limit—it's the supreme limit!"

Miss Squires laughed merrily.

"I don't see how you can laugh about it," said Archie. "I tell you it's extremely annoying to be stuck up for mayor by a few preachers and cranks who couldn't muster a hundred votes if they worked every hour, day and night,

"Quit! Not If I Have to Take You Home and Bury You in My Cellar Until After Election!"

from now until election day. I'll make somebody pay for this! The cheek of the thing—the sublime nerve of it ——"

He sat down beside her on the bunker and bade the hovering caddie bring in his ball. Miss Squires continued to be amused by his peevishness. The more bitterly he complained, the deeper his despair, the more gayly she laughed.

"This will be the death of papa! He's been saying that you ought to buckle down to work, and now you have a job right off the bat without even asking for it. It's perfectly killing!"

"Well it doesn't strike me as being so killingly funny. I'm not going to let those fellows make a goat of me. I've got to get out of it some way."

"You poor boy! You wouldn't have any time to attend to it—making speeches and that sort of thing. You need all your time for golf and motoring, and things like that."

"I've got plenty to do," he replied, unsoothed by her gentle ironies.

"I heard papa say that Polinski would be reëlected easy enough. Of course if papa gets behind him the Republicans won't have a chance. And papa says that Polinski isn't half so bad as the newspapers make him out. The Star's always down on everybody. It's always abusing papa."

Caleb B. Squires was the Democratic boss of the upper Wabash and a conspicuous figure in the state conventions. Besides being a banker, he owned—under cover—a brewery, a stove foundry and a considerable interest in the Kernville and Wabash Traction Line. He was one of the chief factors in the bipartisan alliance that made a farce of partisanship in all struggles in behalf of the people in the General Assembly.

"If you really wanted to be mayor papa would get it for you," said Mabel. "You know he asked you if you wouldn't like to go to the State Senate, and you said you weren't interested in politics. I haven't told you this, but father didn't like the way you turned him down. It was a good deal for him to offer you a place in the legislature, and you didn't seem to see that it was a favor. You know father is the best-hearted man in the world."

There was no doubt about his future father-in-law's being a kind husband and father. Archie had read it in the newspapers repeatedly and everybody in Kernville said so. Nearly everybody in Kernville had to say so.

"If you run on the Citizens' Ticket of course father could never get a Democratic nomination for you for anything," continued Mabel.

"I'm not asking him or anybody else to get a nomination for me," declared Archie, beating the bunker with his mashie. "And I'm not a Democrat anyway. Whoever said I was a Democrat?"

"Of course if you want to be rude, Archie, and abuse me, you have a perfect right to do so," replied Mabel haughtily, glancing at her engagement ring significantly—a glance that was wasted on Archie. "I'll say this—that you allowed father to assume that you were a Democrat; and that wasn't quite square, was it?"

"Oh, rot! Cut all that out, Mabel. So long as the electorate meekly cringes under the party lash, just so long will the bosses—not the people—continue to control," said Archie with a slight grin.

"What's that?" asked Mabel, frowning.

"It's a quotation from a piece I wrote once at college—not original, of course. Got it from a chap who lectured in the law school. There's a good deal in that, too, when you come to think of it."

"Papa says you have to have bosses. There wouldn't be any parties if somebody didn't keep them organized and get out the vote," said Mabel. "Papa knows, you know, Archie."

"There's no doubt about that," Archie assented good-humoredly. "I never in my life heard anybody question that."

"How do you suppose they ever thought of you?" asked Mabel with unflattering frankness.

"They must have thought I'd be fool enough to swallow their silly nomination. Come to think of it, Doctor Bixby said something about it the other night—said the town had been run by crooks long enough and that it was about time decent people were asserting themselves."

Mabel lifted her head disdainfully.

"I hope you didn't let him call papa a crook—now that you're practically one of the family, Archie. You'll have to stand up for papa. You know as well as I do how really fine and generous he is, and that he wouldn't do any of the abominable things the Star is always charging him with"

"Of course not," Archie said without enthusiasm.

"Why, Archie!" exclaimed Mabel rebukingly.

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way! I'm trying to think how I can get this job off my hands. They've gone ahead and had their meeting—and stung me; and when I get back to town everybody will be guying me about it. I have a good mind to write a letter tonight passing it up, and then skip and sit on an island somewhere until it blows over. It's almost as disgraceful as though you'd been arrested for being drunk or stealing a blind man's watch."

"Well, you can't go away, because Lulu Bridges is going to give us an engagement dinner Thursday night and you'll have to be here. I don't see why you should worry about it. If you let them understand that your coming into our family makes a difference and that you can't run against papa's candidate, they will understand and everybody will think better of you for it."

Archie looked at her with mild wonder. He sometimes marveled in a gentlemanly, well-bred way at her lack of humor. Before they became engaged it had not troubled him; at this moment he was slightly bored by it. Her suggestion, offered apparently in perfect good faith, caused him to grin. He saw himself explaining in the newspapers that filial regard for Caleb B. Squires was his reason for declining a nomination for the mayoralty!

There Was No Doubt About His Future Father-in-Law's Being a Kind Father

"It's time to go home," said Mabel; "and before you do anything you'd better talk to papa. He'll know just how to get you out of that. You mustn't worry, dear!"

He resented her maternal tone, accompanied by a pat on the cheek that caused a teamster on the neighboring highway to yell with delight.

II

HE RAN his car into town by a circuitous route, hastily dropped Mabel at her door and stole like a criminal into his own house. His bachelor establishment was conducted by a Japanese, who did the cooking and otherwise cared for him. The jingle of the telephone greeted him from the front hall and the man explained that it had been ringing steadily since three o'clock and that he had long since given up making any attempt to appease the thing.

"Pay no attention to it and don't open the door for anybody. I'm out of town—to be gone a week!"

The Jap bowed gravely and handed him the Star's last edition. There was no denying or minimizing the horror of what he saw. It was there—very much there—in type that loomed like a mountain range across two columns:

STEWART HEADS THE PEOPLE'S TICKET

CHOSEN BY ACCLAMATION AMID GREAT ENTHUSIASM!
NOMINEE'S RINGING DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES!

He crept stealthily upstairs to his room, locked the door and read it all. Wherever his name appeared in the Star's enthusiastic description of the convention it burned into his consciousness like fire. A reproduction of the photograph he had had taken for Mabel Squires the day after they became engaged was labeled: The Honorable Archibald Stewart.

Archibald had always seemed to him the most absurd of names—the prefix only added to its grotesqueness; and yet with all this it was not unpleasant to see himself thus gazetted. Old Doctor Bixby had, it seemed, placed him in nomination as "typal of the new generation"—a young man who had already taken a high stand at the bar and who had "shown himself zealous in all that makes for the better life of the community."

Archie warily glanced at himself in his shaving glass. He had started a golf club and promoted a squash court, and this was the sum total of his public services. His eminence at the bar was a huge joke; but he lingered over Doctor Bixby's phrases, finding a thrill in them that affected him like the cheering at great college demonstrations.

He wondered how a man would feel if such things could be said of him truthfully. He was sorry that old Bixby had referred to the Honorable Roger Taney Stewart and his lifelong devotion to the uplift of Kernville, as the allusion seemed to direct scrutiny unnecessarily to the deficiencies of the Honorable R. T.'s sole heir and successor.

A bang on the gong in the lower hall caused him to start guiltily, but it was only the Jap's usual manner of announcing meals. As Archie stole downstairs the stuttering click of the plugged telephone and the tinkle of the front-door bell caused him to slink into his lone seat at the table like a felon.

It was a warm September evening. The Jap had tightly closed all the doors and windows and the atmosphere was stifling. Archie gloomily ate a chop. The calamity that had befallen him grew more appalling the more he pondered it. Some friends of his who owned a place at Harbor Point had asked him to spend a week with them in September. He decided to catch the midnight train for Chicago and accept the invitation in person.

In decency he ought to see Mabel first; but Mabel had not been sympathetic. He had been a trifle piqued by her ready acceptance of the whole dark business as a joke. If only ——

His name, with the sonorous prefix, had not, after all, so preposterous a look in type. He sent the Jap for a second pot of coffee and drew the Star out of his pocket for another glimpse of the Honorable Archie.

The swinging door creaked and Ijimi reappeared—without the coffee—advanced to the table with an accentuation of his usual oriental calm and mystery, and feigning to ignore Archie's precipitate efforts to conceal the newspaper announced solemnly:

"A lady in kitchen to see you, sir. I thought it was the laundress, hence opened door. It is regrettable mistake—yes? Shall I not ——"

"Tell her I'm out of town," said Archie fiercely. "Clear her out! She's probably a reporter."

There was a woman on the Journal he particularly hated. She conducted a column with the caption Nelly's Opera Glass, in which she had only the day before commented on a certain new suit in rather extreme checks which the Opera Glass had detected on the local boulevards. Very likely it was this person who had violated the sacred privacy of his bachelor establishment by forcing her way into the kitchen. Twice Ijimi returned to announce that the person refused to budge; the third time he was told to eject her with violence if she persisted.

Archie slid under the table as the pantry door swished on Ijimi's retreat. The immediate opening of the side hall

door cause him to thrust his head under the tablecloth and peer out. Beyond peradventure a woman was in the room.

"Good evening!" she remarked pleasantly. "I'm sorry to have disturbed you."

She bit her lip and feigned to ignore his anger and embarrassment, as though she were quite used to calling on gentlemen who hid under tables at her approach. As Ijimi reappeared Archie rose and silenced him by fluttering his napkin toward oblivion. It was not the Opera-Glass woman, but Miss Reardon, who had been at such pains to bring herself to his notice.

"You can't come here, you know," said Archie blinking. "It isn't done. There are no women in this house—that is, er—you know."

The gross inaccuracy of his statement was obvious. There was a woman in the house, and she was young and wholly agreeable to look at. He seriously questioned whether this was the same Miss Reardon he had engaged at seven dollars a week to sit in his office and beg people please not to annoy him. He had formed an unshakable determination to discharge her for giving the Star that discarded remnant on municipal government; and yet this was not so easy now that she was in his dining room.

She had blue eyes and black hair, and her smile called attention to two dimples that he had missed in his casual inspections at the office. She was amazingly self-possessed; and while he was trying to frame some phrase of dismissal that should not be too severe she pushed a chair to the table and sat down.

"But really, you know, this won't do!" said Archie. "I have another engagement; I'm just leaving town. You see, it's my uncle—he's very ill in Chicago."

"There's no train for Chicago until twelve-forty-eight, so you have plenty of time. Your telephone's dead to the world and nobody answers the doorbell ——"

She shrugged her shoulders. Some one had made a fresh assault on the door, varying the monotonous punching of the bell with kicks that boomed dully through the house. The telephone in the front hall was doing its best to attract attention. Miss Reardon folded her arms on the table and nodded—very slightly, but it was a nod—toward Archie's chair, remarking:

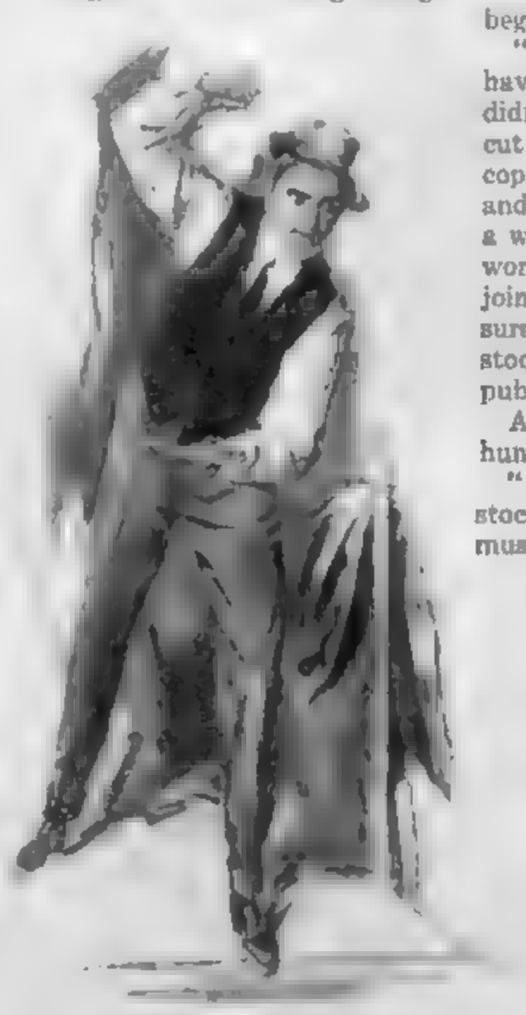
"You needn't worry over the impropriety of my dropping in this way. Father's waiting for me on the kitchen steps."

"Your father?" gasped Archie.

"Certainly. You didn't think I'd come alone, did you?" She began playing with a spoon and her eyes danced merrily in the shadow of her hatbrim. As Archie had no answer to her question he swallowed and allowed her to continue:

"I was afraid you might duck or skip before you knew all the facts about this mayor business. You had your house locked up as tight as the jail, and Doctor Bixby and the rest of the committee they appointed to carry up the nomination on a silver plate couldn't break in. It's just as well it happened that way, for you would probably have done something foolish; so I got dad to come along, and here I am.

"You see that nomination isn't so much of a joke as you think. You've been so busy getting engaged and playing golf with your fiancée that you don't know much of what's doing in this town; so I thought I'd butt in long enough to bring you up to date. You haven't much to do—real business, I mean—and you might just as well be mayor as not; and if you put that over there's no telling how far you'll travel.



He Had Been the Chief Figure in the Fight

"You know father and old man Squires have had a row. No? I guess you don't know and nobody knows yet. And, without father, Squires doesn't run this county—not yet! Father's been jumping the Squires stick about long enough, particularly since Polinski gave those last street-paving contracts to the Fitch Company, when it was understood all along that they were tied up in pink ribbons for father. Dad's been checking up that work. It's a crooked job—and he has the figures to prove it. See where that comes in?"

Archie had heard of Pat Reardon, one of the big drivewheels in the Squires machine, but he had never associated him with his office girl. The very mention of Squires quickened his determination to send word to the papers that he declined the nomination and to catch the night train for the northern coasts of Michigan.

He owed it to Mabel to announce immediately that he would not be a party to any scheme for opposing her father's candidate for the high office of mayor of Kernville. He must get this girl out of the house; even her father's presence on the back steps hardly constituted a chaperonage that Mabel, who was fastidious in such matters, would consider adequate.

"You must remember," Miss Reardon was saying, "that the Star will back you; it's already led off this evening in fine style and it's bound to keep it up. They don't care anything about you, of course; it's anybody to beat Squires! And you're an ideal candidate, because there's nothing against you!"

"And there's nothing for me, either, when it comes to that," blurted Archie.

"Oh, I shouldn't just say that!" replied the girl, with her delightful smile. "That injunction you got against the railroad made you solid with the people down our way. The labor unions are going to indorse you; and these business men that Squires has been holding up for longer than I remember will be glad of a chance to beat Polinski. There were two hundred men in that meeting this afternoon—just about a hundred and ninety more than I thought would show up.

She Was a Tall Blonde Who Had Enjoyed Advantages

"The Republicans are running Barkley, the councilman who lines up with the Democrats whenever they need him; and the Progressives let an unknown slip through the primaries. When the Star flashes up father's figures on the punk work that's been done on the streets, with snapshots I took of the jobs while they were doing them, Barkley will lose about half the regular party vote. I guess we've got enough things on him to pry loose all the decent Republicans; and, of course, they're not going to support Squires' candidate. Well, hardly!"

He remembered that she had signed herself Nora when she wrote to apply for the place in his office. She quit playing with the spoon and folded her arms on the table. Miss Reardon's recital of the conditions that made his election to the office of mayor seem already an accomplished fact was nothing if not plausible. The Irish, he had heard, have a genius for politics; and the trill of Miss Reardon's r's had not been wholly subdued by the Kernville high school, from which, she had told him in her application, she had been duly graduated.

There had been two years afterward in a Canadian convent, he now remembered, where she had gone for French and music. These facts had not impressed him at the time, as French added nothing to her value as stenographer in an office where even English was rarely spoken. Severity was out of the question, but he must be firm.

"Really, you know, about this mayor business ——" he began.

"Oh, I must tell you the rest of it. The Journal had to have something for tomorrow morning; so when you didn't show up at the office and they couldn't find you I cut a few more slices out of that old essay you gave me to copy—that part about public utilities. I read it to father and he said it was just the right stuff. You mentioned a whole lot of towns that already own their own waterworks—and there's no reason why Kernville shouldn't join the ranks. And, besides, father says that would be a sure way of landing one on Squires, who owns most of the stock in the water company and has been overcharging the public for years."

Archie choked. Something like a quarter of his forty-six hundred came from water-company dividends!

"You don't understand!" he said earnestly. "I'm a stockholder in the water company! Oh, Lord, you really must excuse me! I've got to see the newspapers and stop this. I'll dictate a statement and you can go up to the office and copy it."

He drew out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He wanted to swear, but Miss Reardon was the only object in the immediate landscape he could swear at; and somehow she was not just the sort of girl a man of gentlemanly instincts could address in profane terms.

"Oh, father knew all that!" she remarked readily. "He says that will add to your strength as a candidate. It shows that you have the rights of the people at heart. It illustrates just that civic courage you talk about in your piece. It's perfectly splendid!"

Archie's feet touched the discarded newspaper, and in his wish to seize something tangible he picked it up and flung it on the table. Miss Reardon quietly took it and smoothed it out so that the Honorable Archie was obliged to look again on his own features as they had been photographed expressly for Mabel Squires.

"The Star handled the story beautifully!" said Nora, eying the page admiringly. "You know you sent me to the photographer's with the proof of that picture; so I had no trouble finding a copy for the paper."

Ijimi thrust his head in guardedly to announce that the telephone company had sent a man to see whether the line was out of order. This reminded Archie that the plugged bell was still clicking away in a stupid effort to attract attention. While he was telling Ijimi to send the man away Miss Reardon walked quickly into the hall and took down the receiver.

"Yes, this is Mr. Stewart's residence," she answered sweetly. "I am very sorry, but Mr. Stewart is engaged just now. Yes—very busy. There are a number of delegations here to congratulate him on his nomination. Oh, he had an appointment with you! That's too bad ——"

Archie danced up and down in the doorway and waved his hands to attract the girl's attention. She was beyond question addressing Mabel, who had every right to demand enlightenment as to why he had failed to appear to take her to Ethel Brewer's chafing-dish party. Mabel knew perfectly well that Ijimi alone conducted his establishment and it would not be easy to explain why a woman's voice answered the telephone.

This whole situation was intolerable; he must get rid of the girl, make his peace with Mabel, and hurry to the Journal office to announce his refusal of the nomination in clear-cut Saxon terms.

The telephone conversation ended abruptly with polite murmurings on Miss Reardon's part. She hung up the receiver and, still keeping her hand on it, turned toward Archie with a reassuring nod.

"Of course you can't be disturbed. I'll tie this machine up so they can't buzz it any more."

In a moment she was talking to the chief operator, who appeared to be a friend of hers, asking as a special favor that two-o-seven be cut out for the night. Archie heard this colloquy dumbly; it was extremely difficult to thwart the intentions and purposes of this young woman, who had so blithely taken charge of his affairs.

She had issued statements to the press that did not in the least represent his opinions, given his photograph to be published, and then, having told Mabel Squires that he was too busy to talk to her, calmly disconnected the telephone and made it impossible for him to make the explanations to his fiancée that she had every right to demand.

All his life Archie's lack of initiative had been deplored by others, and now he was surprised to find that he deplored it himself. That afternoon at four o'clock nothing had been further from his thoughts than the idea of bothering his head about any one else's troubles. Yet he found himself meekly submitting to the dictation of a girl he hardly knew, who seemed bent on piling the woes of a whole community on his unwilling shoulders. It was inconceivable that so much could happen in so short a space of time, and to a man whose only ambition was to be let alone!

A slight smile played about Miss Reardon's lips as she reëntered the dining room.

"Now," she said, with an air of having established peace and order in his life, "that thing won't bother you any more."

The time had come for him to assert his independence. He rested his hand on the corner of the table and faced her with all the dignity he could command.

"Miss Reardon, I'm exceedingly obliged to you, but really it's wholly out of the question—my aunt—my mother's only sister—being ill, as I told you, in Louisville ——"

"You said it was your uncle in Chicago," said Miss Reardon. "It certainly is sad how much sickness there is this fall."

Her lips twitched; she was laughing at his stupidity. He felt like crying. He was about to make a fresh start

when heavy steps in the pantry arrested him. The swing-door opened and in strode a short, thick-set man he had never seen before, and behind him came three other strangers.

"Mr. Stewart," said Miss Reardon, "this is my father."

Archie blinked—then winced as Mr. Reardon's hand closed over his.

"It's a proud day fer us all!" Mr. Reardon declared; and then, his voice sinking to a whisper: "We wanted to see you private, to avoid the reporters. We'll put ye through, me lad—we'll put ye through as sure as ye're a fut high! It's the people that has risen; and the beacon fires are blazin'. But it's mum's the word! Leave ut to us, me lad. A few speeches and some handshakin' at noon in the factories and the crown's your own. Wear ut, me lad, and be proud of ut!"

Archie lifted a glass of water from the table and sipped it. The three other invaders wrung his hand as Mr. Reardon presented them with much ceremony.

He described them as men of influence. One was a foreman in the tinplate mill; the second Archie dimly recalled as the railroad section boss who had been the plaintiff in his suit to enjoin the railroad from preëmpting the highway; the third was a representative of the Teamsters' Union. The teamster also seemed familiar. He was a broad-shouldered young fellow, who grinned at Archie. He repeated his name and described himself for the candidate's illumination:

"I worked for you at the golf club—had the contract for the haulin'. You told me to pay the hands for them two rainy days—guess it wasn't much to you, but it made a hit with the boys, Mr. Stewart. They haven't forgot it."

"Oh, that was all right!" murmured Archie diffidently, while Mr. Reardon turned to the other members of the party with a nod and a wink, and whispered:

"The boys will be for 'im solid. We can't lose with 'im." And then he waved his hat toward the door, as though brushing the delegation out of sight.

"Be careful what ye say, Archie. They'll hammer the life out of ye; but ye needn't mind 'em. We'll put ye over. And it's on to Congress for ye, me lad. But remember, ye're a Dimicrat, faithful to the principles of Jackson and the Grand Old Man of Nebrasky; and ye're takin' the Citizens' nomination to protist against the lawless usurpation of the wicked bosses. The blaggards'll git their lesson! You go on the ticket by petition and it'll be a mile long. We'll show 'em a few, Archie, me lad!"

"I'm grateful to you, gentlemen," blurted Archie; and then, seeing them crowding unheedingly toward the door, he shouted: "But it is impossible—impossible! I decline the nomination; I shall send a letter, refusing it, to the papers tonight—right away!"

His voice rose almost to a scream as the horror of the thing broke on him. They were taking it for granted that he would tamely submit to this enormous imposition, and he was furious at himself for his stupidity in standing there like a ninny and giving them reason to believe that he swallowed their silly assurances of success. He did not want their support; he wanted them to go home!

"It's ridiculous—impossible!" he bleated.

But Mr. Reardon only smiled knowingly and jerked his hat toward his companions as they huddled in the pantry doorway.

"It's what I told ye! He's not seekin' the office and that's an ilimint of stringth; it's for the plain people he's makin' the sacrifice. Good night to ye, Archie. Be careful what ye say! It's well enough to tell 'em ye're not seekin' it—but don't say it too often. You've made a grand start and the boys'll take care of ye. Are ye ready, Nora? I'll be waitin' on the stoop."

The door struck Mr. Reardon's retreating heels with a bang. They were gone; but Archie's hopes rallied round Nora. Nora would understand. Her high-school education, reënforced by her conventual experience, made her an educated person, presumably accessible to impressions, ideas and plain statements.

He meant to dispel her illusions at once and to instruct her to make his position clear beyond peradventure to her father and his allies. He mopped his forehead and gave his collar a twitch as he fixed her with his eye.

"Rot!" he said. "All rot! You know well enough that I'm not going to stand for all this! I'm not going to run for mayor any more than I'm going to sail for Mars in a toy balloon. This isn't funny any more! Now you've helped push me in I want you to pull me out. If that isn't plain English say so and I'll bark again!"

He meant this to be very fierce. It was the tone he used when he told Ijimi not to serve plain omelet with parsley trimming two mornings in succession. His manner was the same he employed in telling a caddie not to whistle when he was trying to putt, or the yard man not to murder sleep by beginning operations with the lawnmower before nine A. M. Miss Reardon bit her under lip; it was a way she had and he did not know just what it meant. Then her eyes met his gravely.

"Oh, of course, if you feel that way about it ——" she remarked.

"That's what I've been trying to say! That's what I tried to tell those men—what I wanted you to understand in the first place!"

"If you feel," she continued in her pleasant, low tones, "that you haven't anything to do in the world but just look bored and refuse to do anything that's going to make you uncomfortable, why, I'll hustle down to the Journal and tell them just that. And you can stroll into your office in the morning just before lunch, sit down without taking off your gloves in the chair your father used to sit in, and then yawn and go out to the golf links or for a ride in your motor, and not show up any more that day.

"It's all right with me, Mr. Stewart; but I'd think twice before I ducked if I were you. You can't sneer at those men who've put you on the Citizens' ticket; they're some of the finest men in this town. And if you think my

(Continued on Page 34)

The Butterfly

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XII

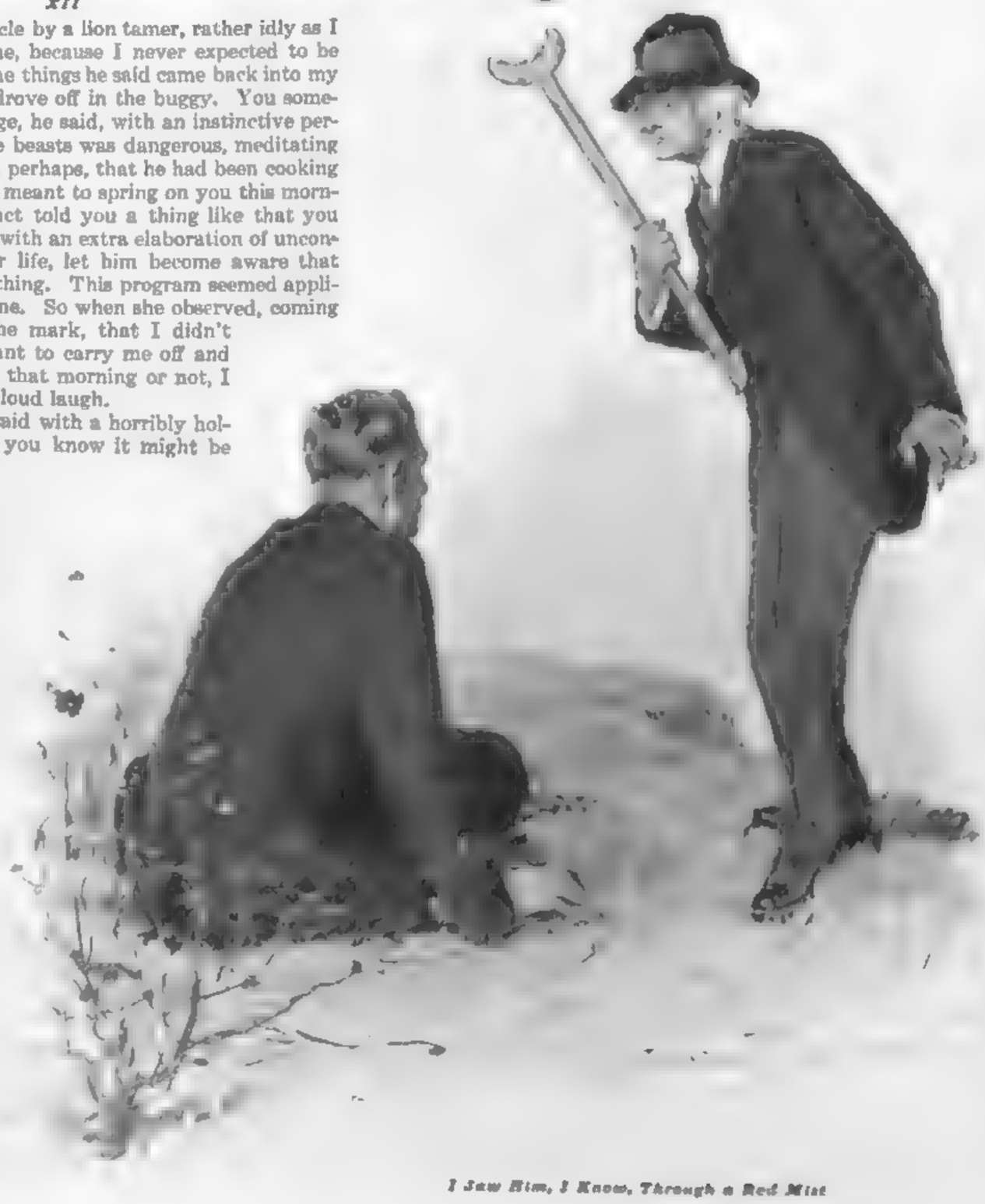
I ONCE read an article by a lion tamer, rather idly as I thought at the time, because I never expected to be one. But some of the things he said came back into my mind as Elaine and I drove off in the buggy. You sometimes went into the cage, he said, with an instinctive perception that one of the beasts was dangerous, meditating something; something, perhaps, that he had been cooking up for a long time and meant to spring on you this morning. When your instinct told you a thing like that you must treat the suspect with an extra elaboration of unconcern and not, on your life, let him become aware that you were aware of anything. This program seemed applicable just now to Elaine. So when she observed, coming uncomfortably near the mark, that I didn't know whether she meant to carry me off and marry me out of hand that morning or not, I managed to produce a loud laugh.

"No such luck!" I said with a horribly hollow jocularity. "But you know it might be dangerous letting your sense of the ridiculous run wild like that. Think of the blighting effect of the false hopes you might raise!"

"I don't know why it's ridiculous," said Elaine, looking straight out ahead. "I think you'd be awfully nice to be married to. You're so perfectly adorable when you're cross. And that would be a very good quality in a husband. But, even if you weren't like that——"

She let the sentence die away in a sort of contemplative quicksand, and drove on in silence for about a quarter of a mile.

"Look here!" she began again at last. "If I were to tell you that I was in the sort of fix that marrying you this morning was the only way out of, and asked you to do it—well, just as a favor, you know, would you?"



I Saw Him, I Know, Through a Red Mist

And on those two last words she turned and fixed me with a pair of big wide eyes that I wasn't quick enough to escape.

"Oh, I suppose I would," I said disgustedly. "But it's a silly sort of fix to get into."

An indefinable change came over her face.

"You would, you know," she said thoughtfully. "You really would." And she picked up my hand and kissed the back of it. "You're such an old dear!" she commented, and began to laugh.

"Cheer up," she said. "I'm not going to make you. Only," and she fastened me again, this time with an admonitory eye, "don't try to tell me you knew all along I didn't mean it, because you didn't."

For some reason her mood did not rebound, as it generally did, from that moment of gravity. Somehow, as we jogged along the empty road, among the frost-stained banners of the trees, although the morning was one of October's miracles and the air what we mean when we say "winelike," she seemed not to expand but to shrink, to grow graver, almost older, though the bare notion of age was something that, ordinarily, one couldn't connect with her at all.

My own spirits were rising, rather, and I had a lively impulse to cheer her up. So I chatted away until her silence led me to ask if she'd rather I didn't—if she wanted to be left alone to think.

She gave a little shiver at that and said it was exactly what she was trying not to do.

"Then," I said, "help me out with something that's been puzzling me. Why did you try to make those two men think—the storekeeper, you know, and the man you bought this horse and buggy of—that we were an eloping couple? It seems as if it was the last thing you'd want anybody to think; and somehow it didn't feel to me as if it were just a piece of mischief. It seemed as if you had some purpose about it. I suppose that's why I half thought you really meant it."

"It wasn't mischief at all," said Elaine. "Only, when you want to keep people from thinking one thing, you've got to give them something else to think about. I didn't want them to think about Mrs. Harrison and the eggs, so I gave them our elopement to occupy their minds."

"Mrs. Harrison and the eggs!" I exclaimed. "What in the world ——"

"That was what I wanted to find out," said Elaine, "where Mrs. Harrison had lived. And I thought if I asked them that might make them suspect or at least remember. You see ——" She paused there and waited quite a while before she went on. "You see, Harrison was Mrs. Robinson's real name. She called herself Robinson when she went to Monroe because—well, she had a reason for that. It's her house we're going to now."

"I see," said I. "If you'd inquired directly for a woman who had just been murdered ——"

"I don't think they know she's been murdered," said Elaine. "I think hardly any one knows. She didn't mean to come back here for several days. At least, she said she might not."

Of course I had known from the first, or almost from the first, that Elaine had some connection with the Robinson murder, or the Harrison murder as I should begin calling it now. I had talked to her about it, taxed her with it. But this that Elaine had just told me brought it much closer. Elaine had practically admitted writing a note to her. Now, from what she said, I knew she must have talked with her within a few hours of the time when the murder took place. She must know, or strongly suspect, who the murderer was. Unless he had been a person she had the strongest reason for shielding, she would have told what she knew. As things were, thanks to her silence, the very identity of the victim had been hidden for a week.

I began wondering who the person was that she was going now to see. Could it be some one she would have to tell the news of the murder to? Some one bereft, and as yet unconscious of his loss? Or was it some one who shared her knowledge; knew, guiltily perhaps, what Elaine herself only suspected?

For some reason or other, as I watched her face, my confidence in the solution of the mystery which I had propounded to her the night before on our walk to Marysville faded unaccountably. It was nothing she had said or done that contradicted my theory; just an undefinable sense I got from her manner. She hadn't the air of one going to meet a lover, even a former lover, whom she had come to hate or fear. There would have been a hardness about her manner then, a preparation for battle, a summoning of all her feminine resources for victory. She wouldn't have let herself look almost old, like that, on her way to a meeting with the man with a scar on his cheek. And yet, who else could there be?

Well, there was small satisfaction in wondering. If she meant me to know I should know soon. If she meant me not to I could go on being loyal to her without knowing.

It was at about this point in my reflections that we came upon the house—unexpectedly to me, and I think to Elaine. There would have been no mistaking it, even without the storekeeper's description, because the name, Mrs. C. Harrison, was painted in big red letters on the rural-free-delivery box out in front. It was a glaringly white little house, with various little white outbuildings round it, and acres of chicken-runs, with long concrete coops dividing them off rectangularly. And the flocks and flocks of hens were all white too.

There was something almost aggressively neat about the whole place. I don't know why it shouldn't have been more attractive than it was—why the sight of it should make you reflect that neatness could be an offensive tyranny rather than a virtue; but it did.

I said something of this sort to Elaine and she attributed it to the fact that we couldn't see any curtains in the house, only Holland shades, and they were all drawn down tight. There wasn't really a sign of life about the place, except on the part of the hens. I never like to look at a hen anyway. There is a mixture of cruelty and foolishness, each in a high degree, in the look of their round eyes that makes me nervous. If they grew to be eight feet high there'd be no living with them at all.

Well, as I said, here we were and I asked Elaine what she meant to do with me. "Have me sit outside and hold the horse, I suppose, while you go in and have your talk."

I didn't mean to make a grievance of it, as the tone that crept into my voice as I asked the question certainly did. Only, as I explained to Elaine, there is something futile about the occupation that irritates me exceedingly. It used to be inflicted on me in the guise of a treat when I was a small boy.

"We're too early," said Elaine. "Nobody's up yet, you see. I'm glad of that. We'll drive straight by and go somewhere and have breakfast."

It didn't seem very likely to me that any one with an active hen farm in full operation would still be sound asleep at seven o'clock in the morning. But I hesitated about saying so to Elaine, because of the happiness with which she took what she evidently regarded as a reprieve. The question was settled by a discovery of hers just as we were passing the driveway that came curving down into the road. There was a platform here about the height of a wagon, with a couple of big milk cans upon it.

He Walked a Step or Two Along the Ledge

"There's a note there," said Elaine, pointing out a scrap of paper tucked under the cover of one of the cans. "I'm going to get out and read it."

In a minute she was back again. "It's all right," she said. "I don't have to be back here till nine o'clock."

"Rather a public place for any one to leave a note for you, I should think," I commented.

"It wasn't for me," said Elaine. "It was for the milkman."

It seemed queer to me that anything in a note to a milkman could have turned her radiant like that. But I wasn't disposed to quarrel with the explanation so long as the fact was not to be gainsaid.

She was more like the Elaine who had romped with Carrington and me that night before we heard about the murder than I had seen her since.

The thing to look for now, she said, was a camping place where we could cook our breakfast. And less than a mile distant we found it. The road curved widely round to the left after we had passed the hen farm and, at a point where a little brook crossed it, there was a well-shaded lane running in to the left again along the bank of the brook and on the farther side of the stream.

Negotiating the sharp curve and the somewhat precipitous dip down to the level of the lane was rather a tax upon Elaine's skill as a driver. Indeed, I have a private notion that we had the intelligence of the rusty old horse to thank.

We followed the lane in a little way, and then found it recurving up the side of the hill. It came out at last upon a little plateau that might have been arranged especially for our purpose. On one side it fell precipitously away to the main road, but was high enough above it to afford us complete shelter from the scrutiny of any passer-by. On the other side the hill rose more gently and was thickly wooded. There was about a quarter of an acre in the plateau itself—just about what we needed to turn the buggy round in. To make the thing complete, a little spring trickled out of one of the rocks into a tiny pool, and made it unnecessary to clamber down to the brook for water.

It was when I dismounted from the buggy that Elaine discovered the condition of my ankle. It had been stiffening up steadily during our drive, and when I tried to put my weight on it it gave way altogether. I should have fallen if she hadn't caught me. For the first time I realized how strong she was.

She made no fuss about it, wasted no sympathy, as the word is ordinarily understood, but she went at the ankle with the skill of a football trainer, pulled out the buggy cushion for me to sit on, with two skillful slits of my knife cut off my shoe down to the sole, and with expert and sure-moving fingers explored the extent of the damage.

"What a silly you were not to let me do this before!" she commented. "That's a man all over!" I can't tell you how inexpressibly comforting I found that last observation.

Then, after various mysterious and expert rendings, she produced a sort of bandage of fine lawn. It was evidently not altogether satisfactory to her, because she remarked:

"If only we wore proper petticoats these days I could have got you a good one."

But the skill with which she put it on, after soaking it first in the icy water of the spring, made it serve at any rate to reduce the throbbing ache down there.

She had done everything she could, and then with a wonderful refinement of tact she ignored it altogether and we set about getting breakfast.

I stayed by the fire and did the cooking, while Elaine skirmished round the hillside and brought in firewood. Take it all in all, I never had a better time in my life. I don't know how good a companion she would prove to be cast ashore on a desert island for the rest of your life, but certainly for two or three hours no one could have played the part better.

After we had eaten breakfast, which proved rather a messy job, though neither of us was in a mood to mind, we lounged back lazily in a convenient heap of fallen leaves, and smoked up the rest of the cigarettes.

It may be difficult to believe that I was utterly content, wholly carefree. That I had eloped with Elaine; that Elaine was presently to leave me to go on a difficult and possibly dangerous mission to the house where the old woman lived who had been murdered a week before; that I, by coming with her, had made myself an accessory after the fact—none of these considerations, nor even the thought that I had a Saturday seminar at ten, and that I was forty miles away from it with a sprained ankle, intruded to cloud my happiness.

When Elaine got up to go she produced a purchase which I had not previously remarked, a present, she said, for me. It was a fly-specked and sun-browned copy of Hugh Conway's Called Back. She borrowed my pencil and wrote in it my name and hers and the date, as formally as if it had been a supercalendered, padded-leather-covered, illustrated copy of that gift-book *par excellence*, Idylls of the King.

She had some trouble getting the horse's bridle on again, as we had taken it off to enable him to do justice to his oats, and I am not sure now that she got it on the right way. But he was an adaptable beast, intelligent, as I have said, and he made no difficulty about it. I am not sure he wouldn't have got the buggy round all by himself, if we had simply told him to and not bothered him with ill-judged and contradictory directions. But among the three of us the feat was accomplished at last, and Elaine got in and took the reins.

"If I'm not back in time for lunch," she said by way of farewell, "boil yourself some more eggs and don't wait."

It wasn't until just as she started that her former mood of gravity seemed to come back upon her. It was not precisely fear, nor dread, nor a nervous apprehension, that my last glimpse of her face betrayed to me, though all three may have been in it. But the resultant compound seemed more like a sort of helpless, passive melancholy—as if what she was going to encounter were some relentless, irresistible thing rather than something that could be struggled against and overcome.

I crawled to the edge of the plateau and looked down over the road with a certain anxiety until I had seen her emerge safely into it. Then I opened up my book and tried—not very successfully—to enthrall myself in its mysteries. I had too many mysteries right at home to concern myself very deeply in the affairs of the unfortunate young lady who played the piano, or of her lover who so opportunely lost his eyesight and recovered it again.

My mood was still rather relaxed, as befitted the occupation of waiting as patiently as I could for Elaine's return. I whittled myself a stout walkingstick out of a shoot that grew out of some sort of bush, and with that I managed to hobble about a little. It was quite the idlest thing I ever did in my life that I went back to the edge of the plateau where I could command a view of the road. Various persons passed, afoot, or driving farmers' wagons, and presently I saw a man coming along on a bicycle from the direction of Musgrove. I watched him as I had watched the others, idly, until he reached the crest of the hill almost below me, dismounted and took off his hat.

Then I saw that it was Dorgan, and my mood of comfortable idleness blew away like a wreath of smoke in a high wind. How in the world had I ever contrived to forget him like that! How had Elaine forgotten him!

Certainly since we had left the train, his name had not been mentioned between us. Yet we had been morally certain he was coming to Musgrove in pursuit of a clew to the Harrison murder. And by any sort of calculation one could have predicted his appearance down there in the road at almost this precise hour.

I wish I were ingenious enough to work a few fictional variations into this truthful tale. It wouldn't take much of a change from what actually happened to make it appear that what I did just now was really a very clever thing. Of course I realized that it would be disastrous to let Dorgan go on down the road to the hen farm and catch Elaine squarely in the trap, in company with some highly compromising person or other. Yet, for the life of me, I didn't know how to prevent it, unless by scrambling down into the road myself and challenging Dorgan to mortal combat. But I did stop him as effectually as a knight in full armor could have done. It happened this way:

Dorgan stood there in the road beside his bicycle, mopping his brow and getting his breath, while I, up above, in a state of complete mental paralysis, sat and watched him, oblivious for the moment even of the fact that if he happened to look up he could see me sitting there. But, as he swung round to mount his wheel and did look up, I started back out of sight. I let go of the book at the same time, and an opportune puff of wind carried it over the edge of the little cliff. It must have fallen right at Dorgan's feet. And you are to remember, as I did within the next five seconds, that it had my name and Elaine's written on the fly-leaf, together with the date, so that a mind less perspicacious than Dorgan's would not have been overstrained in deducing the fact that we weren't far away.

Naturally, I didn't risk another look over the edge. I crawled or rolled back until I figured I was far enough safely to stand erect. Then, with the aid of Elaine's bandage and my stick, I managed to hobble pretty briskly across the plateau and set myself to climbing the hill at the other side.

I didn't stop to think just then whether I wanted Dorgan to pursue me or hoped that he wouldn't. Indeed, it was not until I had attained the comparatively safe shelter of a thick clump of bushes well up the hill and saw Dorgan pushing his bicycle up the cart-track on to the plateau that I realized what a clever thing I had done.

The whole look of the place I had just left was indescribably domestic. Elaine, appropriately to the housewifely part she was playing, had after breakfast washed the coffeepot in the spring and put it and our other cooking utensil, together with our remaining provisions, the eggs, the half loaf of bread, and so on, all neatly away in a sheltering niche in a rock near our campfire. My overcoat, with her veil and a pair of her gloves dangling artlessly out of the pocket, hung from the broken branch of a sapling. The whole place suggested, irresistibly, that we had wandered away for a little while and were coming back.

From my shelter I watched Dorgan make his little series of discoveries—I could almost see the corresponding deductions forming themselves in his powerful brain. When at last he leaned his bicycle against the tree, took off his coat, and settled himself into a drift of leaves triumphantly to await our return, I felt like reaching round and patting myself on the back. I could almost make myself believe that I had shied that book at him on purpose.

Well, there was half of my unpremeditated design accomplished: Dorgan wouldn't go to the hen farm now—not for an hour or two at any rate. What remained to do was to prevent Elaine from coming back to the camp for me. And the only way to do that was to go to the hen farm myself and tell her what had happened.

I wasn't much of a topographer, but, reflecting that we had twice turned to the left, once upon the high road and again when we entered the cart-track, I came to the conclusion that the hen farm couldn't be very far away. If I could manage to get to the top of this hill and down the other side of it, and then across the brook, I ought to find myself almost among the hens.

So, taking advantage of what cover I could find, I started to climb. It was pretty difficult and pretty painful, especially as I no longer enjoyed the stimulus of being pursued. But, a little at a time, I managed it and came out at last on the very crest of the hill.

My calculations were right anyway. The other side of the hill fell away very steeply—even more so than the side I had just come up—and from where I stood on the crest I could see right down into the hen farm with no trouble at all, could even make out Elaine's horse and buggy tethered in the yard.

Going down, I could see, would be even harder than coming up had been. To make the descent in a straight line from where I stood would have tested the powers of a man with two good ankles. In places, beyond that big tree there for example, the fall must be almost sheer. Perhaps, though, if I studied it from there, I could make out a practicable path.

The wind was rather fresh up here, blowing the dry leaves about; and I imagine that the rustle of them must have drowned out the noise my clumsy movements made. Otherwise I could hardly have got out among the roots of that overhanging tree without attracting the attention of a man who was crouching on a ledge formed by a little landslip not ten feet below. He was gazing down at the hen farm as intently as I had been doing a few minutes before. At least, I supposed he was. I couldn't see his face. He was, of course, very much foreshortened by my point of view, and all I got of him was the sight of the top of a soft hat and a pair of athletic-looking shoulders, and the impression of a certain rigidity in his attitude.

But the next moment I saw something that pretty nearly toppled me from my perch in sheer astonishment. Dangling down over the edge of the ledge, from a loop of cord that must have been attached to his body somewhere, was a short, stumpy little crutch—the same crutch, I would have sworn, that I had found under my seat at the opera house the night of Elaine's first performance.

XIII

I MAY not always be a professor of drama. It is conceivable that some day, with this new virus Elaine has inoculated me with in my veins, I may set out in quest of adventures—may explore the possibilities of the universal brotherhood of man among the Chucottes, or Dyaks, or Patagonians—but I very much doubt if I ever get a sensation again so poignantly compounded of astonishment, curiosity and a touch of plain uncanny horror as was this which I remember to have felt in my first glimpse of that stumpy little crutch and in what I saw happen under my eyes during the next five minutes.

For some reason or other I had never taken the mysterious hunchback very seriously, possibly because I knew he was the man Dorgan was looking for and I had an invincible conviction that Dorgan must be wrong. I knew there was a hunchback of course. The usher's mistake at the theater and my own finding of his crutch made that plain enough. But Elaine's calm way of taking the news that he had broken into her room, her obvious concern about somebody else—the dark young man of about twenty-two, with a scar on his cheek, I supposed, who clearly couldn't have been a hunchback at all—was exactly in the trend of my own skepticism.

So the sight of that crutch projecting over the edge of the ledge reversed my mental engine with a jolt.

It must have been two or three minutes before I really looked at the man at all, for with all my eyes I was staring, fascinated, at the crutch.

When I did look at him I got my second surprise. He wasn't a hunchback at all. I clung to the trunk of my tree, hung out as far as I dared, and stared down at him. Could he, after all, be the man Dorgan had described—the dark young man, about twenty-two?

If I had spoken my question aloud and he had meant to answer it he couldn't have accommodated me better. I saw his attitude relax a little, as if what he had managed to see down below there satisfied him, and then he took off his hat. He had had it pulled down low over his eyes, probably to enable him to see better, but it looked a little too large for him anyway. Probably his hair had been red once, but the little that was left now was a sandy gray, cropped rather close. His coarse, large ears stood out from his head at an angle that would have pleased Lombroso. It was evident that he was not young, but his movements, even the trivial one he was making now, fanning himself with his hat, had a sort of suavity and freedom that meant more than youth. They reminded me, grotesquely enough, of Elaine.

The maddening thing about the sight of him was that, in some obscure way, he reminded me of himself. He looked familiar. But the harder I tried to track the association down, the more it evaded me. It lodged itself behind Elaine.

The only man I could normally associate with her was Carrington. Excepting him, and Dorgan, and President Van Dyck, I had hardly seen her speak to a man, unless it was at Mrs. Lake's reception.

(Continued on Page 51)

Take it All in All, I Never Had a Better Time in My Life

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 8, 1913

That Christmas Shopping

WITHIN half a dozen years the city Christmas has been measurably civilized. This is a big achievement, considering how it was done. Only a few years ago city folks joyously marched to their great winter festival over the prostrate bodies of thousands of saleswomen.

No law has anywhere been passed on the subject. No political party has taken it up. Yet, by a steady appeal to individual good will, the week-before-Christmas slaughter of shopgirls has been notably abated.

You know very well that you can do your Christmas shopping between this date and December fifteenth quite as well as you can do it afterward. By doing it early you will help to save some young woman from nervous prostration. Nothing is necessary but a little consideration for others on your part. On your way home will you pause thirty seconds to help a cumbered woman who has dropped a bundle? The whole thing amounts simply to that.

By showing what a little practical kindness on the part of the individual shopper will do, Christmas shopping in cities has already been measurably civilized. Nowadays the shopper who puts shopping off to the last moment must have a good reason or a bad conscience. This is better than a reform enforced by law. Be careful to help it on this year by shopping early!

An Inheritance Tax

ABOUT three-quarters of all the states now have an inheritance tax of some kind. New York was one of the earliest, we believe, to adopt this form of taxation and its rates are higher than in most of the Eastern States, yet much lower on large fortunes than in England. When an opulent citizen of that state recently passed away about one-fifteenth of his fortune was lodged in England; and the British Government promptly collected on that small fraction of the estate a tax fully one-quarter as large as New York will get on the remaining fourteen-fifteenths.

There is another phase of this subject, however. We happened to make a small journey into rural New York not long ago, and admired the road. "Yes, it's very good here," said the chauffeur; "but there's a stretch of state-made road a couple of miles ahead. Wait until we hit that!" It really was not worth waiting for. Recent investigations showed how the Empire State made and repaired roads. About the same time there was a depressing report on that costly prison the state had built in a bog, where it was falling to pieces before the mortar was fairly dry.

Why any inheritance tax, if the money is going to be squandered? We wish some states would call a year's truce on all sorts of new or increased taxation and see whether they cannot stop wasting the revenues they already have. There ought not to be heavier inheritance taxes until the states can spend the money honestly and intelligently.

Civil-Service Examinations

IN DEBATING urgent deficiency appropriations the other day the Senate incidentally discussed its own graft—that is, patronage. Senator Reed pointed out that in competitive examinations for the post of deputy marshal an anemic school-teacher might easily beat a hardy, resourceful and courageous candidate, who could certainly beat the school-teacher when it came to running down an illicit mountain still or capturing a desperado.

Other senators urged that competitive examinations might be all right for clerkships and positions the duties of which were of a routine nature, but where initiative and discretion were required such examinations were worthless.

There is much truth in this view. Civil-service examinations are a bungling, unsatisfactory device. Frequently the man who is really best fitted for the job will fail in them.

However, senators overlooked the main point—that this awkward scheme is the only protection the country has against their graft. We should rather appoint a man deputy marshal because he stood ninety-nine in an examination on arithmetic and geography than because he is some senator's political camp-follower.

Taking it by and large, we should get quite as good a man—and we should stop by that much the degradation of politics. When senators and representatives take their hands off appointments to public offices the country will be ready to consider abolition of all competitive examinations. Then the chief of a bureau will hire men as the superintendent of a railroad does because in his judgment they will do the work satisfactorily.

Politician and Evangelist

WE GET as tired of politics as does everybody else in the United States who is not professionally engaged in that vocation. Politics consists mainly in telling you that you personally are all right and that your troubles arise from various things outside of you—such as a money trust, a tariff, a banking system.

Examine that proposition candidly in the light of your own experience. Look at your own life and at the lives of all the people you know well. Is not nearly all the trouble that has emerged in the field of your experience due to faults of the individual on which you can lay your finger, or to causes beyond human control? Just what, in fact, makes you behind with the rent—some wicked system, or some personal improvidence?

Certainly politics is necessary and important; yet, relatively speaking, it is only a very poor, limited human concern. Its professors have—or, at least, express—very exaggerated ideas of it. The Greeks had a very superior article of politics—and see what became of them!

The most useful possible person in the United States today would be a true evangelist, with the popular power of Roosevelt, Bryan and Wilson—a fine, craggy person, who would stand up before us and say convincingly that we personally are very faulty, and that we need not bother much about anything else until we get ourselves right.

Lo, the Poor Female!

THE city of New York has a Board of Education that provokes one to inquire: How far have we advanced from the Stone Age in our ideas about women? This sagacious body proposes to dismiss immediately any teacher who commits the scandalous indiscretion of bearing a child. Some enthusiasts propose, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, to dismiss any teacher who marries.

The actual reason for this attitude would have appealed powerfully to old Adam Stonehatchet—being, in fact, that woman is not only a very limited but a very frail, wabbly, uncertain sort of vessel, who must be always supported and directed by the sapient hand of man.

We never heard of an employer undertaking to regulate the domestic affairs of his men. As to a male teacher the Board of Education would cheerfully say: Our only concern is as to how he does his work and that his character is respectable. Whether he is married, single, childless or as philoprogenitive as Solomon is his own business. If he fails in his work from any cause we will dismiss him; but we are not going to pry into his private life to discover theoretical causes of a failure that has not materialized.

In the case of a female teacher the board says: A being naturally so circumscribed cannot rear a child and teach school. We have figured it out by a diagram that she must neglect either the child or the school. True, we do not consider it our business whether a man teacher neglects his child or not; but, as men, it is our duty to keep these females firmly in hand.

For Coöperators

WE CONSTANTLY get letters asking where and how practical information on coöperative marketing may be obtained; whether there are any coöperative associations in such and such lines; how such an association may be formed; what legal requirements are to be complied with; whether any standard forms of accounting for coöperative concerns are available; what books or reports would be helpful to persons wishing to form such an association.

The subject evidently interests a great many people; and it is not so generally known as it should be that the Office of Markets in the Department of Agriculture was recently established, in part, to meet this very need. The office is new as yet; but it will seek to investigate cooperative marketing and distribution over pretty much the whole field of agriculture, and to gather a body of information on the subject that ought to be very valuable to prospective cooperators.

Cooperation, of course, does not mean merely to eliminate some middleman; in fact, one of its best uses has been by way of standardizing products, raising the quality and introducing a proper package, which benefits commission merchants and consumers as much as it does producers.

Again, an association by shipping in carlots may get lower freight rates and yet give the railroads a business that, on the whole, is more satisfactory to them than the business of many individual shippers. Nobody who serves any legitimate economic need has cause to fear coöperation.

Why Stop at Farmers?

AN ADDRESS by B. F. Harris at the recent bankers' convention in Boston reminds us that everybody is boosting the farmer nowadays. Not only the American Bankers' Association itself, but some thirty state bank associations are actively promoting agricultural improvement. This work often includes soil surveys, experiments with fertilizers, hiring of experts to make practical demonstrations on the farms, education in good roads, marketing, and so on.

As Mr. Harris pointed out, all this tends to make not only better farmers but better bankers. It is directly profitable, because to heighten a community's general prosperity makes more business for the bank. Indirectly it is profitable also, for it gets the community on more neighborly terms with itself.

The real object, of course, is to make the farmer a more efficient workman and to increase the productivity of his labor; and every community has a great deal of other labor that might be studied in the same sympathetic spirit, but is not, because the motive is not so obvious. If a farmer can be shown how to raise eighty bushels of corn instead of forty the communal gain is clear. If a blacksmith can be shown how to make eight horseshoes instead of four the communal gain is there; but mostly we do not see it.

What a startling difference it would make if the Banker-Farmer partnership took in everybody!

The Country Bank

PROBABLY the country banks are right in thinking that the Glass-Owen Bill, as it passed the House, would somewhat decrease their profits. They ask—very properly—that adequate provision be made for the retirement of two per cent Government bonds without loss to the banks. They object to the segregation of savings deposits, so that such deposits cannot be used in commercial banking. They say the clearing of checks, as provided for in the bill, would take away much of their exchange earnings. They want to keep at least a third of their reserves with city banks.

These objections are by no means formidable. With the possible exception of the last one, they do not touch at all the fundamentals of the proposed system. There is no reason why a sound compromise, acceptable to the banks, yet saving everything that is important in the new scheme, cannot be worked out. Obviously if country banks believe the new system will seriously impair their profits they will not join it; but there is no good reason why it should impair their profits.

It is noteworthy that the country banks begin their resolutions by saying that the speedy passage of the bill, when amended, is desirable; that "legislation on this subject has already been too long delayed and the efforts of Administration leaders at Washington to pass this statute at a special session are to be commended."

Having that attitude, there is every prospect that a satisfactory compromise will be arranged.

A German Instance

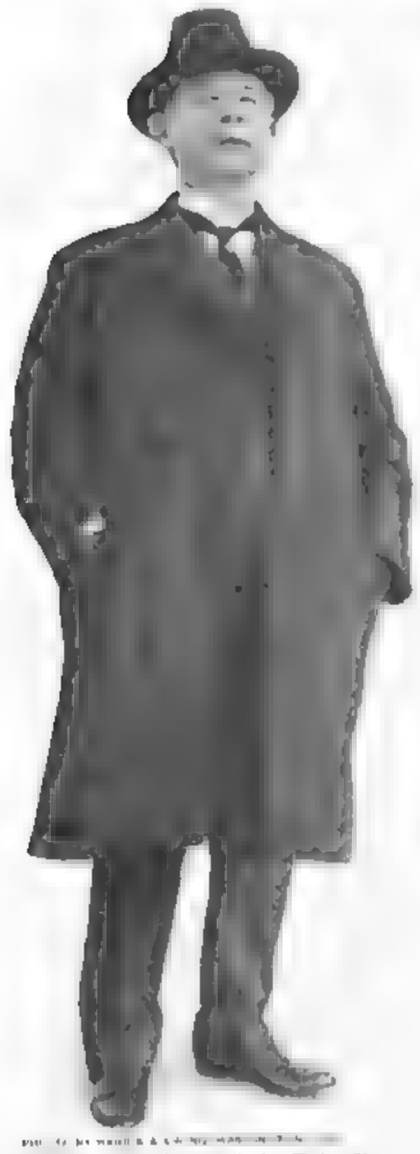
FOR some years the two greatest German steamship lines have been operating under an agreement our Government would call a criminal conspiracy in restraint of trade. As the agreement was about to terminate, one of the lines wished a larger allotment of immigrant business; and, as the other would not agree, talk of a tremendous rate war circulated in shipping quarters.

Recent information has been of a more pacific character. For example, we read in the Journal of Commerce: "That high political authorities in Germany will not suffer the threatened rate war to break out is positively asserted on the strength of late advices from that country." In support of this it is recalled that not long ago a combination of capitalists popularly known as the Princes' Trust proposed to establish a rival trans-Atlantic line, but was warned by the German Government not to do so.

Germany has no capital to waste in mere competition. The German Government knows it and tells the angry shipping men to stop their foolishness.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Poe of Schedule K in His Wool Hat

IT CAN be set down as a fact that the first portion of the name under which Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, operates is Furnifold; but it only can be alleged, on information and belief, that the second joint is McLendel, for the senator is uncommunicative on that point. Likewise he is uncommunicative on various other points, being congested in his conversation, for which, in these verbose—not to say verbigerous—days he is entitled to three cheers.

And while on this subject of nomenclature it seems quite a shame that the high designating parties who officiated at the function whereat what eventually became five-feet-five of senator was given six-feet-two of name, did not make it Purnifold instead of Furnifold; for then it would have been such fun to call him Pur-Simmons, no matter what else the high protectionists call him—which callings, by the way, positively cannot be repeated here. Furnifold McLendel Simmons, as such, has been in the Senate of the United States since March 4, 1901, and he is due to remain there, if he has any luck, until March 3, 1919; but until quite recently I doubt whether more than a mere handful of our citizens were seized of the important information that he was there at all. Occasionally he would rise at his desk and bark a few barks at the opposition, which in those days had control of the Senate; but ordinarily he strove valiantly to tote his name round without aging under it, and let it go at that.

Gimme! Gimme!

HOWEVER the years glide by and so do other things. Most noticeable among the have glode is the Republican control of the United States Senate, and when that disappeared Furnifold McLendel Simmons appeared; for no sooner had the chairmanship of the Committee on Finance been more or less ceremoniously yanked from the tenacious custody of Boies Penrose than F. M. Simmons rose to the full height of his five-feet-five and exclaimed: "Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!"

"Ha!" laughed the Democrats, who thought they were deciding on committee chairmanships. "Ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha! Ain't he the cute little claimer, though?"

"Gimme!" barked F. M. Simmons. "It's mine! I demand it! Come across!"

Well, it was his by right, for he was the ranking Democrat on the committee, and they had to give it to him. They did not want to, but they had to. Whereby Furnifold McLendel Simmons secured his opportunity to step into the limelight, for the Senate Committee on Finance is the most important committee in that body, and it has the preliminaries of Senate tariff making within its charge.

That man Boies Penrose is possessed of a most tenacious memory. So late as the afternoon when the Senate passed the new tariff bill he rose in his place and harked back—needlessly, it seemed—to the days when other tariffs were under construction. He told of the various pleas of Senator Simmons for higher duties, for the retention of duties and for incidental protection, and such like; told of the days when Nelson W. Aldrich was chairman of the Committee on Finance and when it seemed—seemed, mark you!—that Senator Simmons was one of his handiest little lieutenants.

However, let the dead past bury its politics and its protection. That was away back yonder. "All passes," as the poet says; "art alone endures." And there can be no gainsaying that as a tariff maker Senator Simmons is a work of art—or artful, at any rate—any ad valorem or preferential or inferential rate.

In the Glorious Company of Tariff Triflers

LOOKING casually over the Senate of six or seven years ago who could have said gravely that F. M. Simmons one day would be chairman of the Committee on Finance and proud possessor of one-half of all titulary honors attached to a tariff bill, splitting those privileges fifty-fifty with Oscar Underwood? Who could have said it? No one. Not a single, solitary one. Which gives emphasis to all those meditations on the mutations of time that pass for poetry in the highest philosophical circles and for philosophy in the highest poetical circles.

The answer seems to be to this effect: In an organization where preference goes by seniority it is only necessary to be a senior, and make that plain, to be preferred. F. M. Simmons made it plain he was the senior. And that, as you might say, removed the rag from the bush.

Oh, that wicked, wicked Penrose! "I shall never forget," said he in the Senate, "the impressive picture presented to this body when the senator from North Carolina, in a gray suit of clothes and with the thermometer about one hundred and two, was haranguing a listening Senate for three days, urging what was considered by the consumer in some parts of the country to be the most vicious duty in the whole tariff bill—a duty on lumber."

Drat the man! Does he not know they produce lumber in North Carolina? Then why cast things up when the lumber protagonist of those days steers through the Senate a bill reducing all sorts of duties?

Times change and men change with them. This is especially true when men become chairmen of finance committees and have tariff bills to make instead of being members of finance committees and having tariff bills to amend merely.

If this country is lucky there will be no more tariff fussing for another ten years. Of course this country may not be lucky; but if it is for the next decade the name of Furnifold M. Simmons, jointly with the name of Oscar W. Underwood, will decorate the law under which imposts are laid and collected, causing foreign travelers to grow purple in the face because they have to turn their trunks out on our docks, to say nothing of inducing the various shades of magenta noticed in the visages of Americans who are compelled to turn out their trunks in the same unceremonious manner.

This will be a great relief to Sereno E. Payne, whom all our returning voyagers have been cussing since 1909; and it may be set down as one compensation for Republican defeat from his viewpoint.

So far as can be learned Mr. Simmons views this contingency with equanimity. The duty of revising the tariff devolved on him and he hewed to the line, allowing the cusses to fall where they might. Though it may be true that the duty of revising the tariff did not devolve on him until he had revolved rapidly for several days, with his seniority in the Committee on Finance clutched firmly in his hand, it is still true that said duty did devolve eventually and unanimously.

Mr. Simmons' place in the political almanacs is now secure, as follows: Co-author of the tariff law of 1913. He stands beside Walker, and Mills, and Wilson, and McKinley, and Dingley, and Payne, and Aldrich—in that glorious galaxy of statesmen who trifled with the tariff at the behest of the people and who were, in turn, trifled with by the same people who behested.

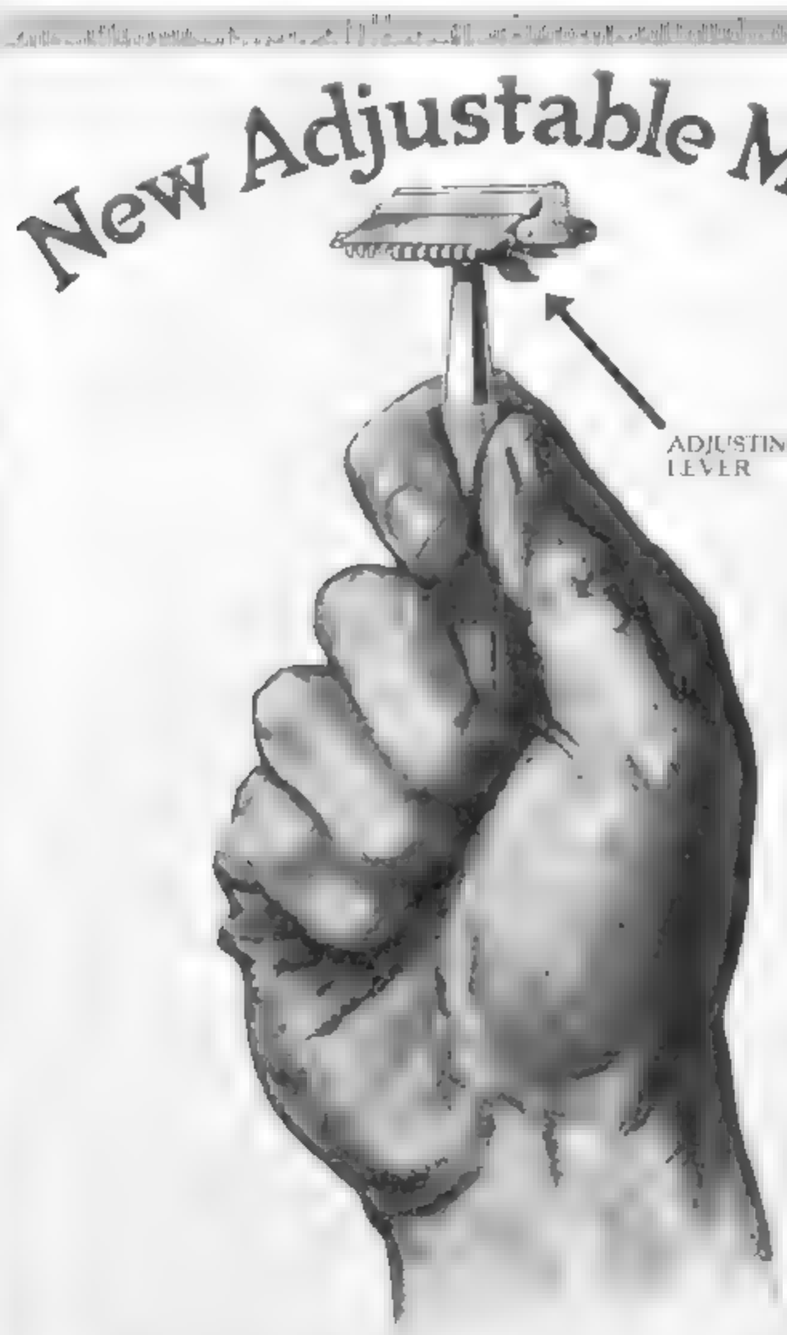
He is a sturdy man, short in stature and stockily built. His mental processes are matter-of-fact. He revels in detail, insists on accuracy, and learned what he knows about the tariff by digging continuously into that dusty subject. He rewrote one of his speeches thirteen times before it suited him. He is serious, self-centered, courageous and quiet. He demands his fair share and gets what is coming to him, but does no posing and no blustering. He talks little, listens well, knows a hawk from a handsaw and the rate of duty on each.

"Let Little Brother Do It"

A Golden Rule

HE IS fifty-nine years old and served two years in the House of Representatives back in the eighties. After that he was collector of internal revenue for North Carolina for four years, and from 1892 until 1906 was chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the state. He was elected to the Senate in 1901 to succeed Marion Butler and is just beginning his third term.

He always wears a wool hat, takes an occasional chew of tobacco, is given to long walks alone for purposes of meditation, and belongs to the Episcopal Church. Likewise, as I may have stated, he is chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, which teaches us that the way to grab the good things in Congress is simple. The rule is this: Get in and stay in, and in the fullness of time all will be yours.



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Do You Really Have to Borrow Money?

By Roger W. Babson

AS DESCRIBED in previous articles of this series, the average business man has only three legitimate reasons for borrowing money, namely:

1—To extend his plant by purchasing more real estate, erecting additional buildings or installing new machinery or fixtures.

2—To increase his stock of goods on hand, either for manufacturing purposes or simply for merchandising.

3—To extend additional credit to customers.

When raising money for the first purpose—to extend the plant—one should first try to sell additional capital stock; but if this is impossible it is usually wise either to sell bonds or place a long-term mortgage on the plant. At any rate money should not be borrowed on six-months' paper to make such permanent improvements.

When raising money for the second purpose one should sell capital stock in order to carry that portion of merchandise which is necessary as a minimum throughout the year. For the additional portion, which one is obliged to carry only during a certain season, a business man is justified in borrowing from banks sufficient to carry him over this peak of the load.

When raising money, however, for the third purpose—to extend credit—the young business man should never resort to mortgages or bonds; and if possible he should avoid selling additional capital stock therefor. The average amount of bills receivable should be limited to the surplus, as only accumulated profits should be used for constantly financing the business of other people.

Of course there are certain seasons of the year when one is obliged to carry specially heavy accounts receivable, and for this excess the business man is justified in borrowing from his local banks—but only for this excess.

Now I will admit that this is rather a new doctrine to preach under modern business methods, when competitors are mailing broadcast circular letters soliciting charge accounts. However, two wrongs do not make a right; and because certain competitors are temporarily extending their business by giving improper credits that is no reason why all should do likewise. Personally, I believe it is a great mistake to promise extended credit in order to sell goods. When goods will not sell on their merits it is time either to contract business or else to change one's line of merchandise.

Let Bankers Do the Banking

Therefore I say: Use only your accumulated profits in financing others. Do not carry customers simply to get their business. Remember that you are a manufacturer or a merchant, and not a banker. Manufacturing is one business, merchandising another; and banking is a third business. If the customer's credit is good he can go to his own bank and borrow money with which to pay you in thirty days. If his credit is not good you certainly should not trust him.

I never make a study of a bankrupt concern without being convinced that the bills-receivable account is the weakest feature of the statement; and usually, like the merchandise account of a very old firm, it must be cut in halves. Therefore I say: Extend the plant when the tendency of fundamental conditions justifies it; install new machinery as necessary in order to have the most efficient possible; carry merchandise proportional to the general condition of trade; but watch and keep down the accounts receivable!

Sell goods on their merits at a price based on thirty-day payments. Customers who cannot pay in thirty days should really be charged interest, since they would be obliged to pay interest to their banks to carry them. Otherwise prices should be increased and cash discount allowed to those who pay within thirty days.

Personally, however, I believe the cash discount is a mistake. The net price should be based on thirty-day payments and such payments insisted on. As previously stated, banking is one business, while merchandising and manufacturing are entirely different lines; and all three should not be combined. However the practice of giving discounts has been so firmly established that the trade will be some time in eliminating it. Meantime, however, the able young business man will insist absolutely upon the terms of the discount and allow it only to those who send their check within the thirty days.

The discount thief depends for his success on the instinctive feeling that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"; or, "Better late than never!" It takes some hardihood to return a remittance and say: "We can't accept this amount in settlement of your account—we can't allow you a cash discount at this late day." It is contrary to every instinct and tradition of the human mind to let a proffered check go begging. Hence the discount thief flourishes and waxes fat at the expense of his victims, who pocket the wrong in order to pocket the cash.

In other words a public nuisance is allowed to continue because creditors have not banded together to stamp him out. It is a fair question whether any concern acting independently can afford the cost—loss of business and the legal expense—incident to a rigid enforcement of terms. The spirit is willing, but the funds are weak.

Nevertheless there is a growing agitation, after which we may expect the usual period of education and then the final climax of reformation. From talks I have had with many of the stronger mercantile and manufacturing interests, I am encouraged to believe that the sun is setting for the man who violates his terms as surely as it has already set for the man who violates his other business obligations.

A Bad Collection Letter

In somewhat this same category come the variations of discount larceny; in fact the whole situation may be summarized in the statement that any departure from the net-payment period is a bad step in the wrong direction and leads to eventual trouble.

Commercial houses were never designed or organized to perform the functions of banking. The only institution equipped to carry its customers successfully is a bank.

The man has not yet been born who can safely furnish accommodation unless he is a natural banker. That is precisely why we have our elaborate banking organization as distinct from the other organs of the body commercial. To mix the two functions is to go backward to the old order of things, which we are supposed to have outgrown.

Therefore I feel that any proposal to permit accounts to run beyond the date of settlement and charge interest thereon is fundamentally unsound. The discount evil has developed into a commercial disease plainly malignant in character, and calls for a radical operation. It is worse than useless to doctor this thing—we must cast it out, root and branch.

I have given the subject of discounts a place in this general series of articles on raising funds because I surmise that one reason for the growth of the discount habit is ignorance of the proper procedure in legitimate financing.

A man finds himself in need of ready money—but that is not necessarily proof of shortsighted management; in fact this call for cash at certain seasons is strictly normal. Feeling this pressure for money he begins to squeeze his customers; a collection letter is often sent out, with the naïve appeal:

"Having heavy payments to meet in the near future we ask you to oblige us with a remittance," and so on.

I consider such a letter about as bad as it could be. It is furtive, cringing, apologetic, and implies that the man who wrote it is either faking or failing. The one basis for collecting an account is because it is due; and in that event no apology is necessary. The only time when a creditor is justified in putting abnormal pressure on his customers and literally forcing collections is during a period of overexpansion,

when credit is becoming strained and a general breakdown is pending; and that is the very worst time to do it.

Ordinarily the first resort when in need of money is to go to one's customers and request payment of accounts due, without apology or lying. The second resort is to hold out money from one's creditors and keep them waiting by means of extensions, renewals, claims, and various other makeshifts. A third expedient is acute economy.

Economy, I believe, should be chronic. Either an expense can be eliminated—in which case it should have been cut off long ago—or it cannot be eliminated; and hence to economize therein is like throwing one of your engines overboard in the hope of speeding up the ship. There are numerous other popular ways of raising funds, but most of them are admitted to be bad practice and none of them are countenanced by high-grade business houses.

The high-grade house, when in need of money—and, as we have noted above, this need may be entirely legitimate—first decides whether the desired funds are for current or capital purposes. The two fields, though essentially unlike, are not always definitely separated by a hard-and-fast straight line. Moreover, the funds may be wanted for a capital purpose and yet conditions may be such that said capital can be obtained only from current sources.

Two Kinds of Paper

For example, during the past year or more many corporations—notably the railroads—have needed money for extensions and betterments, plainly a capital object; but the interest rate on bond issues has been so high that the corporations have hesitated to borrow in this way and in many cases have issued short-term notes instead, hoping that in course of time conditions would alter and permit this current indebtedness to be permanently founded on a profitable basis.

For a great corporation, with a splendid credit, this is perhaps advisable, though dangerous. The young business man, however, cannot afford to take such chances and should not use for permanent improvements capital borrowed on short-term notes. Instead, he should study fundamental conditions.

Incidentally such a situation brings out very clearly the contending interests of the business man and the investor. The mere fact that so many corporations are avoiding bonds as a method of borrowing should suggest to the watchful investor the probability that bonds have become an excellent investment. On the other hand the astonishing deluge of preferred stocks suggests that they are not the most profitable purchase in the market.

Returning, however, to the two grand divisions of funding—current and capital purposes—we find among the most common forms of current funding that known as commercial paper. Always remember that there are two kinds—true commercial paper and imitation commercial paper. The genuine article is the promissory note of some concern, usually maturing in about six months, which is given in settlement for merchandise and indorsed by the party who sold the goods. Such is the bona-fide two-name commercial paper or receivables.

The imitation brand has the same general appearance, even sometimes bearing an indorsement; but no material commodity is underneath this paper. The party who indorses such paper is commonly the chum of the party who signs.

I have heretofore cautioned young men in banking against giving or accepting this accommodation or imitation brand of commercial paper, and I believe the same advice is worth considering by young business men who are tempted to issue or, worse still, to indorse it.

A business man may take or give a note in payment for goods. Instead of holding this note until it matures the seller may discount it at his local bank; in fact, that was one of the original purposes of banking, and this form of commercial paper—receivables—is the very best on the market. Indorsed by the seller, it bears two names entirely independent of each other. The true meaning of each indorsement, however, ought to be not merely a liability but a responsibility.

In other words, if you have the slightest doubt in the world that a note may not promptly be paid at maturity do not under any circumstances take it to your bank, but hold it yourself. The one thing you cannot afford to do is to have the bank lose confidence in your judgment; either do not indorse at all or indorse in every sense of the word.

Remember the carrying of large accounts receivable or the accepting of a customer's notes is only another form of indorsing. There is little difference between the firm that borrows money on its own notes, in order to extend improper credit to customers, and the firm that indorses notes of customers and then fails to take them up at maturity. All forms of improper and unbusinesslike commercial paper originate from the cursed method of extending credit as practiced today.

In other words I am not opposed to borrowing a proper amount in a proper way for proper purposes; but I am bitterly opposed to rushing headlong into debt in order to sell goods to customers, which so often results in causing them to become financially involved. Business is business, and debts are debts. The debt is the same, whether existing in the form of a note or in the form of an open account in the ledger. One may indorse the account of another either by borrowing for the purpose of extending additional credit to others or by writing one's name on the back of the notes of others.

All these things are in the same class and result in the same misfortune, though called by entirely different names. Hence I say: Manufacture the best goods possible for the lowest price possible, but insist on thirty-day payments.

At first this is difficult, as some customers are offended; but if one will take pains to talk with his customers personally all bad feeling can be avoided. It can readily be explained to customers that the extension of uncertain credits ultimately increases prices and that the honest men who pay their bills must also pay the bills of the dishonest and unfortunate. It can be explained to a customer that it is not because you do not trust him that thirty-day cash is insisted on, but because this method enables you to give better goods for less money.

I am sure all men of the best trade appreciate this stand when taken by the young business man, because they know the principle involved is sound. Therefore, in the long run, such a thirty-day policy should not only attract business but attract the best and choicest business.

The Two Seasons

The man who persists in "being sorry" and who refuses to become reconciled to the plan is a weak man financially, and his business is the very kind you do not wish on any other than a thirty-day basis.

We are bound to offend some time or other all such people, and the sooner we offend them the less we shall lose. Therefore, though I advise receivables as the best kind of commercial paper for banks to purchase, I advise the young business man to avoid their use and to refuse credit to customers compelled to give such receivables.

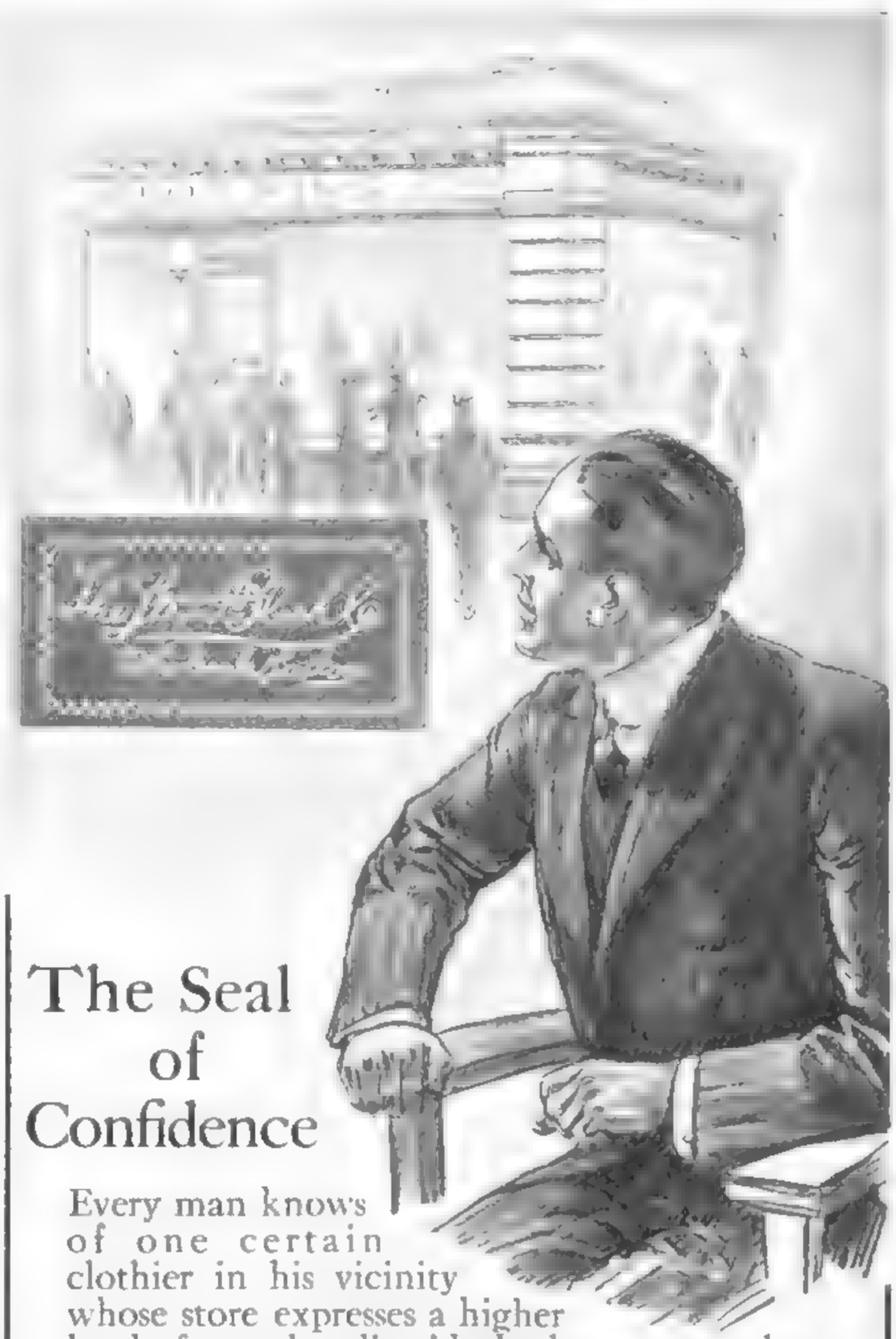
Instead of accommodation paper, which I abhor, and even receivables, which, though good for banks, are dangerous for the makers, I recommend only that commercial paper which arises from the need of funds to carry a firm or corporation over certain busy periods. The little East Side girl who, when asked to name the seasons of the year, replied "Busy and dull," stated one of the great principles of business economics.

The danger connected with commercial paper in general is the temptation to use it as a convenient crutch instead of a useful tool designed for special purposes and subject to definite rules.

Still, as already stated, I am not opposed to legitimate borrowing; in fact my bank stocks would be worthless without such a practice. One of the big men of the country, when asked by a young man to state the secret of success, is said to have replied:

"When I was a youngster just starting out in the world my father put his hand on my shoulder and told me, whatever else I might do, I must never borrow money. The secret of my success is this: I did *not* follow his advice."

This I believe to be logic, and from this it may safely be concluded that there are two roads marked Debt—but one leads down and the other leads up. Hence I sometimes feel that the greatest test of a true business man is how, when, why and where he borrows money. In the next article of this series we will discuss the where.

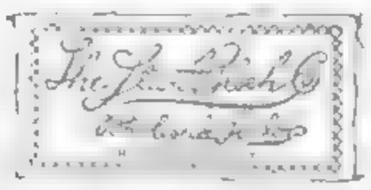


The Seal of Confidence

Every man knows of one certain clothier in his vicinity whose store expresses a higher level of merchandise ideals than every other. Always back of this kind of store stands the fine intelligence of a mercantile idealist. The frequency with which this merchant proves to be the retailer of

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

would be truly remarkable but for these facts: Nothing but perfection will satisfy good dressers who discriminate in clothes values; nothing but perfection satisfies these better merchants; nothing but perfection satisfies the makers of Stein-Bloch garments. And so the Stein-Bloch label, signifying "Fifty Nine Years Of Knowing How," has come to be known among the makers and the retailers and the wearers of Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes as an emblem of trust.



THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Wholesale Tailors
Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK: Fifth Ave. Bldg. CHICAGO: Republic Bldg.

Style + Certainty in your new winter suit or overcoat

$17

It is one thing to buy a suit of clothes which "looks well" for the time being.

It is quite different to be able to feel that the suit which "looks well" when you buy it will continue to look well as you *wear* it.

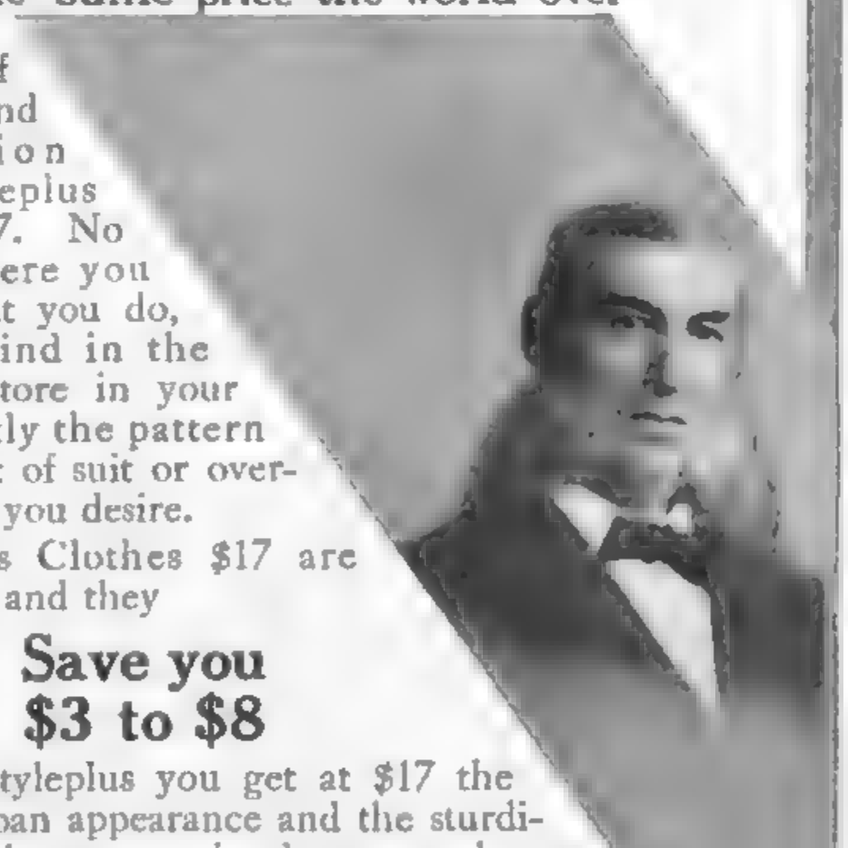
Styleplus suits and overcoats impress you at once with their strong, clean-cut outlines, stylish fabrics, and fine fit. And when you walk out of the store you *know* that you have obtained *the kind of clothes that last.*

The Styleplus Label (in the coat), the Styleplus Ticket (on the sleeve), and the Styleplus Guarantee (in the pocket) make you "*triple-certain*" that these are "quality" clothes.

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over"



Men of every age and occupation wear Styleplus Clothes $17. No matter where you are or what you do, you will find in the Styleplus Store in your town exactly the pattern and the cut of suit or overcoat which you desire.

Styleplus Clothes $17 are for *all* men and they

Save you $3 to $8

For in Styleplus you get at $17 the spick-and-span appearance and the sturdiness of fabric you previously supposed you could get only for $20 to $25.

Style + all-wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed wear.

The Store of Clothing Economy—the Styleplus Store in your town!

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

$17

Styleplus Clothes

Look for this label in the coat

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: To hear residential and professional Washingtonians tell it, this is a tightwad administration. Also, to listen to the society leaders and leaderesses, these Democrats are too crude for any possible climbing use.

The truth of it is, Jim, from the Washington viewpoint, from the angle of the boys and girls who live in the District—and on it—the Democrats don't seem to be worth a hoot for anything except to do what Woodrow Wilson tells them.

Some years ago I was down in Muskogee, Oklahoma, talking things over with Colonel Bill Zevely, and I met an old negro woman on the street.

"Auntie," I asked her, "how many people live in Muskogee?"

"Seventeen thousand," she replied—"includin' the whites."

Well, there are some three hundred thousand people in Washington, including the whites; and when you set apart the official contingent and cut off the governmental end we have remaining a city that gets its livelihood in about the same way Niagara Falls does. There is a show here, and the folks live off the show just as they live off the cataract at Niagara Falls.

We do not manufacture anything or produce much of anything except hot air; and the principal lines of business are selling real estate, renting houses and organizing banks. Naturally when a new administration comes in we want to rent them houses and sell them grub, and otherwise get what they have as expeditiously as possible.

Whereupon a great roar has gone up that these Democrats do not spend their money as liberally as the Republicans did. It may be they haven't got it to spend; but that makes no difference. They should spend it whether they have it or not.

A Thrifty Administration

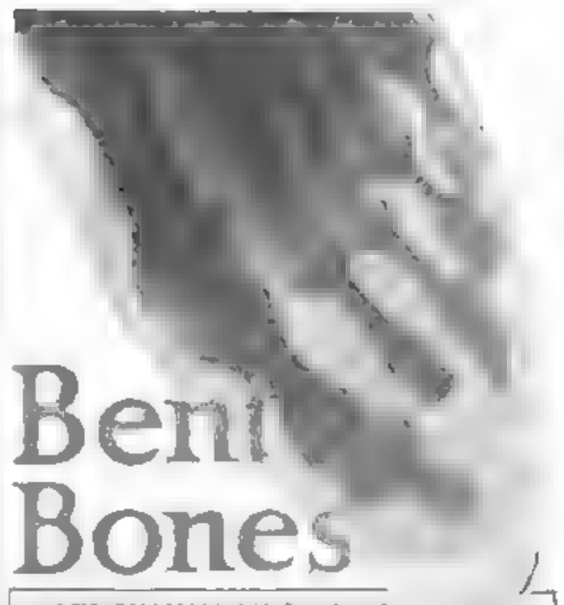
What Washington abhors—I mean residential and business Washington—is an administration that will not pay five thousand dollars a year rent for a two-thousand-dollar house, and take parlor-two-bedrooms-and-bath suites at the big hotels, and ride round in cabs instead of buying six street-car tickets for a quarter and patronizing the street cars. Also the women get their dresses made back home and the men stick to the home tailors.

And the opening of one of those large, white-enameled eating places where you get a meal for two bits is an event that not only grabs capacity patronage from the opening day but attracts a large number of spectators who stand outside and gaze through the big windows as eagerly as they watch a newspaper baseball scoreboard when Walter Johnson is pitching—said crowd being made up of persons who are in hopes of getting something in the way of reward for valiant political services performed.

When an administration shifts, everything in Washington shifts with it. It isn't a case of the-king-is-dead-long-live-the-king, but—on the day after a presidential election—the-king-is-going-to-die-in-four-months-what-kind-of-a-new-outfit-is-coming?

We struck that attitude last November, and the result is, as the residential and professional Washingtonians tell it, a distinct disappointment. These Democrats who came in with Wilson are not splurging and falling for the high prices, the boosted rent and real-estate valuations, and the traps set by the tradesmen. They are not jamming into the big restaurants and grabbing at mushrooms under glass at one-twenty-five a throw.

Instead they seem to be spending their money as if they know what it is worth and have an acute realization of how hard it is to get it; and the gentlemen with the furnished houses to rent that are alluringly described as palatial have turned away in disgust, contemptuously describing the whole boiling of the newcomers as cheap, and have pinned their hopes on the social climbers, who know how easy it is to get into society in Washington provided they set up enough



Make You Feel "All Played Out"

IF YOU'VE a weary head, you *know* it. You say "I've a headache."

If you've weary feet, you *don't* always know it. The weariness distributes itself all through you, and you say "I'm all played out."

Bent foot-bones, caused by narrow unnatural shoes,—as shown in the above X-Ray—are the cause of your being "played out."

Why—because they manufacture corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arch, etc. They create foot-suffering, and destroy *20% or more* of your Efficiency.

Aren't those narrow, Efficiency-destroying shoes foolish, when Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes, by letting your foot grow as it should, *abolish* corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, etc.? And besides restoring comfort, they give you a handsome, well-shod foot.

Rice & Hutchins Educators are made scientifically to conform to the natural shape of the foot—without unnecessary looseness. That is why children who are brought up in them never have foot troubles.

Made for men, women and children; always the same shape year after year.

Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's "specials." Look for EDUCATOR stamped into the sole. Every *genuine* Rice & Hutchins Educator has it.

If your dealer doesn't sell genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators, send us his name and tell us whether you're looking for men's, women's or children's shoes. We'll mail you a complete catalog and see that you find some Educators.

Get "Educatored" *today.*

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

TRADE MARK REG.

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

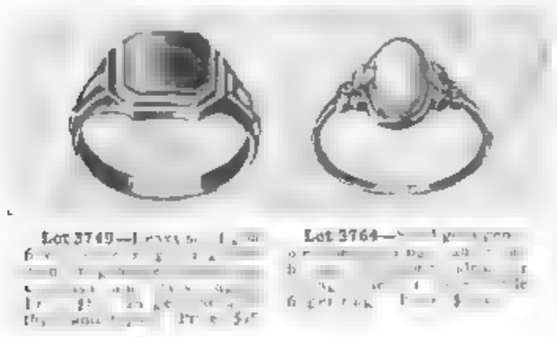
RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

The Enduring Gift



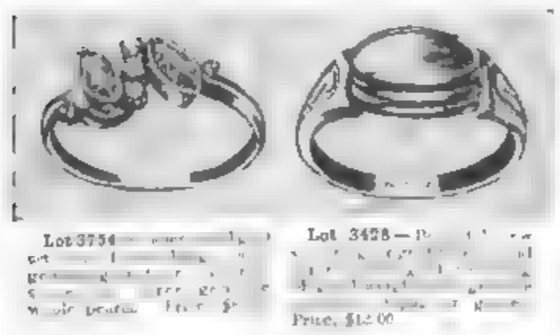
Every woman loves a jewel. Every boy, girl, youth and man has at some time admired a fine ring.

Rings have always been *more* than gifts. They carry with them more than a mere "gift" sentiment. A birthday ring, for example, always delights because of the sweet significance of the birthstone, as well as the regard of the giver and the enduring quality of the gift itself. So, when you give, let your gift fulfill that existing desire for something beautiful. Give a ring—a handsome ring—a ring you can afford—a W-W-W Ring—*the gift that will endure.*

For whatever gift occasion, birthday, holiday or anniversary, you will find the most appropriate ring, no matter whom it is for, in

W-W-W Rings

The Rings
That Are Guaranteed



W-W-W Rings are solid gold, bejeweled with all the birthstones and other precious and semi-precious stones. They are so well made that *we guarantee to replace and reset FREE, any stone that may ever work loose or become cracked*—diamonds excepted.

At Your Price

Prices, $2 up. There is a splendid W-W-W Ring at $5. Ask your jeweler to show it to you. There is also the very W-W-W Ring for *you* at the price you can pay. Sold by leading jewelers everywhere. Never sold by mail.

Write for our descriptive ring book—FREE.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER
Dept. N-140, Buffalo, N. Y.

champagne and terrapin for the always-hungry and always-thirsty social arbiters of the place.

As viewed by the purveyors, it is a sad affair. A live one with money is so rare as to cause comment and a struggle for his patronage that resembles a football mêlée. Every time the real-estate agents hear of the incoming of a person who seems to have money they form a flying wedge and rush down on him shouting: "Cut him up! Cut him up, or he'll get away!" And the tales of woe are so numerous that if one is sensitive to such recitals one must constantly be dissolved in tears.

Take the case of the big hotel that gave an ornate and expensive suite to an office-holder and his thrifty wife at a great reduction, because of the hoped-for recognition it would give the house and the prospective emoluments that would ensue on account of the presence of this distinguished Democrat and his frau—though the house didn't know at the time just how frugal she was—beneath that fashionable roof. The reduction—and it was a big one—was made. The hotel was to break even through the increased restaurant patronage, the entertainments that were to be given, and so on.

This is the way it worked out: That distinguished Democrat and his wife eat a little fruit for breakfast, procured from a neighboring Greek, and eat it in their rooms. She is dieting and takes no luncheon, and he eats his at the Capitol. And every night they are invited out to dinner; or, if by any chance they are not invited out to dinner, they think it is "so interesting" to eat at one of the smaller restaurants. And the only entertainment given was a public reception in the hotel parlors, where, owing to the well-known temperance proclivities of this administration, nothing was served but ice water, supplied by the hotel free of charge.

It is enough to make a self-respecting Capital, organized on the basis of trimming all new ones who enter within her gates, look forward to the next three years with an agony of dumb despair, which is what this Capital is doing. And the inrush of short-order lunchroom merchants is like the advance of the badge-hawkers at inauguration time.

Also, I have it from adequately informed sources that the newcomers are socially impossible—oh, ab-so-lute-ly so! You cannot understand, Jim, to what depths the social life of Washington—I am speaking now of the official social life—has fallen.

Dejected Republican Ladies

Actually, some of these Democratic women have the hardihood to consider their time used to better advantage in making comfortable homes for their husbands and looking after their children instead of galloping about to receptions and teas, and peddling their cards round, and inviting lemon-colored second secretaries of Central American republics to eat with them, and spending a month's wages for the bread-winners in a four-to-six function in the lobby of some apartment house.

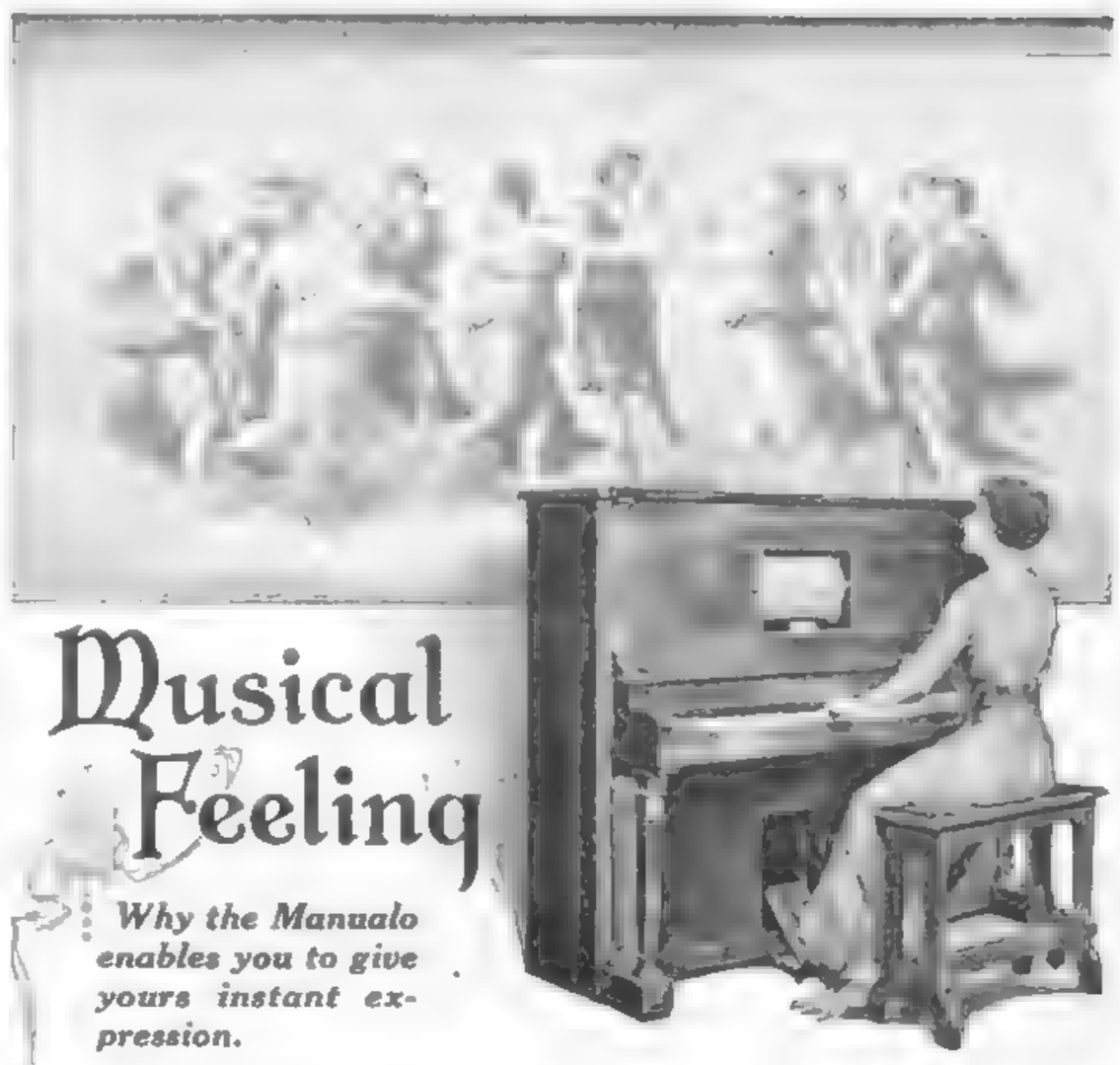
Nor does this condemnation come from the residential social leaders, alone. I heard a Republican woman telling about it the other day. She is the wife of a Republican official who came through the tornado in 1912 clinging to his job.

"They are impossible!" she said. "We Republican ladies have made up our minds that the social side of official life must be abandoned, except among ourselves. You have no idea how unsatisfactory it all is since these new women came into the social life of the Capital. They seem to have no conception of their social duties, and their *gaucheries* are innumerable. Why, do you know, we have been forced to turn to other pursuits in order to occupy our time!"

"For example?" I asked.

"Why," she said, "I have taken up art."

There you have it, Jim. The Republican ladies who were left are taking up art and kindred pursuits in order that they may occupy their time without ennui. There is no society for them. You will appreciate the force of this when I tell you that the lady who told me about it was formerly a department clerk—and not so very many years ago either.

However that seems to be the way the game is set; and it is all very distressing, especially when you understand that the Man in the White House is bored stiff by so-called society and intends to have as little of it as possible. You will find him edging by on the off-social side as many

Musical Feeling

Why the Manualo enables you to give yours instant expression.

There are four ways to express musical feeling: through the voice, the lips, the hands, the feet.

Most of us have no singing voice. The few who have, hesitate to use it unless they have spent time and money on voice culture.

To express musical feeling with the lips they must be trained to play upon a musical instrument such as the cornet or flute. Even to whistle musically is an *acquired* art.

To express musical feeling with the hands they too must be trained to play upon a musical instrument such as the violin or piano.

But to express musical feeling with the feet requires no training whatever. The feet are naturally giving expression to our musical feeling from our earliest days. They mark time vigorously when the band plays loudly; lightly, when it plays softly. They dance. They walk in rhythmic strides. "Music in the feet" is an expression founded upon the fact that musical impulses actually do travel directly from brain to feet.

All then that is necessary for anyone to give expression to his musical feeling without previous training is an instrument that will respond to these *natural* musical impulses just as the piano responds to the *educated* expressive fingering of the pianist. The

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

does that very thing. It is controlled from the pedals just as the piano is controlled from the keyboard. Every variation of musical feeling instinctively expressed by variation in the strength of the pedaling is instantly transmitted to the little bellows in the Manualo mechanism which work the piano hammers just as every variation in the strength of the fingering is instantly transmitted by the piano keys to the hammers. The result is that these bellows work the hammers with varying force and accent exactly proportionate to the force and accent in the pedaling.

Let your musical feeling call for great volume, you will instinctively pedal vigorously, the little bellows will work vigorously, the hammers will strike the strings with great force and you will *hear* the volume that best expresses your musical feeling.

Let your musical feeling want soft, dreamy effects, you will instinctively pedal lightly, the bellows will work gently, the hammers will strike softly and you will *hear* the soft, dreamy effects you wish.

Let your musical feeling desire that certain notes be accented above the others, you will instinctively accent those notes in the pedaling, the bellows will work sharply, the hammers will strike sharply and you will *hear* the notes above the others just as if you picked them out by hand.

The point is, the Manualo really does enable you to give immediate expression to your musical feeling because it responds to the instinctive movements of that part of the body which requires no training to transmit musical impulses.

Very likely you have never thought of the possibilities for real, musical pleasure in this expressive pedaling. Our booklet explains in detail. Write for a copy to the nearest address.

The Baldwin Company

CHICAGO 323 So. Wabash Ave. | CINCINNATI | NEW YORK 366 5th Ave.
LOUISVILLE 425 S. Fourth Ave. | INDIANAPOLIS 18 N. Penn'a St. | ST. LOUIS 1111 Olive St. | DENVER 1626 California St. | SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter St.

TOBACCO as the Old English Squire knew it was a never failing source of comfort and good cheer—the constant companion of his pleasurable days. Old English Curve Cut preserves these Old English traditions of rare enjoyment in good pipe tobacco.

OLD ENGLISH is the most enjoyable and satisfying pipe tobacco in the world today, *because* it is made *expressly for the pipe* and can therefore be made in the *only* perfect way to prepare a pipe tobacco—*hard-pressed, sliced plug.*

Other forms—chopped up tobaccos—*cannot* retain moisture, freshness and full flavor of the leaf as you *always find them in* OLD ENGLISH. In other words, the loose-cut, two-purpose, "combination" tobaccos cannot help but dry out, lose flavor and burn hot.

The hard-pressed slice *also* guarantees *QUALITY.* Only the highest grade of Burley, the longest, most perfect leaf, mellowed, aged and cured with *more than ordinary care* will hold together in the Curved OLD ENGLISH slice. It would be *impossible* to use short, scrap or imperfect leaf.

Try OLD ENGLISH. Contrast it with the "loose cuts." Note how *slowly* OLD ENGLISH burns, how *cool* the smoke. You will positively find it gives certain qualities of *fragrance* and *mellowness* not to be found in other tobaccos—that it is more *full flavored.* The *quality* and *form* of OLD ENGLISH make it the most delightful tobacco *for the pipe.* The Curved Tin fits perfectly in the pocket.

Dealers the world over sell Old English in the 10c Curved Tins and larger sizes. Sample Tin will be sent for 2c stamp anywhere in the United States. Old English Dept. 111, Fifth Avenue, New York.

The American Tobacco Co.

times as he can, for his idea of his place is that he isn't there to furnish a medium for the parading and pirouetting of a lot of climbers, but to do his part in governing the country.

As a matter of fact it is likely the president considers the social side of his office as an entirely extraneous side; and, though he will do all that is required of him, he will not do any more than that. He has other and more important matters in hand.

And it must be gradually percolating into all such intelligences in this country as are not constructed of reenforced cement that the President of the United States is about as adroit a person as we have had in our political midst for years—to say nothing of being the head, front, middle and rear rank of the more or less united Democracy.

If there is anything to the Democratic party except Woodrow Wilson and his ideas, policies, plans and persuasiveness I haven't discovered what that thing is. Take that elimination of Henry D. Clayton from the senatorial race in Alabama. Did you ever—in all your political experience—see anything neater than that?

Let me explain it to you in its simplest terms: Senator Johnston died. The governor appointed Henry D. Clayton to fill the vacancy. Henry D. Clayton has for years been a Democratic representative from Alabama, and was last session; and he will be chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Clayton filed his credentials with the Senate and they were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, which was in doubt whether, under the amendment to the Constitution recently adopted providing for the direct election of senators, a governor could legally appoint a senator to fill a vacancy.

Meantime, Richmond P. Hobson, also a member of the House from Alabama, was campaigning for the seat, and it was announced that Tom Heflin was to make the running also.

Not so long ago Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and author of the tariff bill, announced his candidacy for the Senate.

Thus if everybody stayed in the race it was likely that Underwood would have hard sledding to get the place, and it was the opinion of the Democrats that he deserved it because of his successful tariff work in the House and his general fitness for it.

I Would Ask You if I Dared

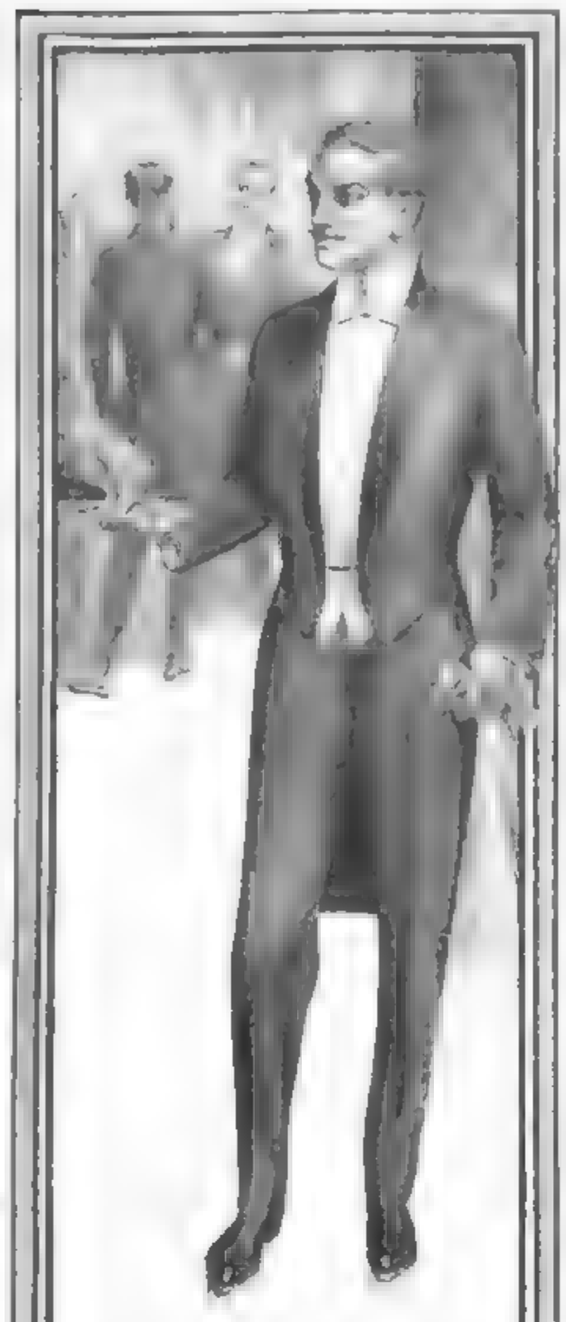
Conceding that Clayton would make a good senator also, the chances seemed to be that both might fall, and the result would be that if all stayed in the race either Clayton or Underwood would be eliminated from Congress entirely—maybe both—because they could not run for the House and the Senate at the same election, as they would be forced to do.

So after Clayton and Underwood were definitely in the race, the president sat down one afternoon and wrote a letter to Clayton. I commend that letter to you, Jim, as a historical example of epistolary genius. The president didn't ask Clayton to get out. Oh, no; nothing so coarse or crude as that! He merely told him to get out; but he told it to him with meringue on it, and frosting, and candied sugar, and with flowers round it—and the whole thing was set on a silver salver.

"My dear Henry," he said, in effect, "of course this is a free country and every man can run for the Senate if he likes; but I learn, with regret deep and lasting, that you have taken advantage of this situation. Now, my dear Hank, far be it from me to attempt to instruct or even to advise any such experienced and capable person as you what to do in a political crisis like this, and I shall not attempt it; but if I may be so bold I will merely say: Don't do it!

"You see, Henry, you are to be chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and in that position you can be of inestimable value to me in my forthcoming attempt to revise the anti-trust laws. I am depending on you, Hank, to do as I tell you in regard to those measures. I shall need you there to carry out my wishes and do as you are told.

"The House and myself—as I may modestly say—can ill afford to spare your vast intelligence and certain amenability to instructions; and for these reasons, as well as on account of your unparalleled high and patriotic devotion to your duty, I merely suggest that you stand aside and let Oscar Underwood take the job, inasmuch



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DISTINCTION with a big "D" sets this man aloof from the "Grand Army of the Public." For *you* we can tailor to measure a twin of this Evening Suit—just as courtly, but by no means costly. In

Kahn-Tailored Evening Dress

$35 to $60

we out-tailor ordinary shops and out-style all but the steepest-cost of them in the lure of line and the glamour of good form that must accompany "snowy linen" and "inky worsted."

To-day, go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Full Dress or Tuxedo Suit. He'll show you the authentic weaves and weights. Our seal—your guarantee—is in his window and on our label.

Kahn Tailoring Co.
of Indianapolis, Ind.

Progressive merchants serving a discriminating clientele are invited to write for our Tailoring Department Proposition

Night Courage

It isn't a question of whether or not you dare—the time will come when you have *got* to dare. There's something in you—some moral fibre bequeathed by generations of brave ancestors—which, in the crisis, makes you rise above fear and prove true to the final test of manhood.

The question is, will you face danger unarmed—a weakling, impotent—or will you face it doubly armed—armed with an efficient weapon and with the courage and steadiness which come from *knowing that you are armed?*

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Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

It is *Accident Proof*—you can "Hammer the Hammer." Equipped throughout with permanent-tension unbreakable wire springs. Accurate, hard hitting and superbly finished.

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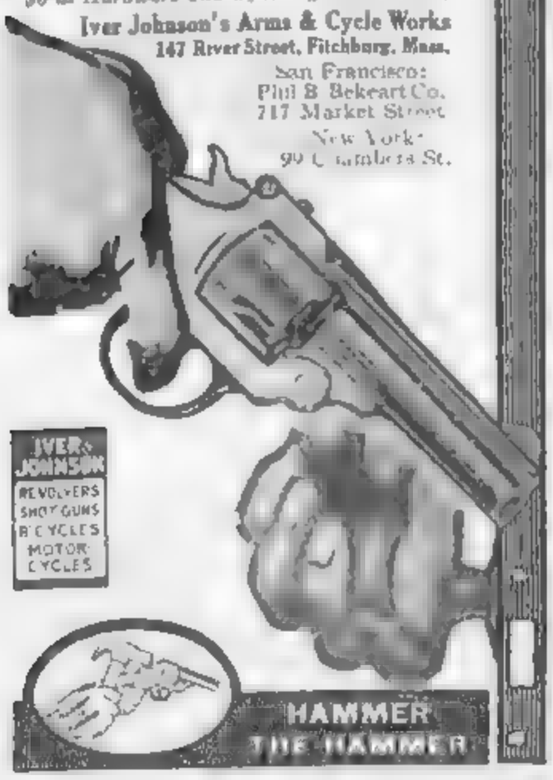

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111 Southern Ave., Little Falls, N. Y.

as I am for him and he needs a rest after his long and arduous tariff labors.

"You understand, Henry, there is nothing coercive about this. I am not asking you to do anything, though I would if I dared. All I am doing is ordering you to quit; and I trust you will receive this hint in the same kindly spirit in which it is sent, and act on it forthwith."

That was all there was to it—though, of course, I am translating the president's polished phrases into their real meaning—making an interlinear rendition of them, as Henry D. Clayton did when he received this classical letter. The crowning triumph was that line: "I would ask you to if I dared"—as the president said. If he dared!

Well, Henry D. Clayton knows a thing or two. He realized that the rollers had been placed under him, and he rolled as per instructions. He felt highly complimented over the president's trust in him and said he would stay in the House as chairman of the Judiciary Committee—which was his duty as a patriotic Democrat—and let Oscar Underwood go to the Senate without a contest from him.

And there you are!

And, as I have said, Jim, there remain a few people in this country who think Woodrow Wilson is not running the Democratic party in all its phases and at every slant and angle. These should consult with Henry D. Clayton and they will be illumined.

And there are folks, also, who say letter-writing is a lost art. Maybe it was a lost art—but Woodrow Wilson found it.

"If I dared!"

Yours timorously, BILL.

Up and Doing

ON THE levee at New Orleans a negro truckman and a white truckman had words about the right-of-way for their respective teams. The white man halted his mules, jumped down from his wagon and made a rush for where the darky was perched, still jawing. He grabbed the negro by the leg, yanked him off his seat, hit him a stunning blow before he ever touched the earth, and in twenty seconds had whipped him soundly and was back on his own wagon driving away.

A policeman hurried up. The victim still lay on the ground dazed, bleeding, and gazing up at the sky with his one undamaged eye.

"What's the matter here, nigger?" demanded the officer, shaking the prostrate and battered darky by the shoulder.

"A w'ite man done beat me up!" explained the negro.

"Who was he?"

"Dunno, boss—I never seen him befoah."

"Well, then, describe him!" insisted the policeman. "What did he look like?"

"Boss," confessed the negro, "hit wuz all over so quick I didn't git a good look at him; but say, boss, you won't have no trouble findin' him—he's de doin'est man dey is in dis whole town!"

Lo, the Inevitable

THERE have never before been so many Indians playing in the big leagues as this season. On the way back from spring training in the South one of the big league baseball teams stopped off at a small station in Virginia. The depot agent sidled up to the manager.

"Do you fellows claim to be a ball club?" he demanded suspiciously.

The manager admitted that such was indeed the case.

"Huh!" snorted the skeptic. "Where's your Injun, then?"

The New Disease

WIRELESS-TELEGRAPHY sickness has now been added to the list of modern diseases, though it is accused of attacking only the operators of high-power instruments on shipboard. It appears as an anemia, or blood deficiency, with its consequent general weakness.

The German doctors who have recently discovered it find that the number of red corpuscles in the blood of their patients is greatly reduced. They have ascribed the cause partly to the narrow, cooped-up quarters of wireless operators on shipboard, and partly to the excessive ozonizing of the air by the high frequency currents of electricity used in powerful wireless plants.

THE SEASON FOR JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE IS HERE

Our sausage is made according to a recipe that calls for just two things—choice young pig pork and home ground spices.

For twenty-six years we have made sausage from this recipe, making it for more and more people every year.

We make each day only enough sausage to fill that day's orders. You can get Jones Dairy Farm Sausage from your grocer.

Ask him about our standing order plan which insures you deliveries of fresh sausage on the very day you want it. If your grocer cannot supply you, we can, by express, direct. Write us for information about our sausage, our hickory smoked and slowly cured hams and bacon, and our lard rendered in open kettles and tried out until it is very dry. Our packages are net weight.

List of representative dealers who sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausage

Write us for the name of the dealer in your town.

ALA., Mobile—R. O. Harris Gro. Co.
Jas. McPhillips Co.
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Prescott—E. A. Kastner
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ARK., Hot Springs—Oliver Eanie Co.
Little Rock—C. J. Kramer & Co.
CALIF., Los Angeles—Naumann & Schill
Redlands—Geo. E. Ford
San Diego—Hamiltons
San Francisco—Goldberg, Bowen
Santa Barbara—Diehl Co.
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COLO., Colorado Springs—F. M. Cregar
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DIST. OF COL., Washington—Jas. D. Thomas
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Chicago and vicinity—Write for list
Danville—Wide-Awake Groc.
Decatur—Parlor Mkt.
Macomb—R. Isaac Bagley
Mattoon—Green Grocery
Rockford—Burt Bros.
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Urbana—B. F. Stevenson & Son
IND., Fort Wayne—Aurents Bros.
Gary—Nuppnau & Co.
Lafayette—Jos. Beck, Jr.
La Porte—Walker-Phillips-Towe
South Bend—Ferndell Groc.
Terre Haute—J. I. [illegible]
IOWA, Cedar Rapids—Armstrong & Mosel
Clinton—Jos. Leslie
Council Bluffs—C. J. Cronkleton
Davenport—A. C. Jensen
Des Moines—Chas. Bros.
Dubuque—J. Schwierjohn
Fort Dodge—Furlong & Brennan
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Marshalltown—V. F. Myers
Mason City—[illegible]
Sioux City—[illegible]
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Leavenworth—[illegible]
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KY., Frankfort—John W. R. Williams
Lexington—Jno. J. H. Gibson
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TEX., El Paso—Jackson Standard Fuel Co.
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We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm. In the old farm house (pictured above), where Jones Dairy Farm Sausage was made in the kitchen for many years, you will find us living still. Just across the pasture to the left you will find the building in which we now make it.

"Land Sakes, will the folks never get enough of these biscuits! This is the third pan."

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biscuits, cake and pastry. You
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"I've made doughnuts for forty years, but I've never had doughnuts like these. It's that new flour Henry sent home."

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To secure the strongest action possible from Woodbury's, try treatment one

Age shows first in the hands. To keep yours delicate and soft, use treatment two

Five famous beautifying treatments

Begin today to get their benefits

If there is any condition of your skin you want to improve, read the five treatments printed below. Here are the simple, natural methods to correct the most common skin troubles — methods based on years of experience, proved and tested in thousands of cases. Begin today to get their benefits.

One: For sallow, freckled skins:

After cleansing the skin in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip the cake in water and go over your face and throat several times *with the cake itself*, letting its lather remain on over night. Use this treatment every night for a week or two unless your skin should become sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears.

Two: For rough, red hands:

Soak your hands for at least five minutes in hot water and a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub briskly with a stiff brush. Rinse in very cold water and dry thoroughly. This treatment softens the rough dead skin, and, if continued regularly, soon causes it to disappear. In its place will be a new skin of delicate texture, formed with the aid of the beneficial properties of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Three: For sluggish skins:

Wash your face with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. *Rub its lather in.* Rinse in warm, then cold water. Then rub your skin for five minutes with a *lump of ice.*

Four: For hard, dry skins:

Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin, and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

Five: For conspicuous nose pores:

Wring a cloth from hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice.*

Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist? If not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be. The formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of experience in the treatment of thousands of skin and scalp troubles.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get a cake today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 2c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair, and samples of the skin and hair preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B-10, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

In Canada

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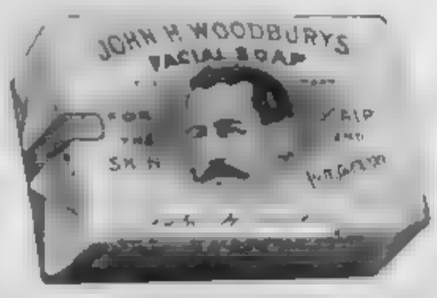


What Next?

Dyeing Trees

DEEP-BLUE oak or bright-green chestnut wood may now be grown to furnish new effects for furniture or decorating, for it has been found to be entirely possible to dye a tree before it is chopped down.

An expert on dyeing has found that if a suitable kind of chemical is used the sap of a tree will take up the dye and distribute it evenly all through the wood of the trunk and branches; but a fast color must be used or the dye will fade in timber just as it would in cloth.

The method is to bore a small hole completely through a tree, near the ground, plug up one end of the hole and in the other side supply the dye from a bottle, or some other reservoir that will feed as much chemical constantly as the sap of the tree will take up.

The dyes must be soluble in water and of a kind readily diffusible from cell to cell of the wood, in order to spread evenly. Eosine, for instance, he found would only give a red-veined effect to the timber. Malachite green and methylene blue give very even coloring.

A fast yellow is obtained from a certain aniline dye and a salmon red from another synthetic pigment.

Another investigator has found that sick trees can be cured by injections into their veins, the sap carrying the remedy to all parts of the trees and effecting a cure. His experiments were conducted on apple trees that were apparently dying. One tree absorbed three quarts of medicine by intravenous injection in the course of twenty days and then began to improve rapidly. Leaves came out, buds appeared, and in six months' time many branches grew ten inches in length.

Another tree, which was dried up and black, took its doses of three quarts in three days and fully recovered. Peach trees also yielded to treatment. The medicines used were mostly fertilizers, such as potassium nitrate in a liquid solution, or a solution of manure; but for some conditions the medicine was simply pure water or a solution of common salt.

Catching the Wireless Outlaw

OUTLAW wireless-telegraph waves, coming from some secreted apparatus operated by an amateur who has no license, can now be traced back to their source, just as wild bees can be traced by a beehunter to their hive in some hollow tree.

The government inspectors who are enforcing the law requiring every amateur to obtain a license and a code signature before he sends out any waves, at first had much trouble in catching the outlaw; but now they have learned how to do it. If the amateur boldly uses antennæ or sending wires strung above his house, the search is easy; but it is possible to conceal the antennæ for small sets, so the only clew then is the strange waves.

When outlaw waves are reported in a community the inspector visits many of the licensed amateur stations and learns in what neighborhood the waves are most distinct. Then, with a portable receiving set, he loops in the antennæ on the neighboring housetops, setting up antennæ of his own if necessary.

This method narrows the field down to a very small neighborhood, and the disturber is soon identified.

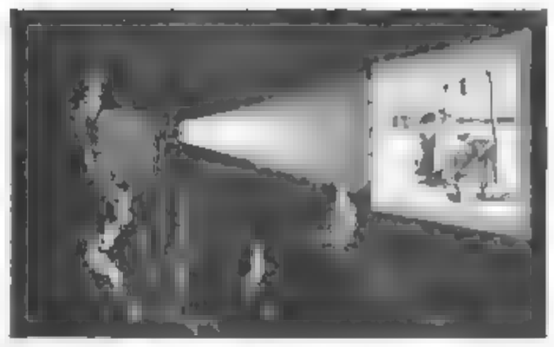
Power Going Up

WATER POWER, as everybody knows, is obtained by the fall of water, whether it is the fall of water on an old-fashioned overshot waterwheel in a New England millstream, or to the bottom of great steel pipes, as at Niagara Falls.

An Australian community has now reversed the standard practice, and is lighting the village by power obtained from water that is not falling but is going up.

For water-supply purposes a deep well was drilled at Thargomindah, in Western Queensland, and a spouter resulted. Water shot up with a rush, and still keeps a pressure of above two hundred pounds, flowing six hundred and seventy thousand gallons a day.

The pressure is just as good to turn wheels as if it were caused by falling water; so turbines were installed and the power used to generate electricity.



A Perfected Picture Machine for Home Entertainment

The foremost lens makers of America have solved the problem of satisfactorily projecting enlarged pictures from the pictures *themselves* as well as through lantern slides.

Bausch and Lomb HOME BALOPTICON

Shows colored pictures, photo prints, type matter or solid objects, such as coins, minerals, etc., with a clearness and brilliancy heretofore impossible except with lantern slides.

Shows Type Without Reversing. With no other popular priced instrument can you project written or printed matter without the extra expense of a reversing mirror. You will realize how this increases the opportunities for pleasure and entertainment.

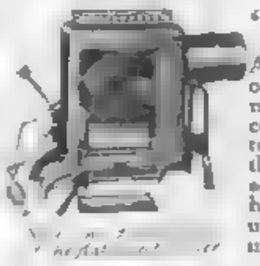
Shows Solid Objects. Owing to the fact that the object holder is on the *floor* of the light chamber rather than on the wall as in other home instruments, it is possible to show solid objects. The works of your watch, pieces of jewelry, botanical specimens are all subjects possible to project readily in the Home Balopticon only.

Scientific Illumination. The fact that the Home Balopticon is equipped with one of the famous B & L *achromatic* lenses and that years of laboratory experiment are behind its wonderful system of illumination and reflection, accounts in a large measure for the superior clearness and brilliancy of its pictures.

Another advantage is that each outfit includes two adjustable picture holders and an aluminum coated wall screen which makes the image many times more brilliant than can the ordinary sheet.

That this is the best of all home picture machines will be apparent if you compare demonstrations with any other similar projector at any price. At photographic dealers — not toy stores.

For lantern slide users the Home Balopticon can be supplied in a model combining lantern slides with opaque pictures giving instant interchange between the two.



"Fun—and Better" Free

A book about the possibilities of original home entertainment with the Home Balopticon. If you doubt that this picture machine is to the eye what the talking machine is to the ear, send for this book and read how the Balopticon can be used for pleasure and profit in scores of different ways.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 570 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Strong, Durable Artistic Walls and Ceilings

Compo-Board

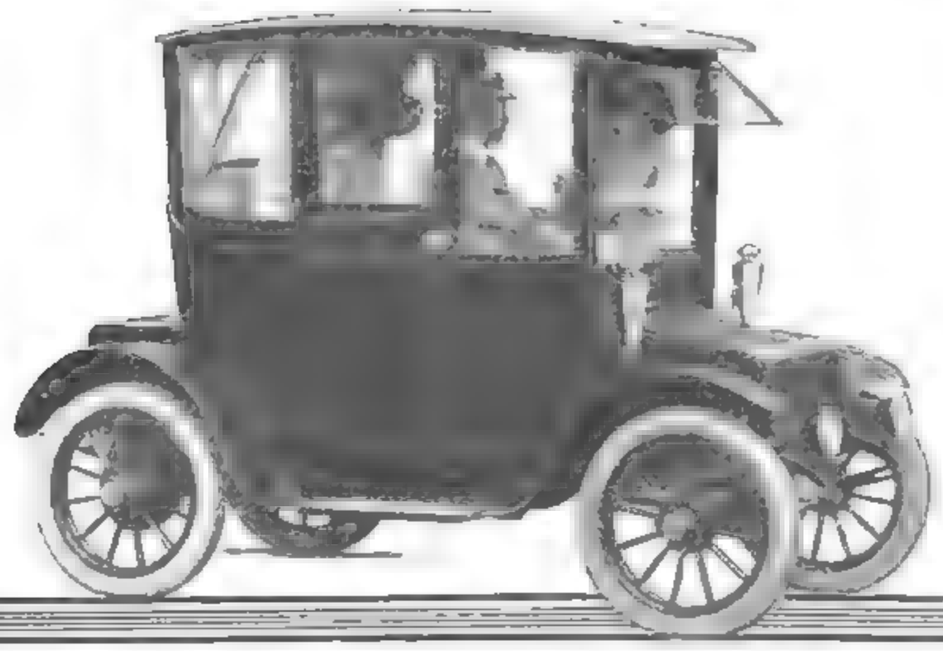
THIS [illegible] ideal material for wall [illegible]. It is an improvement [illegible] plaster or any of its [illegible] better in every way [illegible] durable. It is [illegible] and [illegible] keeps out cold heat and moisture. Its smooth [illegible] is easily decorated by any method. It is the cheapest wall lining in the long run.

SEND FOR SAMPLE

And in ordering [illegible] Look for [illegible] Compo-Board

Sold in strips four [illegible] and [illegible] to eighteen feet long by dealers everywhere.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave. No.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Baker Electrics

QUALITY SERVICE

QUALITY as opposed to Selling Features is the one big difference that has always distinguished BAKER ELECTRICS

Fifteen years ago the first Baker Electric was built. It represented the best ***quality*** that the world could then produce. As time went on, other electrics came into the field, and the business of ***making*** them was fraught with the problem of ***selling*** them. Then came the temptation to supplement quality with "selling features."

All kinds of special features have been devised. Fads have been created in body design as well as mechanical contrivances. So cleverly are some of them being exploited that attention is often diverted from the fundamental quality of the car.

The Baker Electric has stood pre-eminently a car of ***fundamental excellence.*** Its superiority of construction and efficiency is undisputed the world over. Never has a feature been introduced at a sacrifice of efficiency. Yet in all its 15 years of continuous manufacture, the Baker Electric has stood in the foremost rank of progressive electric car development.

The New Baker Electric Coupé

embodies every tried and proven worthy feature that has ever been produced in any electric and—IN ADDITION—a chassis that has been fifteen years in process of refinement and perfection. Its refined body lines portray a beauty of permanent appeal. Its rich imported upholsterings and distinctive trimmings effect a rare delicacy of finish—a charming setting for a beautiful woman. With ample room for five passengers, it is ***the lightest electric car of its size in the world,*** easy for any woman to handle without exertion. It will run ***more miles with less battery equipment*** than any other car of its passenger capacity. **These are items of fundamental importance to every electric car owner. They mean *greatest freedom from care—maximum service—minimum expense.***

The New Baker Double Drive Brougham

is an addition to our present models, completing a line of three distinct Broughams, besides the Coupé and the Roadster, an open two-passenger car—the speediest electric made. The new Brougham is our new **Double Drive** car. It embodies in the highest degree the perfection of electric motor car construction, both in its mechanical features and in its body design and equipment. It is the last word in distinctive and exclusive upholsteries and appointments, including frameless windows throughout, drop windows equipped with mechanical regulator.

Baker Worm Gear

For five years the Baker Engineering Department in consultation with a corps of the world's foremost engi- [illegible] all types of worm gears. We now offer in the new Baker Brougham the Baker Worm Drive perfected beyond all [illegible] It is a specially designed Lanchester Daimler Worm Gear—in the proper gear ratio, imported from England, made to our own specifications, exclusively for our use.

Baker Double Drive

A mechanically perfected type of drive which enables the operator to drive either from the front or rear seat **with absolute safety.** The Baker double drive is supplied with an **interlocking controller** and brake device which makes it utterly impossible to operate from both seats at the same time.

The Baker front drive so popular ever since its production will be furnished with lever steer whenever specified.

SPECIFICATIONS
of the New Baker Electric Coupé

LIGHTER ROOMIER BODY DESIGN—with more graceful lines than any previous car. Complete interior appointments of the most exclusive grade,—imported Swiss eight-day time piece; adjustable rear vision mirror; rear corner lamps; dome lamp, silver mounted cut glass flower vase; complete toilet accessories;—every detail designed for greatest comfort and luxury

UPHOLSTERY, SPECIAL DESIGNS BY M. PAUL POIRET—Special exclusive interiors have been created for us by Poiret, the noted French designer. In fashion centers both here and abroad, Poiret is today accepted as the leading authority on style, design and color. With fabrics imported from Europe in color schemes specially designed for the Baker he has produced effects which have never been seen in a motor car before. [illegible] blending gray, [illegible] fittings of exquisite design. Poiret has schemed a variety of appropriate settings for the beautiful gowns required on dress occasions. This, he has done with unusual colors and materials which will stand daily wear. Such a combination of utility, appropriateness and beauty in a motor car interior has never been accomplished hitherto. It will appeal to women of taste as something unusual.

FRAMELESS QUARTER WINDOWS—permit clear vision from every seat without exposing occupants to the gaze of outsiders, [illegible] lightness and dignity without looking frail

REVOLVING FRONT SEATS—of new design give greater comfort and convenience, and allow passengers to face either forward or to the rear.

NEW SIDE LAMPS OF SPECIAL DESIGN—Rich, beautiful, dignified.

BAKER BEVEL GEAR SHAFT DRIVE—The original shaft drive, proven without exception the most efficient and dependable type of drive gear drive in use. The Baker was the first electric to adopt bevel gear shaft drive. So complete was its success that every other electric followed with some modification. Because of its entire satisfaction to thousands of Baker owners the Baker Bevel Gear will be continued in the new Coupé

FORWARD OR REAR DRIVE—Either front wheel steer or rear lever steer,—optional with the buyer.

AUTOMATIC CIRCUIT BREAKER—cuts off the electricity the instant the emergency brake is applied and no current can enter the motor until the emergency brake is released and the controller lever is first moved into neutral position. Affords absolute security under all conditions

INTERNAL EXPANDING BRAKES—Two independent sets, operated by never-failing foot pedals—applied directly to the objective point—the rear wheels, and not through the driving mechanism

Individuality and richness of appearance and uniformity of structural excellence are the predominant characteristics of BAKER ELECTRICS

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Oldest and Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Vehicles in the World

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You simply cannot carry all the details of your business in your mind. But if you are a good business man you will not fail to have these details at your fingers' ends and you will compare them with those of yesterday, last month and last year.

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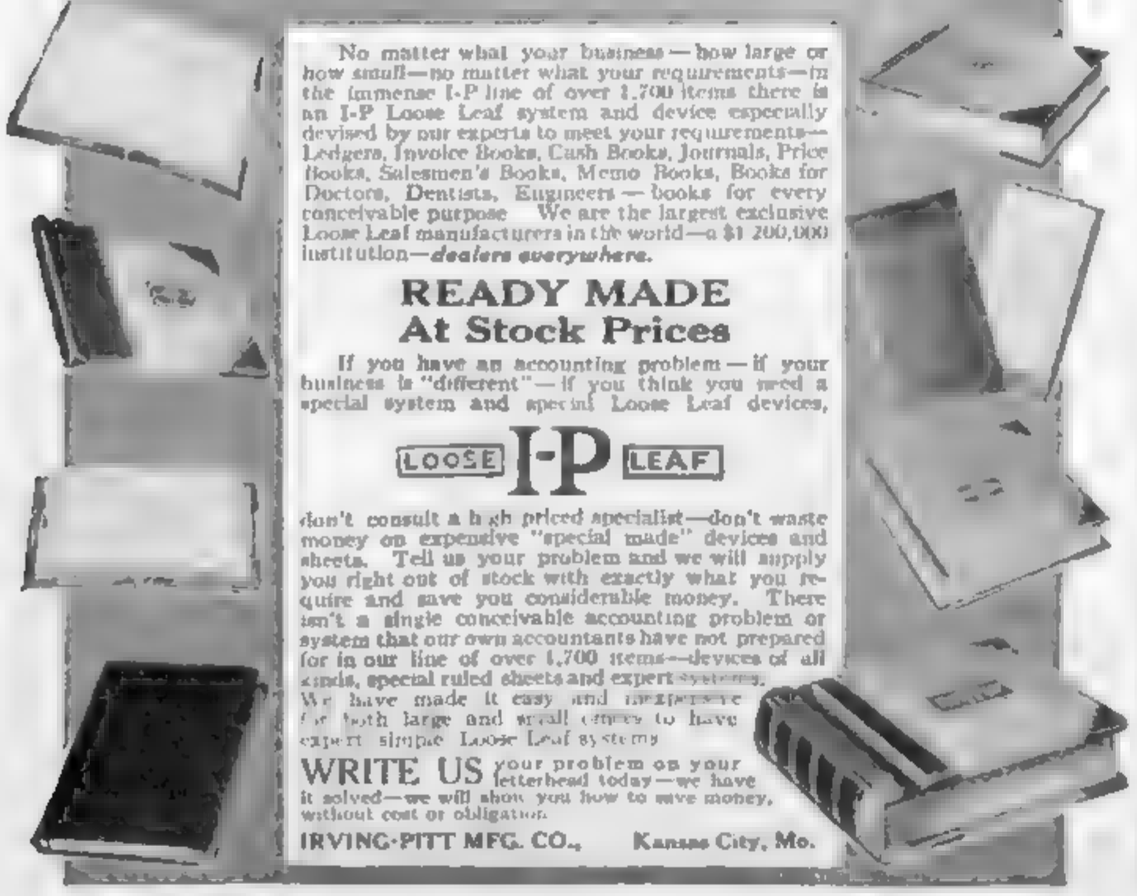

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don't consult a high priced specialist—don't waste money on expensive "special made" devices and sheets. Tell us your problem and we will supply you right out of stock with exactly what you require and save you considerable money. There isn't a single conceivable accounting problem or system that our own accountants have not prepared for in our line of over 1,700 items—devices of all kinds, special ruled sheets and expert systems. We have made it easy and inexpensive for both large and small users to have expert simple Loose Leaf systems.

WRITE US your problem on your letterhead today—we have it solved—we will show you how to save money, without cost or obligation.

IRVING-PITT MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

THE HONORABLE ARCHIE

(Continued from Page 19

father and those men he brought here aren't in earnest you have another guess coming. It needn't make any difference to you that father has a grievance against Squires and is bolting the regular ticket for spite. That's father's weakness—I see that—but it's your chance.

"If I were you I'd put Kernville on the map as a town where grafters and crooks don't win all the innings. It's about the worst-governed place of its size in the state, and that's because everybody's afraid of somebody. But you haven't anything to be afraid of any more than your father had when he raised a row about the county bridge and schoolbook swindles.

"Just stop on your way downtown in the morning and look at his name on that tablet stuck in the front of the Public Library, and see what the folks round here thought of him! But, of course, this is your business. If you're too thin-skinned and too much afraid of lies and ridicule to stand up and be shot at—why, all right! And I guess that's about all. I'll be down at eight in the morning and if you don't want me to sit and look out of your office window any longer I'll be on hand ready to be bounced. Good night, Mr. Stewart."

He stood, blinking, watching the door's decreasing swings. Her red hat seemed to remain fixed in his vision from his last glimpse of her. No one had ever talked to him like that. It was appalling—incredible. He sank into his chair and fumbled for the button at the edge of the table.

"Scotch!" he yelled as the bewildered Ijimi appeared.

Ijimi gained the door in a leap.

"Wait!" commanded Archie; and then, apparently noting the Jap's presence with surprise, he remarked in quite his usual tone:

"Never mind, Ijimi. I pushed the buzzer by mistake. There won't be anything more tonight."

He lighted a cigarette, put his feet on a chair and began a reperusal of the Star's front page.

III

WHEN the Journal struck his doorstep the next morning Archie was peering through the glass door waiting for it. Mr. Squires' personal organ wasted little space on the Citizens' ticket. A column and a half sufficed under this head:

PINNED IT ON ARCHIE!

CITIZENS' MOVEMENT ENDS IN FIASCO!
CANDIDATE HEARS SAD NEWS ON GOLF LINKS AND IMMEDIATELY SKIPS FOR PARTS UNKNOWN

At the end of the article, which was written in a vein of light irony, appeared a sketch of the candidate in these words:

"Mr. Archibald Stewart, who heads the Citizens' ticket, is the son of the late Roger Taney Stewart. Though a native of Kernville, Mr. Stewart is little known here, but is pleasantly spoken of by his friends. He is a graduate of Harvard, and last year organized the Kernville Golf Club, where he spends much of his time. His engagement to Miss Mabel Squires, daughter of the Honorable Caleb B. Squires, was recently announced in these columns. Mr. Stewart could not be reached last night, but his intimate friends seemed greatly amused over his nomination and declared emphatically their belief that he would refuse to make the race. In certain quarters it was said that Mr. Stewart was indignant at the Citizens' League for using his name without his knowledge or consent."

He was the son of his father; he had graduated from Harvard and he was kindly spoken of by his friends! It was a bitter dose—a column of abuse could not have cut him deeper. He was a disgrace to his father and to his college. This mayoralty business was absurd; he would get rid of it and see what he could do toward building up a practice. He was humble but cheerful—he was unfit to be dog-catcher of Kernville; but it was rather pleasant, on the whole, to have been considered—even by a paltry handful of his fellow citizens—for a position of trust.

There might be potential clients among them. He would wiggle out of his predicament somehow.

He subjected himself to a cold shower, pulled weights and swung clubs for twenty minutes, then went downstairs and commanded the scared and shrinking Ijimi to open up the house and let in the air.

Ijimi served with his breakfast a note that had just been left by a messenger.

"Of course," it began, "I was terribly hurt that you didn't come or send any word; and then that you should send one of your guests to the telephone! . . . It's hard to understand; but if you wish to explain, it is only fair—I shall be at home at five. . . . I expect to hear that you realize how these people are using you and that you have made it clear to them. . . . Father is very angry that you let the Star believe you would even think ——"

He was not greatly concerned as to the feelings of his future father-in-law, but Mabel was entitled to consideration. He found the telephone restored to service and called the Squires' residence. Miss Mabel was not down yet, the maid explained. He told the girl to say to her that he would call at five and stepped off briskly toward town.

It was not yet eight and he hoped to reach Main Street without attracting attention; but at the first corner he ran into Briggs, the editor of the Star, a man he barely knew. The editor caught step with him and plunged at once into a discussion of the Citizens' movement. Briggs flourished a copy of the Journal.

"I guess we put one over on Squires, all right! That story's as tame as a sick kitten. They thought we were going to stick up Bixby, who couldn't poll two votes; and your nomination hit 'em right between the eyes."

"But you understand ——" Archie began.

"Oh, of course, we drafted you and you don't want the office; but it's you young men, just out of college, that are the hope of American politics. It's an uncomfortable business and full of annoyances; but what's America coming to if nobody's willing to fight the bosses. I want to say to you right now that we've taken our medicine from Cale Squires' spoon long enough. Why, this town's been cramped and choked to death by Squires and his crowd! We lost a big automobile factory this spring that was going to locate here, but veered off when they found the site the commercial club offered was piped underground to Squires' bank."

This allusion to Mabel's father caused Archie to swallow hard and make another plunge.

"I'm mighty sorry! I really wish very much ——" he began.

"Oh, don't worry about your lack of experience in campaigning. We're going to pull off some new stunts anyhow. The last fortnight before the election we're going to send you out on a whirlwind tour to speak on every corner in town. There are twenty thousand two hundred and eighteen people in Kernville, and we're going to make 'em all look at their next mayor. You'll be surprised, Stewart, to see how thoroughly we've got the dice loaded. It's a cinch!

"All you've got to do is to keep cool and shoot out a few remarks now and then like the stuff you gave us yesterday. Keep on that high plane—it's the sort of highbrow dope the people are reading in the magazines; and it's going to tickle 'em to find they've got a man right here at home who talks the same lingo!"

They had reached Main Street and Archie was aware that men he had never seen before spoke to him. Several stopped him to shake hands.

At the post office Briggs summoned a number of men and introduced them to "our next mayor."

Archie ceased trying to announce his irrevocable decision to refuse the nomination. Nobody gave him a chance. Briggs did all the talking.

Briggs was proud of Archie, and told the new pastor of the First Congregational Church, whom he held up for the purpose, that "the hope of the nation lies in men of Stewart's type!"

Archie wondered what his type was. His good spirits ebbed and flowed. It was not so bad to be a big frog even in Kernville's small puddle, and yet —— The new pastor was a Harvard Divinity man and he rejoiced to find that the spirit of Harvard's great reformers had been brought home to Kernville. He mentioned Wendell Phillips, and Archie threw away his cigarette and tried to recall whether this was the Phillips who had captained the crew in his Freshman year or another Phillips whom he had rather liked, who wrote jokes for the Lampoon.

Men were hanging a banner across Main Street from the roof of the Star office. Briggs called his attention to it. It announced in red letters:

FOR MAYOR
THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE
ARCHIBALD STEWART

Archie shuddered. Within an hour that sign must come down. Once in the quiet of his office behind a locked door he would write a letter that would put an end to all such nonsense.

"I'll have a statement to make in to-day's paper. Don't say anything until you hear from me," he remarked to Briggs at the door of the newspaper office.

"Oh, we're pretty well loaded for today; so don't rush yourself. Today's feature is the turning of the worm; Pat Reardon's going to let loose about the street-paving swindle the Polinski administration pulled off on the confiding public. Whatever you may say about Reardon, they've never got anything on him; and without his support Squires is a dead mackerel.

"Tomorrow we'll feature the sprinkling contract; Pat had a man checking the carts all summer and the town's paid for twice the service it got. About day after to-morrow we'll be ready for your letter of acceptance, but you may as well take your time to it. Good morning."

"But, Mr. Briggs," began Archie with a sob in his throat, "you don't understand; it's impossible—I haven't the slightest idea of ——"

Briggs swung round, saw the horror in the candidate's face and clapped him on the back, exclaiming:

"Buck up, Archie! You mustn't let 'em worry you. Of course they'll pester the life out of you; but keep a stiff upper lip. Take it from me that they're tied to the tail of the cart right now. Good day and good luck to you!"

Archie broke through a group of citizens who tried to surround him, dodged into an alley and ran for his office. He stumbled up the steps, flung open the door—found the reception room filled and Miss Reardon entertaining company. He dashed into his private room and locked the door. Feverishly lighting a cigarette, he grasped a pad of paper and began to write:

"To Dr. H. W. Bixby,

"President of the Citizens' League:

"Though I greatly appreciate the honor, I am unable, for reasons that are in themselves sufficient ——"

The library door opened softly and he confronted Miss Reardon. Her air was apologetic.

"Pardon me ——"

"Please go away!" he snapped. "Don't you see I'm busy; I can't be interviewed. I won't see anybody—not the governor or the president!"

"Neither the governor nor the president is out there," she replied with dignity. "They are nice Irish boys and friends of yours, and they're warm clear through. You see one of their friends is over in the police court for assaulting a fireman. They thought you'd be willing to say a word for him, particularly ——"

Archie rose and took a deep breath.

"Miss Reardon, I don't like to be harsh with you, but the time has come for me to indicate in the plainest terms possible that this is my office and that I mean to run my affairs to suit myself. If your friends get arrested for brawling in the streets it's not my affair. I'm not engaged in criminal practice, as you know perfectly well. Now get rid of those people and let me alone. I'm not in—not today or tomorrow or the day after. That's all!"

He drew his chair closer to his desk and bent to his writing, with his ear cocked for the closing of the door. The door did not close.

"In view of the fact that the scrap was about you ——" came in her even, pleasant tones.

He glared at her.

"About me! What have I got to do with it?"

"Oh, Ed Carrigan was passing the engine house and one of the firemen stepped out and asked him if it was true he'd joined the bolt, and called you a dude, with trimmings it's better to forget. Ed punched his eye and then the whole engine house jumped on him; so he's to be tried before Mayor Polinski at nine sharp. Father's waiting at the town hall now. You see it's almost up to you ——"

Archie grinned ironically.

"To prove that I'm not a dude! I think they've got it on me. Miss Reardon, this thing isn't funny any longer. You've got me into trouble that's a mile deep, and then some. If I don't get out of it before noon they'll be having a lunacy inquest on me. I feel it coming now. Every time I turn round I get in deeper.

"Nobody listens; nobody cares a hang whether I'm willing to stand for it or not. And now people are tearing up engine houses and getting arrested, and you're sending me over to Polinski's police court to get your friends out of jail! I'm going over there and tell the mayor that the fireman who called me names was right!"

"Oh," the girl interrupted gently, "now that I come to think of it, it wasn't a dude that man called you. He said you were a fat-headed coward, backed by preachers and cowards; that was why Eddie punched him."

The two eyed each other for a moment. Then Archie reached for his hat. When he had left the office with Ed Carrigan's friends close at his heels, Miss Reardon, restoring Archie's desk to order, read his unfinished literary effort with amused interest and crumpled it into the wastebasket.

Most of Kernville crowded into the town hall, drawn by a desire to see and hear the Honorable Archibald Stewart in the rôle of attorney before his rival candidate for mayor. It was eleven o'clock when the hearing was concluded, the mayor holding Carrigan for the action of the grand jury.

The fireman whose face had been pounded was arrested for provoking the trouble, and feeling ran high. Archie forgot his troubles in his give-and-take with the young deputy prosecutor who appeared for the state, and Polinski's contemptuous attitude toward him roused his ire. He arranged bail for Carrigan, shook off the admiring crowd with difficulty and hurried toward his office.

Once more the reception room was filled; and before he could retreat a gentleman in a white necktie was addressing him in formal terms on behalf of a committee of the Methodist Conference, then in session in Kernville. The conference had set apart twelve o'clock as a fitting time to hear a few words from the candidate of the Citizens' League on any subject it might please the Honorable Archibald to discuss. The ministers felt that the leader of Kernville's movement for law and order would be able to stimulate them to greater efforts in their own communities in fighting corruption and vice.

Archie began to explain politely his inability to comply with their flattering request. It lacked only half an hour of twelve o'clock and the Star must not go to press without his declination on its front page. He tried vainly to catch Miss Reardon's eye to glare his fury at her while the chief kidnaper was talking. She stood calmly by her desk, folded a paper and unconcernedly handed it to him.

"For heaven's sake, be nice to them!" she whispered.

But for the restraining presence of the clergymen and the paralysis of his vocal cords he would have had it out with her on the spot. Meanwhile the committee, taking it for granted that he acceded to their demand, moved toward the door and gently urged their captive down the stairs and into a waiting automobile.

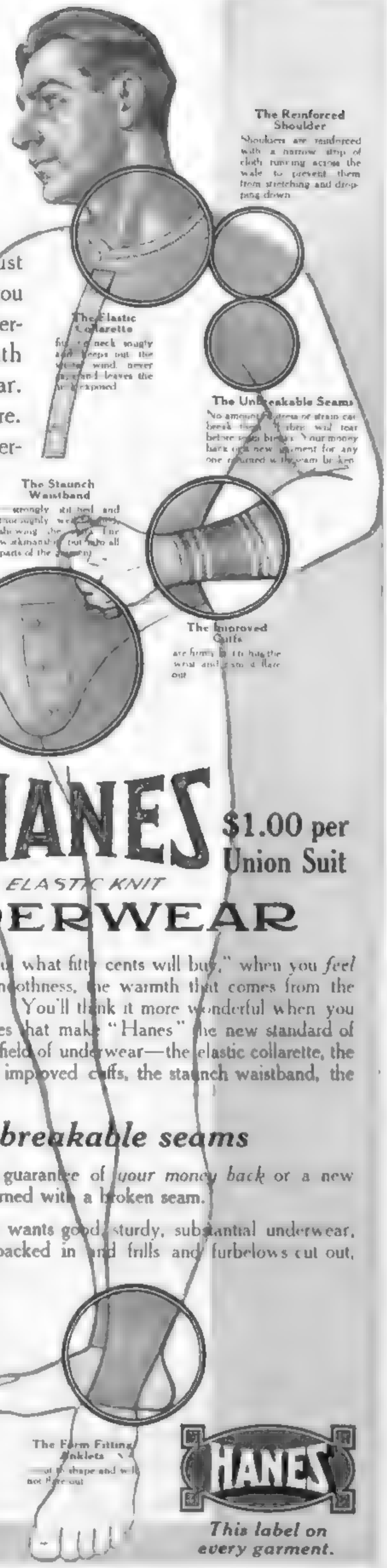
When he regained consciousness he was sitting on the platform of the big Sunday-school room of the First Methodist Church, and the presiding bishop was expressing his sense of the great honor conferred on the assembly by the presence of the most courageous foe of sin in the length and breadth of Hoosierdom. His kidnapers, having delivered him as a lamb to the slaughter, sat about him like deputy sheriffs guarding a desperate criminal in a courtroom.

Archie saw a blur of white neckties as he stepped to the pulpit. His fear yielded to anger. He was hot clear through. He glanced at the paper Miss Reardon had thrust into his hands and this served further to inflame him. She had abstracted another page from the hated thesis that was the source of all his woes. He took his cue from it, seized the first sentence and bellowed it loudly:

"No phase of the municipal problem can be divorced from the saloon. No matter how tolerantly we may view the liquor question, we find the saloon everywhere planted arrogantly in the path of municipal reform. The saloon deserves to be attacked because it invites attack. . . ."

This is Wonderful Value for the Money, Men

THERE are just three things you want in winter underwear, men—warmth and comfort and wear. You can't ask for more. It's mighty good underwear that gives you *all* three and at a popular price. Now, listen! That's the combination you *do* get to the last degree in


The Reinforced Shoulder
Shoulders are reinforced with a narrow strip of cloth running across the yoke to prevent them from stretching and dropping down
The Elastic Collarette
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the unbreakable seams

backed by the absolute guarantee of *your money back* or a new garment for any one returned with a broken seam.

If you're the man who wants good, sturdy, substantial underwear, with comfort and wear packed in and frills and furbelows cut out, then invest your money in "Hanes." Think of it—50 cents per garment, $1.00 the Union Suit; you'll get double return for it.

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Michaels-Stern dealers everywhere are ready and anxious to show you such coats in rough homespuns and many other fabrics particularly designed for lovers of the "out-of-doors."

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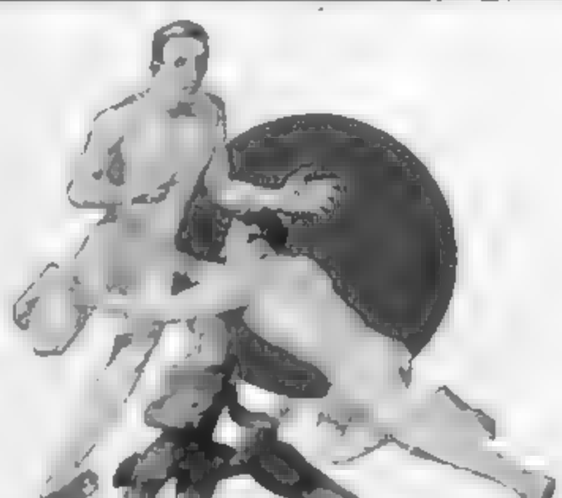

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Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

—*can't* gap in the seat
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The seat can't gap because the exclusive Superior "lap without the gap" construction makes it interlock like a close front collar. It can't bind in the crotch because it has no buttons to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself instantly to every position, and always sets snug and smooth.

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All sizes, styles and fabrics, $1 to $5. In Canada $1.50 to $7. Write today for handsome free style book with fabric samples.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
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The Superior crotch and seat open when you want them open—stay closed when you want them closed.

The bishop turned toward the kidnaping party and beamed his approval. Hearty applause ran through the room. The applause increased Archie's rage at himself for being caught in any such net. He tossed his notes aside and fell upon the liquor traffic with renewed fury.

Before his radiant auditors he trampled the rum power under foot. He found himself delighting in his own phrases and wondering how long he could keep up the stroke. As he sat down a quavering voice started the doxology, and the conference stood and sang it to the end.

Obadiah Gordon, the leading reformer of Kernville, came to the platform, where Archie's hand was being shaken into a limp rag, and said that he must go home with him for luncheon.

When he escaped at two-thirty he ran a mile to the Star office, where Briggs dragged him into his sanctum and fell on his neck. There was nobody like him—never was there a candidate with such a genius for the great game! Reardon had just been in and had hurried forth to reassure the saloonkeepers before the Star's report of the speech scared them to death.

The Polinski administration had squeezed them hard and forced them to buy their beer of Squires' brewing company. "All the saloons wanted," said the editor largely, "was a square deal—not oppression or extortion, but a fair enforcement of the law—that's the song to sing!" said Briggs, scribbling the phrases on the back of an envelope for future reference.

"Look here, Briggs," began Archie wearily, "this joke's played out. Everybody treats me as though I hadn't the brains of a rabbit. But I tell you now, solemnly, I won't touch that nomination—I won't have anything to do with it! I want you to print that in your paper in red-ink letters a yard long! And now I'm going over to the Stafford House and drink about seventeen cocktails—I want 'em mixed in a bucket, so I can be sure of a long, lingering tickle. Do you understand?"

"My dear boy, of course you're fooling about going off the ticket," remarked Briggs, yawning and stretching himself. "You can't quit any more than Washington could have resigned that hard winter at Valley Forge, or than Ulysses S. Grant could have given up his job the day before Lee's surrender. You're the white hope, remember!

"Lord, boy, you don't appreciate what this means! This is what we've all been praying for for ten years. Quit! Not if I have to take you home and bury you in my cellar until the day after election! And don't you dare stick your head in a saloon. The Journal has a man with a camera waiting for you in front of the Stafford House right now, and I don't see you lapping any cocktails for some time to come. So there's that, my son!"

Archie jumped to his feet and laid his hands on Briggs' shoulders violently; but his speech was stifled by the appearance of a boy with the first impression of the afternoon Star. The editor hummed softly to himself as he held up the sheet for Archie's admiration.

"I spent a week getting that just right—so every word and figure would count," mused Briggs, viewing his handiwork contentedly. "Rather neat idea that, of figuring out every taxpayer's individual loss on bum street improvements—the use of all those names from the assessment rolls is good business. I tried a dozen lines before I got that broadside head—Stewart Pledged to Play the Game Straight! Here's a little one that sets up well—Squires Squirms! There's so much of that contract stuff we couldn't do justice to your fire and brimstone for the liquor interests; but it's just as well not to rub it in too hard."

Briggs looked at his watch and grabbed his hat.

"Come along! The league's executive committee—that means old man Bixby—is opening campaign headquarters over the Blue Front Drug Store and I promised to bring you over."

The editor seized Archie's arm and dragged him through Main Street to the league's room. Archie's collar was wilted, and the ends of his four-in-hand fluttered gayly in the autumn wind; but he was glad of a chance to meet Bixby face to face. He braced himself as the editor pushed him upstairs and into the league's headquarters.

"Doctor Bixby," he shouted, "I sincerely regret ——"

"My dear Archibald," interrupted the doctor, "you have nothing to regret. You have taken hold in the true crusader's spirit. Your father's old friends are proud of you."

"I decline! I positively decline ——" screamed Archie.

"Naturally you decline to be browbeaten and ground under foot by these unscrupulous blackguards who for years have had us all by the throat. We shall not forget in the years to come ——"

Reardon captured him before he could escape from Briggs and Bixby. At five o'clock, when he should have been making peace with Mabel, Reardon was introducing him to the workmen as they emerged with their dinner pails from Mabel's father's stove foundry. Later he ate supper with Reardon and three other influential workers at a restaurant near the depot, where all the meat was fried; and subsequently he led the grand march at a ball given by the Brass Workers' Union.

When he reached home at one o'clock the next morning he read, without emotion, Mabel's note breaking her engagement, and crawled wearily into bed.

IV

EIGHT o'clock on the November morning following the election found the Honorable Archie huddled in his overcoat in his office, staring at the wall. He had been sitting there ever since the Star's figures, complete at two o'clock, assured his election by an astonishing plurality.

Having decided to follow lines of least resistance throughout his life, he had for six weeks been the chief figure in the fiercest municipal fight that had ever shaken the Wabash Valley. The fact that the future of Squires as one of the state bosses, and a potential United States Senator, had been involved brought all Indiana to the scene of conflict.

During the week preceding the election Chicago and Indianapolis newspapers had kept special correspondents in Kernville. He was a personage, a man of affairs, a leader in the fight for honest local government, an example to young men everywhere; and he had never had the slightest idea of being or doing any of those things.

He craved sympathy; he wanted to verify his impressions. There had been high moments when he had known a kind of exaltation—a serene joy as he talked on the street corners, conscious that the things he said were true, and that he was able to impress his hearers with their truth.

He roused himself to admit a messenger with a batch of congratulatory telegrams. His college classmates were remembering him; the manager of a lecture bureau asked his terms for ten addresses on municipal government; a New York editor wanted a hundred words on How to Beat the Bosses.

He dropped these on Miss Reardon's desk for later acknowledgment, returned to his room and closed the door. Presently he heard the girl's light step, and a few minutes later she came in in the unobtrusive fashion to which he had become accustomed.

"Good morning and congratulations!"

He rose to shake hands and thank her, looking at her guardedly. Her cheeks were aglow from her walk to the office and she wore a pink waist he had observed before with satisfaction. Her hair was more becoming in a pompadour, as she wore it now, than parted and drawn smoothly back, which was an occasional variation. He was a fastidious person, and her habitual trimness and crispness and marked abstinence from tawdry ornaments had not been lost on him. He had covertly watched her slim, pliant fingers as she took dictation. The curve of her chin when she bent over her work ——

"Of course you'll want to say something for that New York paper. I've copied off here a paragraph out of your speech at the final rally, to see whether it will do. It's your illustration from baseball—about the man in the box being helpless without strong support in the field, and playing until the last man's out."

He took the sheet from her, eyed it absently and laid an iron weight on it.

"I'll send that later. It will do first rate, thank you. Please sit down a minute."

"I was going to suggest that if you have any dictation I'd better take it now—there will be crowds coming in all day."

"My throat's all sandpaper and I'm not going to talk to anybody today but you—and it's not dictation; so put down your pencil. I don't want you to cry if I seem harsh and unreasonable. You may think

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I ought to burst out in gratitude for the many things you've done for me; but I hasten to undeceive you. You are the worst enemy a man ever had—do you realize that? You have caused me endless trouble—not only by your own mischief-making but by causing the whole town to pull and haul me, and chase and drag me, until this morning I'm only a pale wreck of what was once a contented, happy man. Do you follow me?"

She slipped out of her chair and stole toward the door, eying him wonderingly. The collar of his long ulster was turned up round his ears, and his hair, usually brushed to an onionlike smoothness, stood up in queer wisps. His rasping voice added to the grimness of his arraignment. As he strode toward her threateningly she cowered against the door.

"If it hadn't been for you I could go out to the nearest bar and drink myself to death; but as the result of your meddling I am denied the consolation of rum for the rest of my life. I could be a grafter and fatten on schemes for robbing the people, which seems to be about the easiest game a man can play; but through your meddling I'm planted for the rest of my days among the silly fools who think towns and states ought to be run on honest business principles. If I dodge or duck I'm ruined!" he continued gratingly, watching her hand on the knob and wondering how far he dared go.

Her face was averted; he wondered whether there were tears in her blue eyes. The visible lash quivered—it was a long lash, he reflected. While he contemplated it she spoke quietly, without turning:

"You needn't say any more. I had meant to quit today and you will only make your throat worse by talking."

"Don't interrupt me, if you please. And that isn't all you've done. You're the cause of my knowing all the troubles of all the people in this town; and it's made me deucedly uncomfortable. You see, I was born selfish; and I meant to go on acquiring selfishness, never caring a hang whether the rest of creation had molasses for its bread or not.

"That schedule of the day's work you've been handing me every morning, just as though you had bought me at auction and meant to work me to death, has taken me through vile alleys that I didn't suppose were possible in a town like this; and now I shan't be happy until I clean 'em up. And it's going to be a hard job. You haven't any answer ready, have you?" he ended tauntingly.

"I'm sorry," she murmured; and he was sure from the twitching of her shoulders that she was crying.

"As a result of your benevolent interest in my affairs, the girl I was engaged to chucked me and has gone off to Europe, where I can't follow her to square things—because I'm busted. Broke—do you hear that! I've got to hustle round to the bank this morning and give a note for my overdraft until I can sell my house and pay my debts. I'm going to work for the town for a twelve-hundred-dollar salary, and I've promised so much to those idiots who've elected me that I'll have to earn the money.

"And, worse than that, when I get through with this mayor's job I can see about forty years more of hard work to do. Just for your foolishness I've had to look up duty and ambition in the dictionary—and they've given me a jar, I can tell you!"

He was confident she was crying. He drew nearer and touched her hand.

"Please forgive me!" he pleaded in a lower tone. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I wanted you to know what all this has meant to me—how deeply grateful I am. I thought you'd see that I was joking and understand that it was just my stupid way of telling you ——"

When he hesitated she glanced over her shoulder, with a slight tilting of her head away from him, and for an instant he saw her laughing, tearless eyes. Instantly she began repeating something, lifting her head as though with the effort of memory. The words were familiar; they were from the last paragraph of the thesis on municipal government which had contributed so much to his downfall.

Mirth played about her lips and her eyes danced as she recited with provoking mockery:

"Men of whom the people have entertained the most sanguine expectations often prove, when elected to office, to be timid, cautious of speech and slow to act."

The Star that evening printed both their pictures.

Economy of the Bell System

Consider this significant fact: While most of the necessaries of life have gone up, the price of telephone service, which is one of the essential factors in our commercial and social life, has moved steadily downward.

Although a pound of these necessities still contains but sixteen ounces, the telephone user has been getting more and more service for less money.

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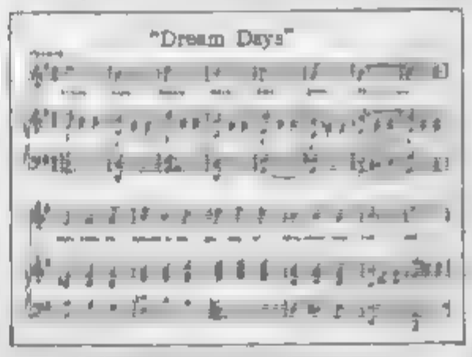
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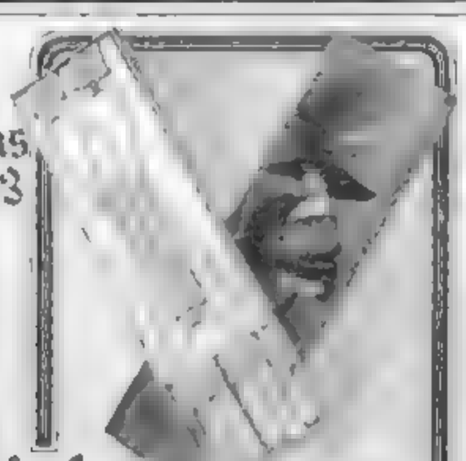

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PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush

Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising

ACCORDING TO THE SUCKER

(Concluded from Page 12)

don't know dat. I bets I kin guess nigher dan you to what yo' own dog weighs."

"Huh!" Virgil's tone vibrated with contempt. "Dat would be stealin' yo' money."

"'Tain't many folks steals my money! I bet you a hundred! Put up or shet up!"

Old Gascue Bozey roused himself; something was about to happen.

"A hundred! I ain't got but twenty!" And Virgil displayed it.

"Youse a cheap screw! I wouldn't skacely git out o' dis chair fer twenty; but, bein's it's you, I bets my fifty agin yo' twenty."

"An' puts up de money?" Virgil could not believe it.

"Sho'! I wouldn't bet wid President Lincoln on no creddick!"

Criddle skinned off fifty dollars, while Virgil nervously laid twenty beside it in Gascue Bozey's hand. The Pop-eyed Parson began to show excitement.

"Criddle, how much you guesses?"

Criddle stirred the dog with his foot, reached down and felt his shoulders, while Virgil trembled lest Criddle discover that suspicious tightness round Jume's middle. Then Criddle estimated Jume.

"Dat dog weighs somewhar in de neighborhood o' fifty—maybe a leetle bit over. I makes my guess between fifty-one an' fifty-two—fifty-one an' three-quarters precise. I ain't no real good guesser, but dat's what I thinks!"

Virgil resented the insult.

"Jume ain't no poodle pup—he's a p'inter; eats up dogs fer breakfus what don't weigh no more'n dat."

"Cool yo' b'ilers an' make yo' guess."

Virgil lifted the dog in his arms, casting his eyes upward.

"Lemme see! Lemme see! I guesses fifty-fo' pounds."

"All right!" Criddle promptly snapped him up. "Dat's yo' bet an' you got to stick to it."

"Sho'ly; an' you sticks to fifty-one an' three-quarters. How we gwine to settle it?"

"Here's good scales in Unc Wesley's sto'. Virgil, you 'grees to go by Unc Wesley's scales?"

The Pop-eyed Parson glanced at Chicago Sid and replied:

"Any scales suits me—providin' dey's right."

Uncle Wesley spoke up:

"I keeps my scales keerect all de time."

"'Twon't take us no time 'cidin' dis bet!" Criddle went in a ponderous rush. "Come 'long!"

Uncle Wesley brushed the salt off the platform and balanced the scales.

"Put on yo' dog. Don't be skeered; I ain't no guessin' shark."

Criddle winked at Sid and opened his mouth for a horse-laugh. With Jume on the platform, old Wesley touched the beam.

"I'll jes' start 'im at fifty. Here 'tis." The scale beam tipped up. "He weighs more'n fifty. Lemme try fifty-one."

Criddle drew closer and saw the beam tip up again—a little too promptly for his peace of mind. Virgil Custard's eyes were sticking out like doorknobs.

"Now den, fifty-two!" The beam went up with a click and Criddle began to sweat. "Fifty-three! Jume weighs more'n fifty-three!"

Criddle looked sharply at Chicago Sid—took out a handkerchief and swabbed all the way round his neck.

"Rev'ren', it 'pears like Virgil has got you!" Wes Adams remarked. "Dis dog weighs zackly fifty-fo' pounds an' one-half accordin' to dese scales."

"Yo' scales is wrong—dey's wrong! Dey's cheatin' scales!"

Virgil yelled triumphantly. "No sech thing, Criddle! You picked out dese scales yo' own se'f to settle by. Bofe of us 'greed!"

Virgil grabbed Gascue Bozey's hand to twist out the money. Uncle Gascue clung to it, looking at Criddle.

"Dat's right, Criddle!" one of the trustees decided. "Virgil is done beat you fair."

Said Virgil: "Rev'ren', ef you knowed dis dog same as I does you mought ha' 'lowed a leetle bit fer dinner. Jume's reg'lar weight is 'tween fifty-one an' fifty-two—*befo'* dinner!"

Criddle turned angrily.

"Is you fed dat dog sence—sence ——"

Virgil answered with cherubic innocence:

"Stuffed him plum' full when I went atter my collar. Always feeds Jume plenty at dis time o' day."

Virgil sidled off before the Chicago tout could put in his demand for half. The split-lip negro had appeared for an instant on the corner, then disappeared toward the alley. Virgil glanced through the Club. Perkins had closed his roll-top desk and was adjusting his hat before the mirror. He got halfway to the front door when Virgil Custard passed him.

The Pop-eyed Parson tried to put brakes on himself as he strolled through the building and dodged out into the alley. Behind a pile of drygoods boxes he met the Smiler and they promptly transacted business.

"Dere's jes' one mo' thing," warned the Smiler: "don't let nobody see dat ring for better'n a month—specially yo' gal! Only time I ever done time wuz 'cause my gal talked so biggity."

The Smiler vanished, leaving Virgil Custard entranced with the glitter of his ring.

Late one Monday afternoon, three weeks later, Virgil stole in from the alley to gloat over his treasure. It was dark and shadowy inside—that was why he did not observe the dark and shadowy Criddle sitting beyond the coffin. Virgil began backing, then noticed that Criddle had something that flashed in his hand, the glitter of which caught Virgil's eye. Criddle held it up to the light and Virgil recognized—his ring!

Like a maddened panther the lean brown boy crept forward, crouching for a spring. Criddle being so much bigger than himself, Virgil must depend on a sudden snatching and getting away. He was nearly within distance and Criddle had not seen him, when Virgil ducked and cowered behind the coffin. Perkins was coming.

Criddle glanced up.

"Look here, Perkins! Ain't dis a gran' ring?"—exhibiting a bejeweled finger.

Perkins jumped forward with a gasp of surprise.

"Dat's good, Criddle. How did you git my ring?"

"Yo' ring!"

"O' co'se it's my ring!" Perkins insisted. "Didn't I buy it?"

"You never done no sech thing!" cried Criddle.

The Grand Organizer rose; the huge bulk of him confronted Perkins. Virgil crouched behind the coffin, his fingers tingling to choke them both.

Then the curious behavior of Perkins mystified him. Perkins wheeled to his desk, opened a drawer and took out something.

"Criddle, lemme see yo' ring."

Criddle turned the jewel inside and tightly shut his palm.

"You can't 'zamine my ring—an' den try to claim it! What sort o' ring did you lose?"

"Never lost a ring; but lemme see yours."

"Dat's all right! I paid eighty dollars fer dis."

Criddle opened his palm and exhibited the setting, which made Perkins laugh.

"Jes' like I thought. Here's another nice ring."

Virgil could not understand why Criddle should squat and stare at the other ring that Perkins showed him.

"Whar'd you git it?"

"Same place you got yours—yaller nigger wid a split lip. He bumped you harder dan he did me! I paid twenty-five."

Virgil Custard reeled against the coffin and steadied himself by a silver handle. A silent brown shadow flitted across the floor. Virgil found his own ring where he had left it—and then did not know what to do. After a moment's hesitation he stowed it deep in his pocket and approached the two gesticulating men.

"What's dat you-all got?"

"A couple o' brass rings a feller sold to me an' Criddle. He bilked us good!"

"Lemme see em!"

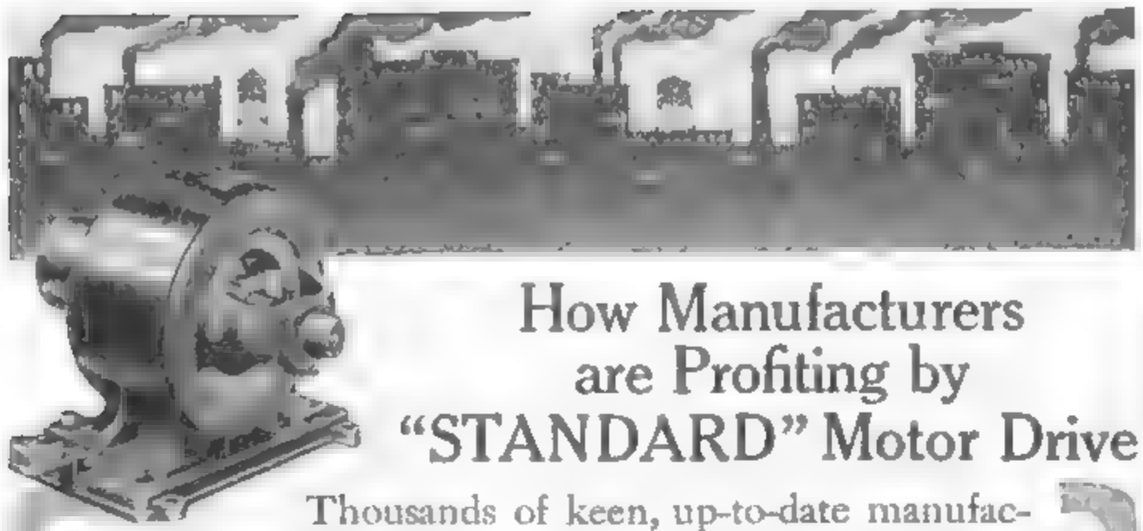
Virgil's hands shook; the rings were identical with his own! Perkins volunteered:

"You kin buy plenty of 'em at de ten-cent store."

Virgil let go a long, hysterical laugh.

"Mos' eve'y nigger in town is got one o' dese rings—paid all de way from two bits to twenty-five dollars; some of 'em paid eighty dollars—accordin' to de sucker! Dat sho' puts de hoss-laugh on Perkins an' Criddle! What'll you gimme not to tell?"

Virgil Custard cackled—then shut up with a choke, hurried to the street and dropped something into the sewer.



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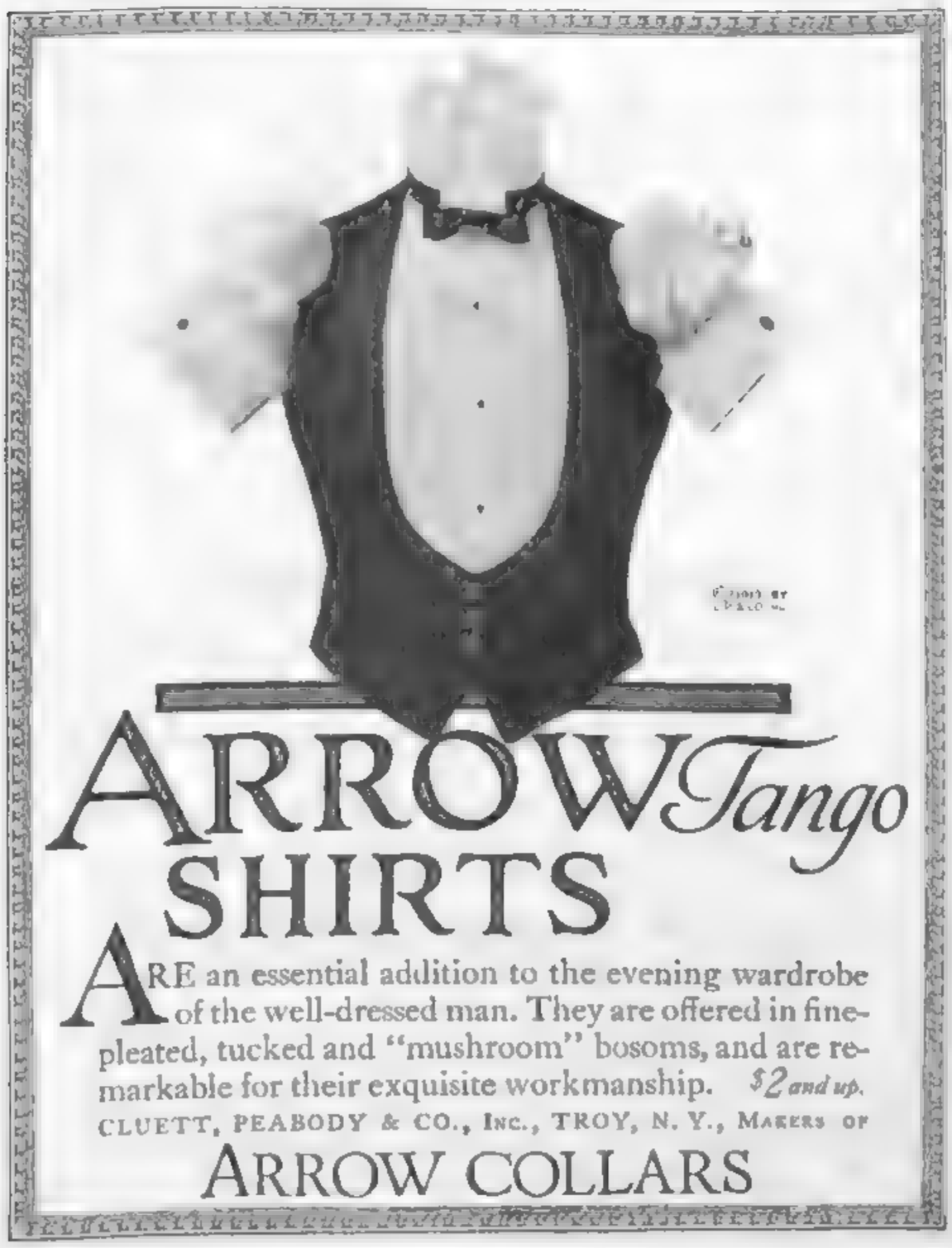

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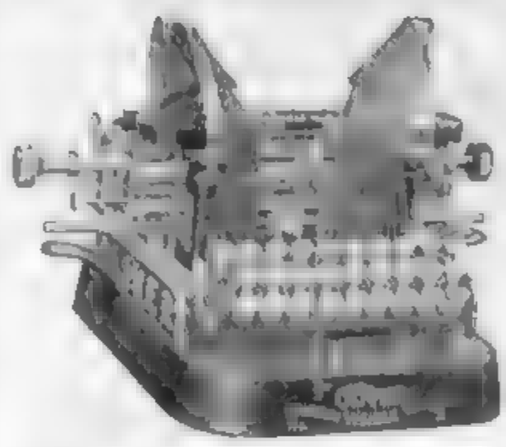

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There is trim symmetry in every line and shape, worth and value in the trustworthy materials and a strong guarantee behind the *Sincerity* label.

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A *Sincerity* model of striking individuality—faultless and smart.

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For all the Family

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

I had gone to a back field to summon the hired man. The good-natured fellow put me on the colt's back. I was curious to know if so heavy a draft horse could gallop. The young man was engaged shutting the railroad gate that led up the lane. I gave that horse a kick in the soft of the flank, where the gentlest horse on earth will suffer no liberties; and I don't think he stopped demonstrating his kicking abilities at both ends for the length of a mile. He had the time of his life for ten full minutes.

"Hang on—don't let go," came a terrified yell behind. The young fellow was afraid to pursue for fear of sending the obstreperous colt over the fence.

"Well, miss," he admonished confidentially later, "I guess you learned when you've raised the devil that you have to hang on or break your neck."

I had. The lesson proved useful later when we all went through that Western panic.

The constant companionship with living real things gives a child a curious indifference to dead things—that is, dead ones that should be alive—dolls that do nothing but roll beautiful "goo-goo" eyes and squeak inane remarks; rocking-horse toys that romp round a room kicking their heels and back again, never getting anywhere. I had never the slightest interest in make-believe toys. If they put them in my Christmas stocking I slammed them behind the door. Once an uncle fresh out from England with very pronounced English ideas about proper training for girls—he was a bachelor of course—took me in hand with a good scolding about contempt for dolls: "Little girls ought to like dolls, because dolls were little girls' babies." I told him I loved babies; but dolls were cheats, they couldn't do a thing but roll their eyes. He went out disgusted. I sat down to ponder. This stupid wax thing in my hand had brought undeserved rebuke. Criminals in human life were hanged—whether by heels or head I did not know; but I took a spool of thread and hanged that stupid, wax-faced idiot by the heels to the doorknob. Then I went out to the real things—the pups and the kittens and the colts. After that Christmas no more inane toys fell to my lot. I was given full bent with living real things. Poor Uncle Jim! He is an old man now, and still advising other people on their morals and their manners; but he has made a failure of life. It has blinked him with "goo-goo" eyes all the way through—wax-faced cheats that melt in heat.

The Human Dolls One Sees

That love of realities, bred by God's gift of staunch animal friends, has stuck through life, sometimes a horribly uncomfortable thing like a burr in your chest, then again a pilot star to a promised land. In after life when meeting doll types—wax-faced, soft-haired, eyes limpid as sky-water, with display of all the little doll graces, tinkling earrings, a show of pearly teeth, a roll of expressionless eyes, inane remarks—the old feeling of affront would come back; and I have never seen what is known as the doll type of man without recalling those rocking-horse toys that couldn't do anything but just romp round and back again. Is this, too, typical of the changed attitude in woman's outlook on life?

These were rare good days spent in the open meadows with the whole dumb world for playfellows. Sundays in good weather were spent under a big willow in an old garden listening to story books. When the autumn and spring rains came we became discoverers of unknown worlds, rafting uncharted seas on voyages across swollen brooks and mud-puddles. There were no merry-go-rounds or shoot-the-chutes; but we did attempt running Niagara by sliding down a water spout during a plunging shower right into the rain barrel. Outsiders and grown-ups were not invited to this function. The exigencies of the case required exit by a low roof window and "nighties" tied *à la* Turkish costume. The acrobat able to endure longest under the deluge of the spout was awarded highest applause. There were sugarings off in the maple woods in spring, when taffy on basswood chips and taffy in belts of elastic sugar hardening to the frost got inextricably tangled in pigtail hair and red riding hoods. These celebrations were usually held by starlight round a huge log fire. That outdoor world afforded little feet a chance to chase real adventures and real romance down the real paths of everyday life; and I never see the feet of youth on the ageless quest of romance along city streets but I know that, if we children had been born in the gutter and those children of the city streets had been born to our open meadows, we too would have mistaken painted wax faces and make-believe hobbyhorses for the real thing and come to age cheated of youth.

There comes a time when we know that we have suddenly awakened to a realization of life. The awakening may come in a great joy or a great love or a great sorrow—or all three; so that we hardly know whether the pain of love is greater than its joy, or the joy greater than its pain; but when for a moment the veil of things lifts we fall on our faces before Life.

An Early Call to Battle

I had known that the others of the family as they came to their early teens scattered from the home nest. I had come to know that the shadow in the home was deepening; but what it was childhood could not define. The English uncle had gone West. Our father had gone West. The whole country from Atlantic to Pacific was beginning to feel the pinch that shook us all out of our pigeon boxes in the panic of '93.

The revelation came one beautiful spring day when the mist was on the meadows and amid the cobwebby tender green of the May foliage. It was Sunday. When we had all been polished and furbished up, to go off to some church festival instead of passing the afternoon under the willow tree, I had a feeling that we were being packed off for some reason. Our father had come back to make arrangements to move us West; and somehow there was something in the air. I couldn't help suspecting that both my mother and father were mentally distressed. I ran round the back of the house and came unheard on my mother standing very still by a rainpool in the orchard. She did not see me in time to hide the secret revealed on her face. I had caught the expression on the face reflected in the pool before she looked up. It was despair of life; the utter end of hope; heartbreak mute for a lifetime. She did not speak. Neither did I. I was not ten years old; and childhood fell away like a worn cloak from that day.

I knew; and yet I could not have told what I knew. I knew from that day that I must earn. I knew from that day that I must fight, that there is no peace without a victory, that "he who fights and runs away and lives to fight another day" might just as well fight the fight at the first challenge of fate and win or die trying to win; for if he runs away there is no hiding-place in Heaven or Hell, defeat will pursue him. Sooner or later he must turn and make his stand and do or die. It isn't as we would have it. It is as life ordains. I knew that Phantoms Fright and Want and that tragedy of all tragedies—a living one, a hopeless chasm between husband and wife—had come menacing our happiness like satyr ghosts stealing out of the dark. I knew from that day that I must protect the home or see it destroyed; and is not that typical of ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where girls and women become wage earners, where they enter the arena called industry? It is not a matter of choice. Therefore cease arguing about it. It is a matter of force. Therefore let us see that the conditions are made right—that the girl is as well protected outside the home as in it, and that she goes forth equipped with the only weapon that will win the Battle of Life—efficiency, physical and mental. It did not matter in the least whether I was able to earn, able to fight, able to protest. I had to, whether I was able or not.

I did not realize then that every member of our family had been born with several very severe handicaps: Too many nerves, too little nerve; more brains than brawn, which foreordains tragedy just as soon as the hard test of life's scramble up and down hill begins to shake the flimsy machinery to pieces; and a very pronounced tendency

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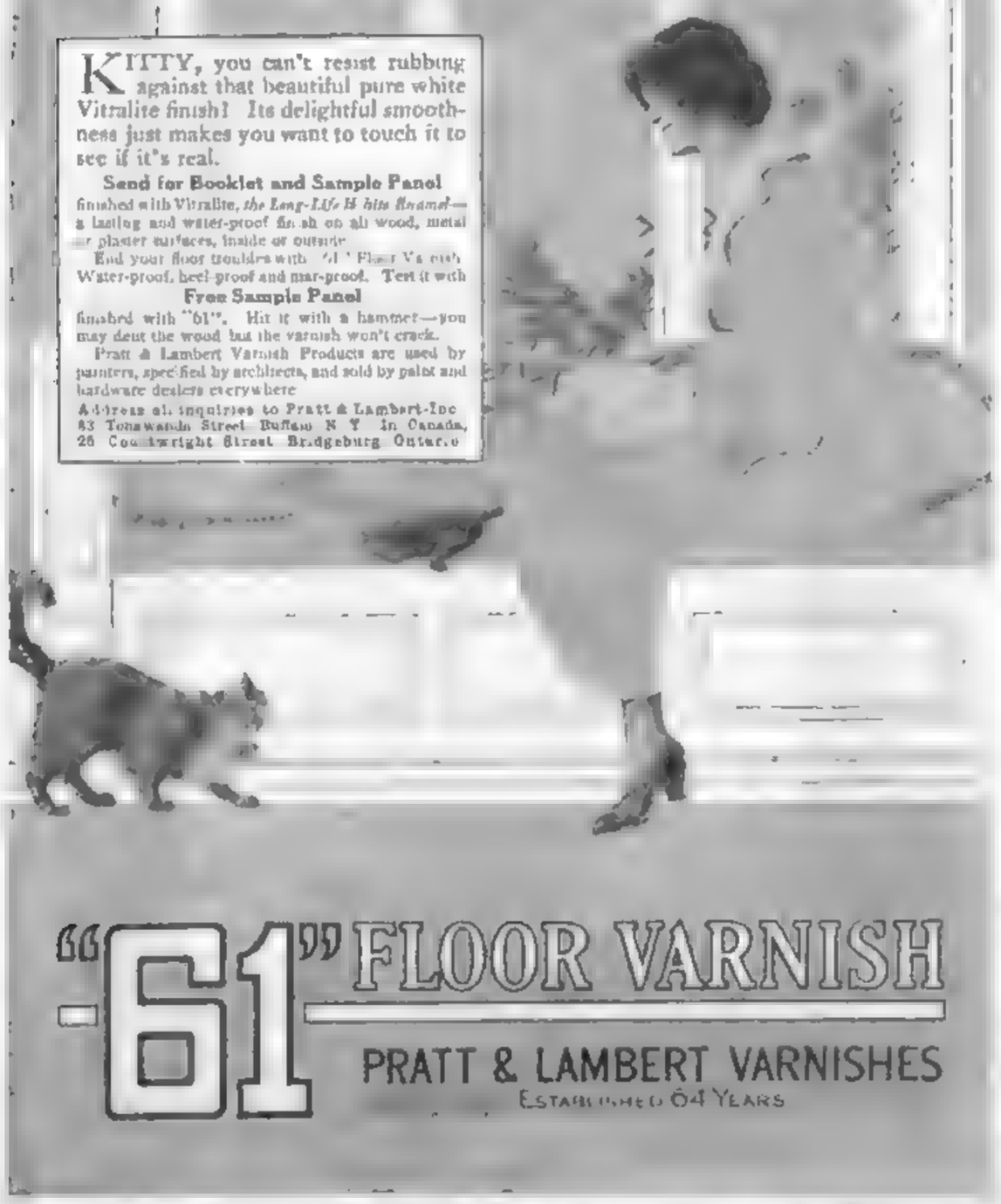

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to weak lungs on both sides of the house. Against these handicaps should be set three distinct advantages: First, we all had the advantage of that outdoor life of training in realities that never lie and never cheat. Fools we have been all of us many times. Blunders we have made galore, so that I have come to the pass where, though I ask God to forgive my sins because I can't forgive them myself, ten times more I ask Him to wipe out my blunders, for I wouldn't forgive them if I could. And I think we've all been inclined slightly to be softheads. We have had to learn to be hard; to realize that though diamond and charcoal are composed of the very same thing, it is the diamond that is hard. Training in outdoor realities taught us all truth and integrity; I mean the kind of truth that makes you realize you must not lie to yourself.

Another advantage was my mother's belief that innocence is no protection, unless it is the innocence of knowledge as distinguished from the innocence of ignorance. She did not believe that a boy could know what evils to shun, a girl what dangers, unless taught what the signs of the evils and dangers were, instead of learning by experience when it is too late. We all stepped into the arena of life knowing the ways to shun and why. There was another advantage very hard to define, but we all went out in the world equipped with it. My mother had a peculiar, almost uncanny, Celtic clairvoyant power to project the image of her personality with us all through life. In stress, in turmoil, in joy, in tight places of complicated decision, we have all felt her invisibly beside us, not advising, but shedding a sort of spiritual radiance on life. I am not a spiritualist and know little about spiritualism; but I know that we have all had this consciousness of her influence. It has a peculiarly clarifying, calming effect, when the waters flow below the bridge of life both turbid and tempestuous, this spirit touch of a love that is—I cannot say dead, for I know that the presence is with me as really and tensely today as that afternoon when we stood beside the rainpool in the orchard.

Facing an Altered Future

I longed to grow up. I grudged the minutes till I could earn. If I could have taken a dagger and stabbed these Phantom Foes, menacing out of the dark, I would gladly have died for the privilege of giving the death stroke; but the trouble is, seeing red and going out to kill doesn't help. It's hustling that helps.

My mother did not speak. Neither did I as we linked arms and went up the back stairs. At the landing she turned.

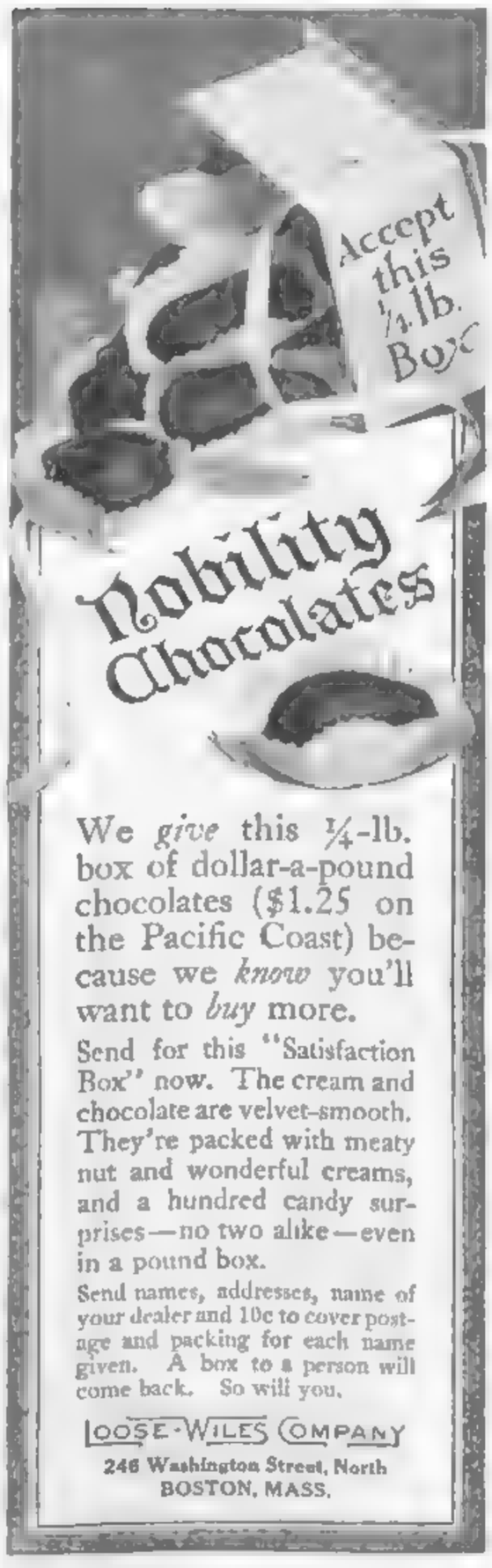
"Aren't you going to the festival?"

I shook my head. We entered the room and I flung my arms about her, but could not utter the question on my lips any more than she could muster up evasive words to delude childhood back into blind happiness. I laid my head on her shoulder. There were no tears. Though tears have come to my eyes and throat since, from that day to this I have literally never shed a tear. What I wanted to ask—what I wanted to hurl at the very throne of God—was the question: Is it the common lot of woman to suffer in mute heartbreak? Is suffering an inevitable and necessary part of her lot? Does it do any good, this suffering? What's it for? Why? I have been seeking the answers to those questions all my life—answers in fact, not argument; and I should like to borrow the angel Gabriel's trumpet to sound abroad the answer that I've found. It would needs be a golden instrument, with the mellow notes of a hunter's horn or the glad shout of disimprisoned waters in spring, to voice the answer I have found.

And isn't that typical, too, of this whole woman movement? Aren't the women moving uncertainly on untried feet to untried goals—seekers? And aren't the wailers, the parasites, the Sisterhoods of Discontent—weak ones lost in the dark, shivering at phantoms they will neither fight nor face? That was my first glimmering of the great economic fact, which the world has barely yet sighted, that woman in industry, the economic independence of women, if you like to put it that way, is not the repudiation of womanhood and its functions, but is the building of a fortress of security round about womanhood.

And in a few weeks we had joined the great migration West.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles forming the Autobiography of a Happy Woman. The second will appear in two weeks.



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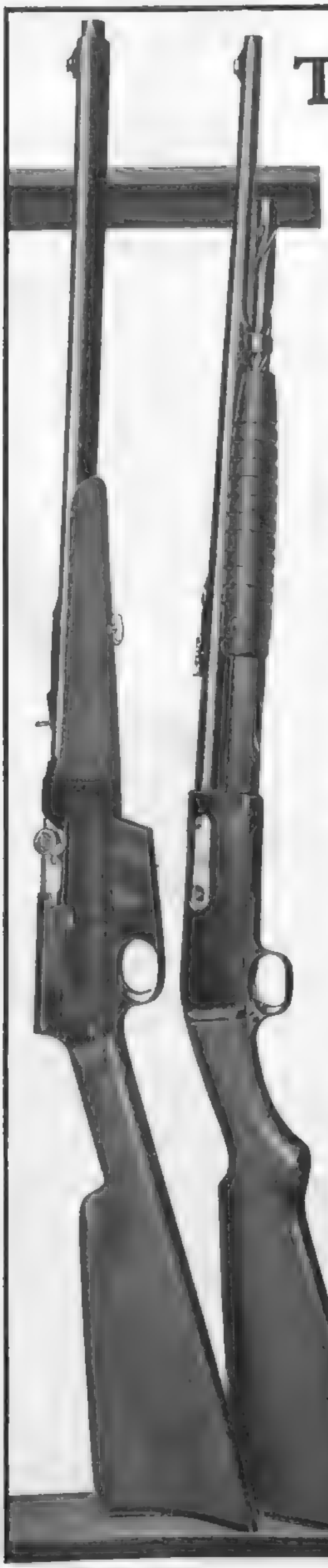

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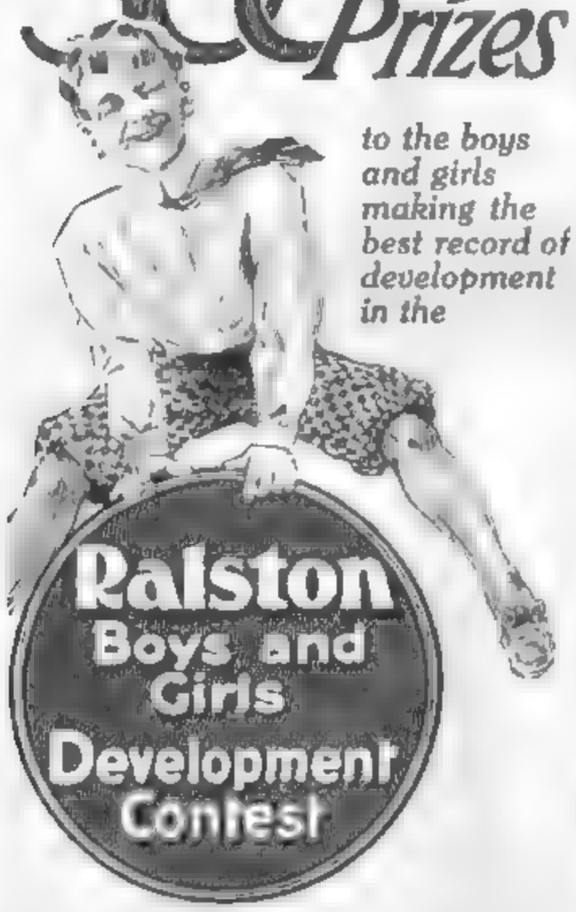

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Any boy or girl may enter up to December 31, 1913. Late entrants will be given equality with early ones as length of time and age of contestant will be considered in awarding prizes. Contestants are not limited to a Ralston Wheat Food diet, but the more Ralston they eat the more they will develop.

Contest closes March 31, 1914, when children should again be measured and weighed at your grocer's and result blank sent in at once, with tops of all Ralston packages used. Result blanks received after April 6th will not be considered. The records of prize winners will be investigated to prevent mistakes and misstatements.

The selection of prize winners will be made according to rules followed by authorities on child development, and will be final.

Announcement of prize winners will be made in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 30th

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WILSON IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 9)

is that the deputy collectors are directly responsible to their superiors, who appoint them, and the superiors should have the choice of them. The fact is, the Democrats want jobs.

It may come to nothing—this little foray against civil service. It may stay in the bill; and if it does the president may veto it, inasmuch as he is a pronounced advocate of civil service. The importance surrounding it is that it exemplifies the spirit of the majority in Congress. This has been well enough known as far as the Southern representation is concerned. No advocate of civil service has ever been convincing enough to prove to a Southern representative or senator that a system has any merit in it whereby a negro, by virtue of an examination, is put on a par with a white man as an applicant for a Federal place.

Patronage is one of the big rocks ahead of the Democrats. They are clamoring for places. I do not find that the president has played politics to any great extent with his patronage—not half so much as the opportunity permitted or the exigencies seemed to demand. He has made various appointments for various reasons, of course; but, as far as clubbing through legislation by means of patronage is concerned, I do not think that criticism is justified by the facts. His trouble is not in giving senators and representatives jobs for their constituents, but in preventing them from grabbing the jobs for themselves.

A president, notwithstanding his aloof position, remains a human being; and what more human attribute is there than to exchange something you have for something you want? And, as I have said, though the president may have done some exchanging, he has not done much of it, but has made his appointments according to his best lights and in accordance with the circumstances surrounding each situation as that situation came up. He is a politician in a broad sense, but he is not a political politician; and he makes his demands for logical reasons, not on postulates of expediency.

An Extraordinary Appointment

Many times he might have played politics to advantage in the way of securing congressional support—and did not play politics; a few times he essayed the game with unsatisfactory results. One story will illustrate:

Senator Reed, of Missouri, is the kind of lawyer who will not admit anything. He will not admit the day is Friday even if it is Friday, but forces legal proof of the contention. Also, he has been more or less opposed to the Wilson policies and especially to the Wilson currency ideas. Reed has been outspoken on that subject; actively and vehemently against the president.

Reed had a candidate for postmaster of St. Louis. The leading Democrats of St. Louis opposed Reed's man. Moreover, Reed in the anteconvention campaign was vociferously against Wilson. The president sent for Reed when this post-office fight was on and told him he could not appoint his candidate.

"Name any other man," said the president, "and I will appoint him."

"Mr. President," Reed replied, "I cannot name another man. The reason they are opposing this man is that he is my friend. That is the only reason. He is opposed because of his loyalty to me. I have eaten at his home, accepted his hospitality and known him for years. His wife and my wife are close and dear friends. We have much in common. If you cannot appoint him, all well and good; but I cannot recommend another. He stood by me and I shall stand by him. That is all I have to say."

The president put out his hand to Reed. "I'll appoint him," he said—and he did.

What I want to make clear is that the ordinary political president would have appointed the man, but he would have asked for some concession from Reed for the appointment. He would have suggested to Reed that if Reed quit his opposition the man would be named—would have made a bargain. Our extraordinary political president did nothing of the kind. He named the man and Reed still kept along in opposition to his policies—which also goes to show that Mr. Wilson has a large supply of brains.

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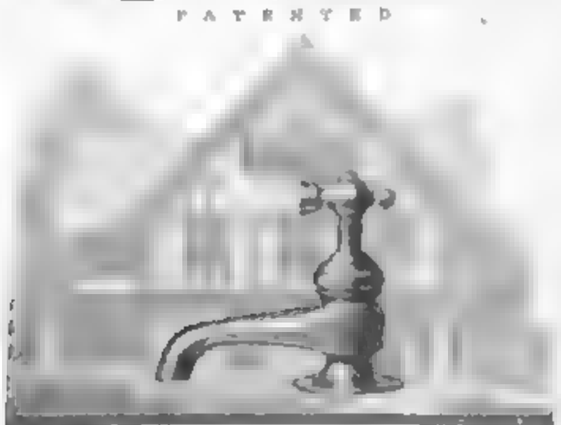

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Noiseless

Never shatters your nerves with banging, thumping and buzzing.

To get ALL THREE of these things in one faucet wasn't easy. Faucet Makers tried for years and years to do it. Quick-pression solved the problem by a radical change in construction (with increased beauty of design), proven right by five years of successful use.

Send for free, interesting booklet, "Faucet Facts." And ask your Plumber to show you the faucets. Always look for the name "Quick-pression" and the guaranty tag.

The Central Brass Mfg. Company

Originators of Quick-pression Faucets

6119 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

TORREY Razors

make smooth shaving a daily delight

With a Torrey you always shave clean and smooth. Because it has the perfect shaving edge. Adjusted to glide over the face at the right angle. Cuts close, without pulling, without roughing the skin.

A *Real Man's* Razor—

If your dealer cannot [illegible] we will send [illegible]

The Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

The J. R. Torrey Razor Company
Worcester, Mass.

Ball-cup Nipple FREE

Mothers, send [illegible] advertisement [illegible] baby's name, [illegible] to a family.

Half Section.

State baby's age, kind and quantity of food.
Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1362 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

He did not force an obligation, but he created one just the same, and left the ultimate results to time.

The attitude of Congress toward Wilson can be described best by reverting to the university comparison. In many colleges the students admire the intellectual attainments of their president, but have no particular affection for him. So with the senators and representatives. They admire President Wilson's intellect, but they are always a little afraid of how he may use that intellect on them. Still, more than any public man I have ever known, Wilson has succeeded in impressing the idea of duty on his party fellows. The strongest word in his vocabulary is Ought!

"We ought to do this," he said. "Then let's do it!"

The subject of this admonition may not have admitted the oughtness at first, but before the final twist is applied the president has argued the matter out with him. The president has backed the recalcitrant into a corner and has pelted him with his own logical presidential conclusions on the matter. There is no escape.

Not a man in the Congress can cope with him when it comes to the logical, orderly and conclusive presentation of a proposition. He is always prepared. He has thought out his premises and conclusions. He makes those premises and draws those conclusions with pitiless regularity and cumulative force; and then he says: "You admit we ought to do this. Then why not do it?" And there is no answer save: "Why not?"

Mr. Wilson will never be a popular president, so far as official Washington is concerned, for popularity in the White House means easygoing there; but he seems unconcerned about that. His sole idea is to execute the commission given him by the people—to carry out, so far as he may be able, the policies he, as the instrument of the people, represents; and the details of personal popularity or personal aggrandizement or personal exaltation do not occur to him as worth considering.

It is his job; and he is working at it with no intention of evading a single responsibility or of shifting one, and with no intention of relinquishing an iota of the control or being sidetracked by outside influences or inside pressure. His title is President of the United States of America, and he will remain in full possession of all rights, appurtenances, powers and prerogatives so long as he shall remain in the White House.

Moreover this idea has found wide understanding throughout the country—as I shall show in another article.

Beating the Gas Man

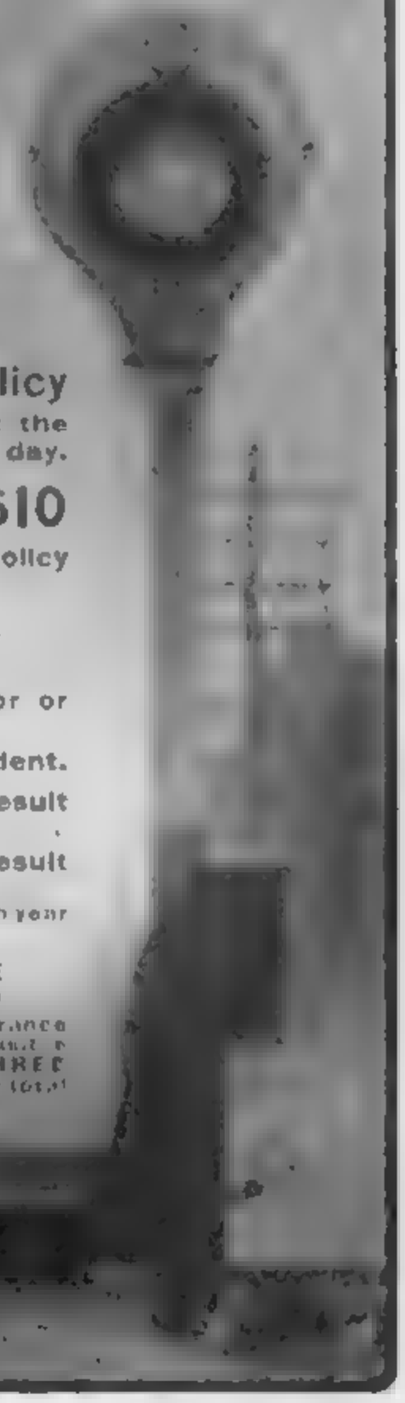
THE most adroit scheme yet reported to beat the gas meter and get gas for nothing was recently discovered in Honolulu, and its success was due to the use of a modern scientific laboratory apparatus. The customer was supplied with gas coming through a common quarter-in-the-slot meter, a quarter dropped into the meter supplying gas to the burners until a quarter's worth of the illuminant has been used, when the flames begin to die out and warn the customer that another quarter is required. The collectors for the Honolulu company regularly opened this meter to take out the expected quarters, but they never found any. A watch kept on the house showed that gas was being used every night. The customer explained it by saying that he was using gas as he had done for years, but that he did not drop any quarters in the slot because the gas kept coming without them. A new meter was put in, but the next collection trip did not bring any quarters, nor were there slugs or any other substitutes found in the meter. Every few days then a newly tested meter was put in, but the customer continued to use gas and the company found no quarters.

At last the company surrendered and offered to pay the customer a sum of money if he would tell his scheme, promising not to prosecute. He agreed and took the inspectors to his little laboratory. First he showed a little mold, to cast disks about the size of quarters. In this he poured water, and then in a few seconds, by means of an ether spray-freezing machine such as is in common use in science, he froze the water. Thus he had an ice disk the size of a quarter. This was dropped into the meter slot and the gas came.

The ice melted inside of the meter and the few drops of water quickly ran out, leaving no trace of his trick.

ÆTNA-IZED?

WHEN some Engineer runs past a signal and many lives are lost in the wreck, that is the time to remember that railroad travel is not the most important hazard against which the average man needs accident insurance.



The ÆTNA Combination Policy

Furnishes Insurance Protection against the multitude of hazards every man runs every day.

$3,250 Insurance for $10

In extent and variety of protection this policy is exclusive and without a rival.

For $10 a year (In "Preferred" Occupations)

THIS POLICY PAYS:

$2,000 for death from Travel, Elevator or Burning Building Accident.
$1,000 for death from Ordinary Accident.
$2,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Travel Accident.
$1,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Ordinary Accident.

The above amounts accumulate Ten Per Cent each year for five years without additional cost.

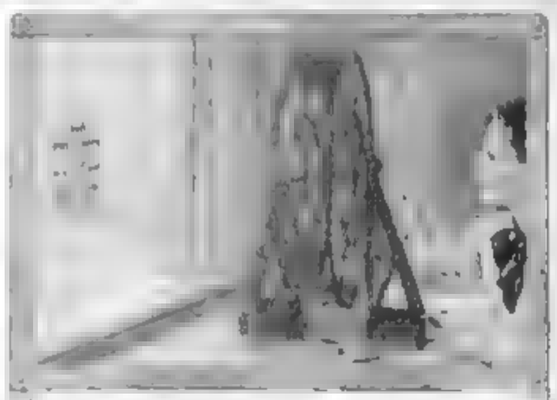
$250 FOR DEATH FROM ANY CAUSE
(No Medical Examination Required.)

The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of $3,250 at a cost of less than THREE CENTS A DAY in addition to weekly indemnity for total or partial disability from accident.

SEND IN THE COUPON TO-DAY

Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn. Sat. Evg. Post

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination.
My name, business address and occupation are written below.



"A Wonderful Developer of Latent Ability—"

MECCANO

The romance of the sky-scraper and the great bridge glows in every boy's soul. He who today builds toy towers, derricks and Ferris Wheels with his MECCANO—learning the magic of beams and girders, bolts and plates—may tomorrow build the giant structures of his dreams.

Get that boy you are interested in a set of MECCANO

See its brass and nickeled-steel toy building material at your toy or sporting goods dealer. Or, if he can't supply you, write for book [illegible] and MECCANO. Write us to send catalogue and full information of "the best thing ever invented for a boy."

Be sure the name MECCANO is on box

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY
25 Church Street, Albany, N. Y.

Toys that Teach

Awake refreshed!

After a sound night's sleep in soft, roomy, well-fitting

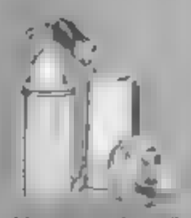
Faultless Pajamas Night Shirts

you are ready to meet what the day may bring—with energy and good cheer.

Faultless Nightwear is more than comfortable; it introduces *style* in night garments.

Pajamas $1 and up. Night Shirts at all prices, dependent upon materials. Write us for the Faultless "Bed-time Book."

E. Rosenfeld & Co.
Baltimore and New York
Makers of "Faultless" Day Shirts with Soft Cuffs



Westinghouse Electric and the Making of Electric Light

THE push button with which you flood your room with electric light is your key to a wonderful system of electrical machinery and service.

It isn't merely the glowing lamp bulb—clean, safe, and convenient—or the motor or the heating device, that makes electricity in your home or office worth the price you pay for it.

It is the service that keeps a constant supply of current flowing, day and night, always ready for *your* use. Behind this service are the machines that make the current, and the apparatus for its economical delivery.

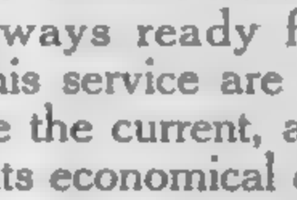
Westinghouse Electric machinery for making and utilizing electricity is known all over the world as the type of machinery that makes perfect lighting, heating and power service possible.

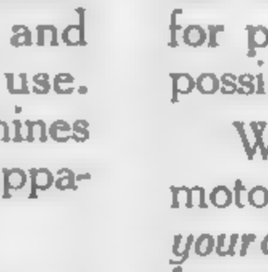
It is the system of transmission originated and developed by Westinghouse Electric that enables you to light *your* home, *your* office and *your* city, and to have the same current available for power and heat at the low price possible today.

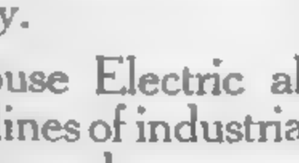
Westinghouse Electric also makes motors for all lines of industrial work, for *your* office, for *your* home—your electric fan motor, for example, and the motor that operates your vacuum cleaner.

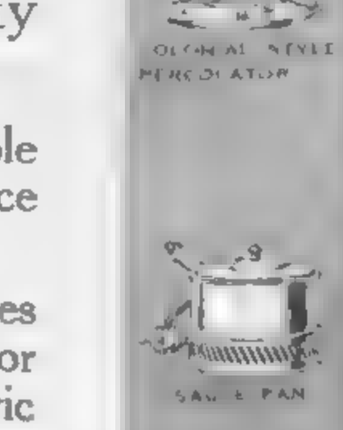
Westinghouse Electric also makes electrical heating devices of all kinds that you can use in your own home. All are built up to the same high standard.

The name "Westinghouse Electric" is *your* guarantee.









Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities East Pittsburgh, Penna. Representatives all over the World

IN BOOM TIMES

Continued from Page 7

Bang! Bang! Bang! The roar of forty-fives interrupted me. I jumped to the door. The darkness of the street was pierced with flashes; two men were settling an argument in front of a dance hall. George did not move from the steps until one of the wounded men was carried into the office, shot through the body.

Hardly was he on his way to the hospital, and I ready to follow, when a second shooting affray broke out at the other end of the street. George, still sitting on the steps and nursing his pipe, watched one of the participants dash by, his hobnailed boots striking fire from the flinty ground. I recognized him as a waiter in a restaurant. As he ran he yelled to me:

"Doc, I just shot that Swede gambler up the street! Got him good and plenty!"

I had one eye on my guest, for I expected some sort of an outburst from him. Two gunfights in one night was unusual; two on the same street inside of five minutes had never happened before. George listened until the hammer of footsteps died away in the distance, but he made no comment.

The wounded man died at the hospital and we were late in getting to bed. Just as we were preparing to retire there was a knock at the door. It was a young tramp miner with a broken hand. He told a pitiful hard-luck story and I set the broken bones and made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

"When did you eat last?" I asked him.

"Yesterday."

I gave him two silver dollars.

"Get something to eat and a bed," said I. "Don't gamble with this money and don't buy booze with it, because all these tinhorns and saloonkeepers know me and if you spend the money the wrong way I'll be sure to hear about it."

The boy promised and went away.

"You're pretty soft!" said George. "Anybody could tell that the kid was a professional hobo. His hard-luck story was too good to be true. He'll probably bet that two dollars on the line and go broke."

I did not argue the case, because I thought it more than likely that George's diagnosis was correct. Our first caller in the morning was the tramp. I knew when I looked at him that he had not slept.

"Doc," said he, "I thought I'd better come round and tell you about it. I felt lucky last night; so after I had a plate of beans and some coffee I played a little Black Jack and won; then I went over to the crap table and ——"

"Aha! What did I tell you?" chuckled George.

"And now you want breakfast money?" said I.

"No, doc, I don't," said the boy. "I told you I felt lucky. The dice certainly used me right; so I thought the best thing to do would be to come round and split with you, fifty-fifty."

He took eight twenty-dollar goldpieces from his pocket and laid four of them on the desk.

"There's your cut, doc," said he. "It's always fifty-fifty when you stake a feller."

I took the money—and George went outside and loaded his pipe. I never knew what he thought, because he did not say. He left us the next afternoon, carrying with him some peculiar ideas about the West. I suppose to this day George never thinks of Nevada without associating the state with knife wounds, forty-five-caliber revolvers, sudden death, and bread upon the waters paying four thousand per cent.

IV

IN TIME I surrendered to the microbe of optimism. I think my capitulation was due in great measure to the stone-and-cement buildings that were erected when the railroad came through. They made a powerful appeal to the conservative element in my nature. It did not seem that there was so much danger of the camp's blowing away after it had been anchored with a sixty-thousand-dollar bank building, a modern hotel and an electric-light plant.

Automobiles chugged through the streets. Tents and shacks disappeared and their places were taken by substantial structures. Outwardly, at least, Rhyolite was taking on a semblance of stability and permanence.

My practice grew steadily. Do not think these people of the desert were satisfied with a small amount of attention, antiquated ideas in medicine and slipshod methods. I found them most exacting. A patient might be a mucker from a mine, or he might be an Eastern capitalist fresh from the hands of the best specialists in the country. Money was no object—but service they would have.

We passed through some terrible epidemics of lobar pneumonia of a very virulent type. The Eastern physician who believes he has seen pneumonia at its worst can have but a faint conception of the desert scourge. When cold weather came it fell on us like a bolt from the sky, and there were times when the hospital was filled with these cases. A mining-camp doctor cannot shirk responsibility or run away from his work. He is shut in with it and every fight is a fight to a finish.

I decided that my office was not large enough and built a five-room bungalow at a cost of something like nine thousand dollars. The lumber bill alone was thirty-five hundred dollars.

I speculated a bit as time went on and acquired some very handsome specimens of steel engraving, which are still in my possession though I have forgotten just where they are. I have not seen them for some time, because it makes my head ache to look at them and recall all that they stood for in the days when we thought we had another Tonopah in the shade of Ladd Mountain.

Whenever stock in a new property was placed on the market it was customary for everybody to buy a few dollars' worth. This ceremony took the place of a vote of confidence; it was our way of showing good faith. And then, of course, there might be another Mohawk at the bottom of the hole, though we bought the stock whether the hole was dug or not.

It was at this period that the advertising fever touched one hundred and five degrees and the boom swelled to its greatest proportions. The camp was virtually living on foreign money and no dollar that came in was allowed to escape if the promoters could help it.

I have heard of a very simple but effective scheme that was worked with tremendous success upon Eastern capitalists in search of investment.

We will say that Mr. Coyne T. Byrne, of Chicago or New York, arrives, allowing it to be known that he is in the market for mining properties. A gentlemanly agreement between mineowners makes Mr. Byrne the prey of the one who sees him first—Smith, for instance. Smith shows Mr. Byrne the Singing Mule property, but does not succeed in landing the capitalist. Enter Jones, also a mineowner, who takes Mr. Byrne to dinner.

More than likely Mr. Byrne asks Jones' opinion of the Singing Mule. According to the game as played in the East that would be Jones' cue to tell the painful but honest truth about the Mule—Mr. Byrne expects to hear the worst—especially from a man who admits that he has mines of his own for sale; but nothing of the sort happens.

"You don't mean to say that you've been offered a chance at such a property as the Singing Mule?" ejaculates Jones.

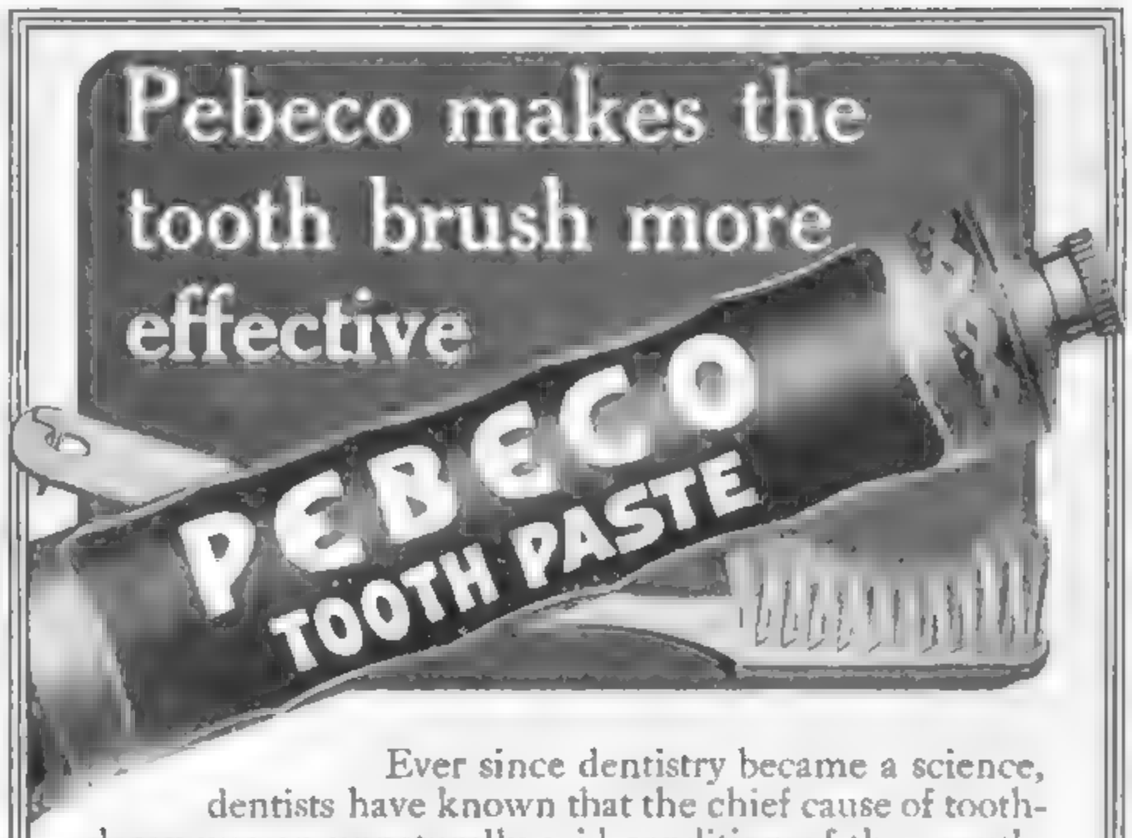
Mr. Byrne acknowledges that such is the case. Mr. Jones dives into his pocket for a checkbook. He writes a check payable to Byrne for five thousand dollars—or even ten thousand dollars—the size depending upon the price Smith hopes to get for the Singing Mule.

"Here!" says Jones, crowding the check on the stranger. "If you buy that property put me down for the first ten thousand dollars' worth of stock. Why, she's a bonanza!"

This frank offer, backed by a check that is perfectly good when inquiries are made at the bank, goes far toward convincing Mr. Byrne that the Singing Mule is the Caruso of its kind. He buys the mine, Smith makes good to Jones the amount of his check—with a suitable commission—everything is lovely, and the alien money remains in the camp.

V

I AM not going into the causes that led to the failure of the metropolis of the Bullfrog District. For one thing Rhyolite had been overpromoted; for another, the district did not produce sufficient high-grade ore to sustain a boom. When the properties did not develop as they were expected to do there was a shrinkage in the value of stocks. The banks had been loaning money and taking mining stocks and properties as



Ever since dentistry became a science, dentists have known that the chief cause of tooth-decay was an unnaturally acid condition of the mouth.

With the introduction of Pebeco, a dentifrice was offered to the public which makes brushing the teeth something more than merely cleaning them.

Pebeco Tooth Paste

Pebeco Tooth Paste not only does all that ordinary dentifrices do, but in addition it overcomes the cause of 95% of tooth decay—acid-mouth.

In fact, Pebeco is a dentifrice scientifically formulated to counteract the action of the mouth-acids in weakening the tooth enamel. Pebeco preserves the hard protective covering of the teeth, and thus prevents the decay-germs from forming cavities in the softer interior dentine and completing the tooth's destruction.

Pebeco not only beautifully cleans, whitens and polishes the teeth and purifies the breath of tobacco or other odors, it also delights you with its sensation of revitalization and refreshment.

Send for FREE Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers

and prove by practical test the all-round efficiency of Pebeco. With the test papers you can discover whether or not you have acid-mouth and see for yourself how Pebeco overcomes it. Pebeco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold in extra-large tubes by dealers everywhere. Very economical—because so little need be used at a time—saves money and saves teeth. For trial tube and test papers address

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William Street, New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rexeris Talcum

Shave With a Smile

MORGAN Beard Softener and Massage Brush

25 cts.

On account of the peculiar condition of the hairs the beard cannot be softened properly before shaving. The Morgan Beard Softener will break down and soften the beard in half a minute.

Sold by all Drug, Hardware, Cutlery and Department Stores, or sent direct on receipt of price

Buy one To-day

MORGAN SALES CO. Dept. 4 Shamokin, Pa.

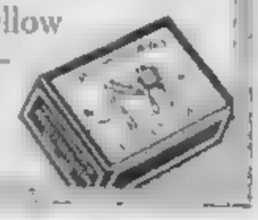
The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets

WE PAY FREIGHT

United Mills Mfg. Co.

Eat Dromedary Dates Oftener

and use them in cooking. They contain more nourishment than fruit, meat, eggs or fish. Look for this bright yellow and brown package and ask for these dates by name—



DROMEDARY DATES

FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN!

The Victrola satisfies your love of music

The love of music is born in every one of us, and we naturally come to love the kind of music we hear the most.

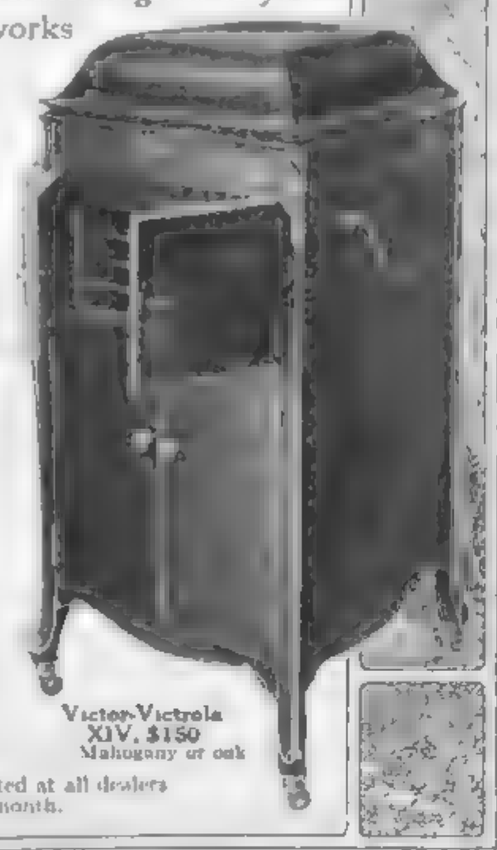
In this day of the Victrola it is easy for every one to hear the world's best music—and not only to hear it, but to understand and enjoy it, for this wonder instrument gives to you a thorough appreciation of the masterworks of music.

The Victrola opens to you a new and ever-increasing vista of musical delight, as elevating as it is entertaining, and completely satisfies your longing for musical recreation.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors



Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

security. When the bottom dropped out of the market the bottom dropped out of the banks too. And there was another reason: the country, in the language of a wise old desert-rat friend of mine, was "ripe for a trimming."

"They been a-flyin' too high, doc," said he. "They're due to come down; so get from under. The stuff ain't in the ground, I tell you; and when the old high-grade ain't in the bowels of the earth you can't pump it in with hot air or shoot it in with printer's ink. Play her for a bust, doc. This country is ripe for a trimming!"

The bubble, having reached its limit, did not explode at once; it began to dwindle in size and lose its bright coloring. Then the ingrown and incurable optimism of the inhabitants asserted itself.

"A bank or two has failed," said they; "why, sure! What of that? Don't banks fail everywhere? This is nothing but a temporary setback—a slight depression. It'll be all right in a few days."

Rhyolite, they announced with a great deal of heat, was going to be another Tonopah—yes, even greater than Tonopah—and all the powers of earth and air could not stop her. The slight depression they mentioned might resemble the bottomless pit to an outsider; but the darker the outlook the louder rose the boosting chorus. If expressions of confidence could have saved the camp it would have been saved a thousand times over. Those men were so thoroughly impregnated with the boosting spirit that they could not or would not recognize disaster.

About this time there rose a loud noise to the north of us. The camp of Rawhide was celebrating the first flush—we called it the fourflush—of its boom. The gamblers packed their paraphernalia and left us—and that was a bad sign, for the professional gambler always follows the money center.

Little by little the population of Rhyolite began to slip away. Men would not admit they were leaving the camp. They said they wanted to see what was doing at Rawhide—they made all sorts of excuses; but they did not come back.

I had some business that took me north and on the way I stopped at Rawhide. There were the same frame buildings, the same tents, the same crowds in the street, the same gamblers, the same brokers' offices, and the same blind eagerness to invest in anything that bore the name of a mine—it was Rhyolite in 1906 all over again.

The next day I reached Virginia City, and there I saw the other side of the picture. Virginia, as they call it in Nevada, was once the greatest silver camp the world has ever known. Out of the miles of workings underneath her steep streets came the millions that saved the credit of the nation during the Civil War. Dozens of the large fortunes of the present day were founded on the Comstock Lode.

The silver kings of the sixties built their city as if for all time, hauling in the materials by mule train. I was directed to a hotel; but there was no clerk behind the desk, no bellboy to take my satchel. I found myself alone in a spacious lobby where the furniture was hand-carved walnut or mahogany. The mirrors in their heavy frames reached halfway to the frescoed ceiling, from which hung tarnished chandeliers.

Everything about the place was massive, old-fashioned, and eloquent of the days when money was the commonest thing on the slope of Mount Davidson.

I was lost in the midst of this dusty magnificence until I heard a tapping, which seemed to proceed from the hotel office. At first I thought a woodpecker had taken possession of the premises; but on investigation I discovered an aged cobbler, who had turned the office into a shop. He was mending miners' boots, and the tap-tap-tap of his hammer rang hollowly in that lonesome place.

The cobbler pushed back his glasses and blinked at me curiously.

"Is it safe to leave my satchel here?" I asked.

"Safe enough," he said. "Nobody comes round here much. Jim will be back pretty soon and he'll take care of you."

The atmosphere of a vanished generation was depressing; so I went out and walked through the streets. On all sides were boarded windows, locked doors and dust-covered steps. It reminded me of Fifth Avenue in New York in the summertime; but I knew as I looked that the men who had locked these doors would not return for the winter—or any other season.

Each Emery Shirt

must pass seven critical inspections, prove perfect in material and workmanship, and true to size markings—before we will attach our "Emery" label.

Dealers everywhere sell Emery Shirts with our printed Guarantee on *color, fit* and *wear*,—A New Shirt for One That Fails. Price, $1.50 up.

For shirt-satisfaction insist on the shirt with this label

Emery

Book a guide to correct dress

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia
Offices also, New York, Chicago, St. Louis

Upside down or rightside up, it can't leak

If you're [illegible] about fountain pens and parties to [illegible] vented [illegible] satisfaction, my handy little Jack Knife Safety will make a hit with you. I think you will be delighted with it.

Geo. S. Parker.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE

Jack Knife Safety Fountain Pen

A handy as a short pen [illegible] Just slip it in any pocket, suit case, trunk or drawer and [illegible] Can't leak because of the "lucky curve" and the little special locking feature that safely shuts in the ink. Always ready—writes like a fresh dipped pen, smooth as glass and silent as the fall of snow.

The Lucky Curve

The patented idea that has [illegible] and made the Parker Pen so close

You can buy any Parker Pen on free trial, with money back if not satisfactory. 15,000 Dealers handle all styles—many [illegible] Standard, Jack Knife [illegible] Self Filling types at $2.50 $3 $4 $5 and up. If you can't locate a Dealer, write us for catalog

No 33 (Gold) $3.25 No 20 $2.50

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

You are cordially invited to visit our New York Retail Store in the big Woolworth Building

The Name Freeman On Face Powder Means Highest Quality 25c

Our Guarantee

Prove it at our Cost. We assert that 25c is the top limit for real value in any Powder; if any one knows how to make it, *we do*.

Buy, for 25c, a box of Freeman's—use half. If it does not suit, or you don't think it the equal of any 50c or $1.00 Powder you ever used, return the balance [illegible]

Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 77, Cincinnati, O.

Clark Heaters
FOR WINTER DRIVING
In Auto, Sleigh or Carriage

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(94)

At dusk I came on three old men sitting on the edge of the sidewalk.

"How does the camp look?" I asked.

"Well," said one old fellow, "she's picking up a little—yes, sir, she shore is! Been pretty quiet for a long spell, but she'll get over that—give her time. She's picking up some—ain't she, boys?"

Thus appealed to, the others wagged their gray heads and nodded assent.

"She was a humdinger once!" said the spokesman. "Yes, sir; she was a looloo bird with a long tail, and she will be again when silver gets back to the right mark. If Dick Bland had lived—— Well, she's picking up right along anyhow."

So there I found it again—the hopeless, ingrown optimism of the mining country, where no depression is more than temporary and no decline is cureless.

I went back to the hotel and was guided upstairs by a decrepit Chinaman, who seemed childishly pleased to see a strange face. Perhaps that was why he asked me only a dollar for the use of a suite of rooms that, judging from the richness of their fittings, must have been reserved for bridal couples or the princes of the silver age.

I looked at the big four-poster bed, the marble-topped tables, and the thick, faded Brussels carpet. Surely here was the permanent camp if ever there was one; and there came to me a realization that stone and solid timbers do not make prosperity—nor can they hold it once it begins to slip away. The soul of Virginia City had been the men in it—and they were gone.

I thought of Rawhide, with its new white tents in the sagebrush. Within forty-eight hours I had seen the beginning and the end of a mining boom; and somewhere between the two I saw the finish of the metropolis of the Bullfrog.

I remained in Rhyolite until there were only three hundred inhabitants left; so it cannot be said I deserted my practice. My practice deserted me. I did, however, take the precaution to transfer all my available capital to a California bank, so that when the final crash came I was able to establish myself in a city and wait for a practice, which I am thankful to say is arriving.

There are times, however, when I am lonesome for the desert, and nights when I miss the men I knew there. I think of the Bull Pen—our exclusive social club—and I see them all again, the cheerful, hardy souls who met there to pass the evenings. There will never be a reunion in the Bull Pen, for some of those men are dead and the rest of them are scattered over the face of the earth—probably on the track of the latest gold excitement.

Wherever they are, I wish them well with all my heart; but I shall probably never buy any more stock in their prospects.

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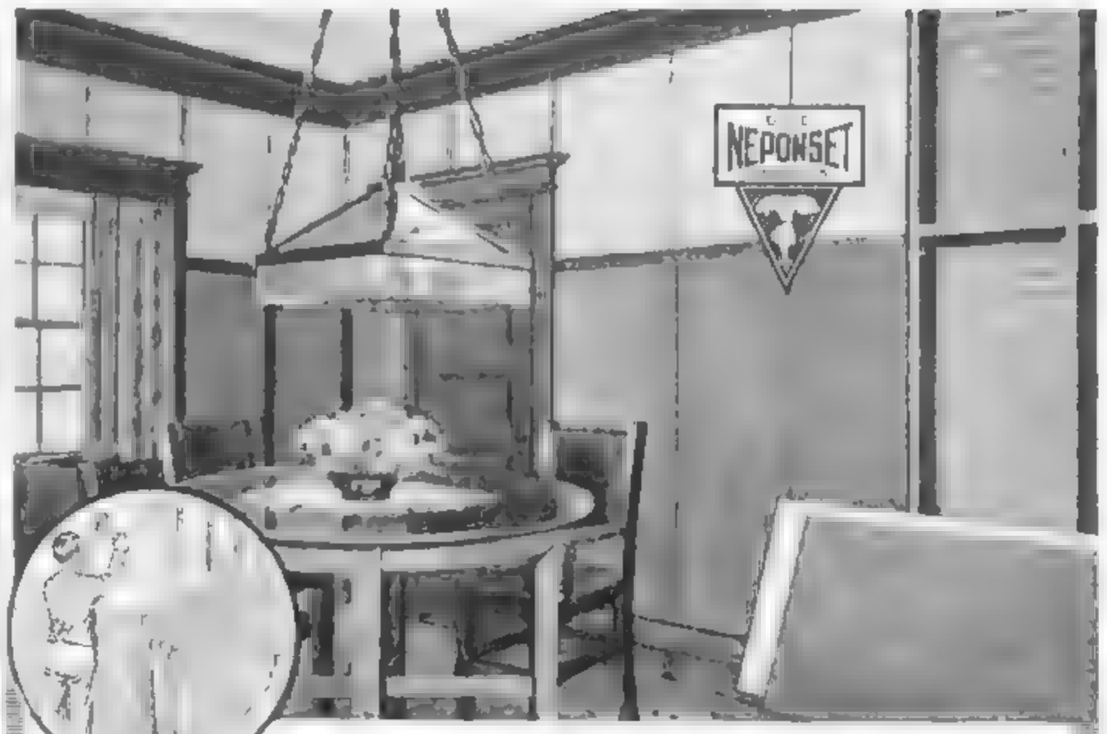
IN SPITE of all the advance of the last five years it is still the great problem of road-builders to construct a road suitable for both automobiles and teams which will give a long life of wear. A French engineer has in desperation turned to steel. He has developed a material which he calls iron straw, a wiry, fibrous mass of iron or steel, in appearance something like the bunches of coarse hair used by plasterers to mix in plaster for walls and ceilings. This iron straw he mixes in concrete, and then builds concrete roads much after the accepted methods. Much of the iron straw appears on the surface of the concrete, embedded so that it will not tear tires, but is still able to take much of the wear and to bind the concrete.

Meanwhile an eminent English chemist has suggested that rubber roads would solve the problem if it were not for the expense, and that in some places it may be worth while to use this material even before the day when rubber becomes cheap. For years the courtyards of two of the leading hotels in London have been paved with rubber, in order to deaden noise, and also the approach and exit of the Euston Station in London. Slabs of rubber two and a half inches thick, on a solid base, make the pavement, and ten years' use of this pavement in one hotel and thirteen years in the other hotel have worn the rubber only halfway through. The railroad station approaches were paved with rubber thirty-two years ago, and the only renewal was on part of the ingoing roadways ten years ago. This chemist estimates that at present prices rubber pavement would cost twelve or fourteen times as much as asphalt.



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No. 3

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THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 21)

I was actually ransacking my memory of that event, in the frantic hope of finding him, when another look at the man himself stopped me. He was so essentially different from any man who could possibly have gone to Mrs. Lake's.

He stood up now, laid aside his crutch and took off his coat and waistcoat. There was something businesslike about the plain blue shirt he wore and about the neatly fitting trousers, which were tailored in over his slim hips and made a belt superfluous. But it was the man inside the clothes who after all conveyed the impression. He had the air of a professional athlete. A baseball player? No, he was trained finer than that. He reminded me a little of an old professional mile runner who had coached the university track team once.

Again it was as if I had spoken my thought aloud, because he began doing a series of rough setting-up exercises, stretching out his arms and bending them back and raising his legs alternately straight out in front of him.

What in the world, I wondered, could a man like that want with a crutch! He had about as much use for it as a duck would have for a pair of galoshes.

Presently, as his muscles warmed and limbered up, he began doing things that I had never seen an athlete do—began twisting and writhing about in a boneless way that was utterly serpentine. Quite rhythmically and suavely he bent over backward, took hold of his ankles, and thrust his head through between his knees.

At that, with a gasp, I recognized him, and solved the mystery of his association with Elaine at the same time. He was the contortionist in her company—the man who had furnished the hideous background for one of her terrible dances in the third act.

Carrington had told me something about him. What was it? He hadn't been a part of the original New York production. That was it! He was a new idea of hers. She had only taken him on, Carrington said, after she had started on the road.

Following that flash, as quickly as the shout of the thunder follows the glare of a near-striking bolt of lightning, came another idea—a real idea this time.

It was only after Elaine had left New York and started on the road that this strange terror, which Carrington had remarked, had overtaken her. The inference was unescapable. Here under my eyes, in the person of this ugly, middle-aged contortionist, stood the terror incarnate. He had some hold upon her that she dared not even try to shake off. That secret of hers, which she could not confide to Carrington nor to me, which must be held safe in the face of any risk—well, this man must share it with her.

I am trying to tell you in sequence what I thought about as I watched him there from among the roots of my sheltering tree, because it was my thoughts that culminated finally in something that I did. I had often wondered what I should do in any emergency that should arise demanding an act of courage. There have been insomniac periods when I have beguiled the time by picturing babies astray in front of motor cars, people falling off piers into the water, and trying to see myself in the rôle of rescuer. I never could do it. I used to get what comfort I could out of the reflection that the trouble with me was not cowardice but slowness. I am one of those unfortunates who cannot move without thinking first. The hero, I have told myself, is the man whose instinct leads him to act without thinking.

Well, if there was anything like a prayer in the back of my mind it was that I might be able to think fast enough and straight enough to do the right thing when the time came.

In the meantime I watched. The contortionist seemed to be trying himself out, stretching and testing every muscle in his body to see that all was perfect. At last he stood erect again and began sending a sort of ripple—at first it was no more than that—up his spine. But each one grew larger than the last until finally it was a hideous, impossible-looking curve away up under his shoulder blades. The blades themselves stood out and the neck projected grotesquely forward.

I am well aware that the thing is impossible in any normally constituted anatomy; but the fact remains that this man, whatever nature, art or accident had done for him, changed himself, by a transformation so horrible that it haunted my dreams for a long time afterward, from an erect, athletic looking figure of about my own height into an unmistakable hunchback a good six inches shorter.

When he bent over to pick up his crutch I caught a glimpse of his face and saw it wearing an ugly grin. He slipped the crutch under his right armpit, stuck up his shoulder a little and walked a step or two along the ledge. Then he relaxed suddenly and straightened out again. Probably it required a considerable muscular effort to keep himself contorted like that.

Well, I knew now who had committed the murder up in Room 309 in the Palace Hotel. His apparent alibi in the fact that he was taking part in Elaine's performance at the theater at the time when the murder occurred puzzled me for a minute or two; but then I worked it out. He had come on during the first act, but only in the early part of it and not at all in the second. Indeed, his only subsequent appearance had been in one of Elaine's later dances in the third, one that followed my own return from the lobby.

He must have dressed after his first appearance and left the theater in his proper person. But his crutch? That was what the loop of cord was for! He could hang it round his neck and button it up under his overcoat.

Somewhere between the theater and the hotel he had made the transformation which had just taken place under my eyes. And it was as a hunchback that he walked boldly into the hotel and rode up in the elevator to Room 309.

The act showed an almost satanic precalculation that was more horrifying than anything else about it. He must have meant to commit the crime, or at least have foreseen its possibility, when he left the theater with his crutch.

But, granting that, it was one of the most perfect things of its kind I had ever heard of. I recalled what Elaine had said that very morning. If you wanted to keep people from thinking of one thing you must give them something else to think about. He saw to it that he gave us a hunchback to think about and then went his ways in complete security.

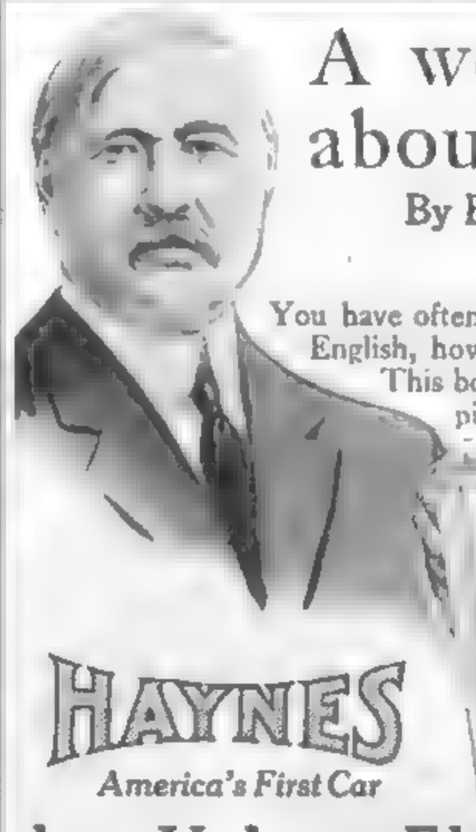
What he did when he returned to the theater was plain enough too. Probably he had come out through the audience rather than through the stage door, because the stage doorkeeper would have remarked his going. Instead, he had slipped through the steel door into the corridor behind the boxes and left the house, probably taking a return check with him. I think, too, that he must have noticed my empty seat (you will remember that I was up in the balcony with Carrington at that time) and the sight of it might have suggested to him the possibility of coming back that way. At all events, he did come back that way, went down to my seat with the aid of an usher, and tucked his crutch away under it. As I have said, the seat was at the extreme right and only a step or two from the end of the little corridor behind the boxes.

Then, at some moment when Elaine, on the stage, held the breathless attention of every one else in the house, he could have made his way from his seat back on to the stage, slipped out of his overcoat and trousers, which were all he need have worn over his costume for the third act, and been ready to appear upon his cue.

As for Elaine's terror, which had kept Carrington back there with her all through the second and third acts, was that because she knew the man was missing and suspected his errand? Perhaps so.

But the moment the story touched Elaine it became mysterious again. My discovery neither explained her connection with the crime that this man had committed nor supplied a motive for it.

He made a few more tentative writhings and stretchings after he had resumed his natural shape. Then, with a briskness that suggested a well-formed intention of some kind, he put on his coat and waistcoat once more. Out of one of his side pockets, where he had had it wrapped in a bit of tissue paper, he took a wig, an untidy, elderly, grayish brown wig with rather long hair, and this he fitted carefully over his head.



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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILA., PA.

His hat no longer looked too large for him when he put it on and pulled it well down over his eyes.

Evidently the preliminaries were over and the real thing, whatever it might be, was about to begin. I should have to decide upon my own course pretty quickly if I did not mean to be left out of the affair altogether.

For still another moment I was puzzled. Beyond the slightest doubt the man was a murderer and my duty to civilized society was to do everything in my power to get him apprehended. My duty to civilized society didn't trouble me, but my duty to Elaine did. The chances were that she had suspected him as the murderer from the first. And yet, with all the terror of him that I knew she felt, she had screened him all the while. For anything I knew to the contrary, it might have been to meet him that she had driven off to the Harrison farm not much more than an hour ago. Should I take the game into my own hands and let her secret take its chance? Or should I allow it to go on as she had meant it to be played?

I think I might have taken the latter course—stayed there in the shelter among the roots and let him clamber down the hillside unmolested—if he had not stooped just then and picked up his crutch. At that, all in a flash, the thing came over me—the meaning of all that preliminary warming up, the testing and stretching of his muscles, the assumption, for a minute or two, of that distorted shape which was perhaps the most difficult—and the deadliest—of all his accomplishments. He had gone as a hunchback to that room in the Palace Hotel because he meant to kill. He was going as a hunchback now to the Harrison farm, and Elaine was there. He had been watching and he probably knew she was there.

Well, he had given me time to think and I knew now what I must do. I don't pretend it was easy, nor even that I didn't cast about wildly for an instant in the hope of seeing another way. There was no other way and, taking my stick in both hands, I stepped out on the stump of an overhanging root. The act of course caught his eye and he looked up at me. Still, I think that if the root had not broken under me, spoiling my take-off, I should have come down as I had planned to do, squarely on top of him. As it was, I came sprawling all in a heap. But I think I must have struck him somehow because I vaguely remember seeing him get on his feet again. I saw him, I know, through a red mist. But whether that was because there was blood running down into my eyes then, or whether it was pure anger that made him look like that, I don't know. At any rate, I did see him catch up his crutch by the shaft, gripping it down near the shoe, saw him give a little tentative swing to it like a player addressing a golf ball, and then step back to get his distance for a clean blow at me.

I must have dropped my stick in my fall, because I know I was empty-handed. I remember feeling mildly pleased at discovering that I wasn't afraid, although I knew quite well that the blow was meant to kill me. My only grievance was that, standing there in the face of immediate dissolution, I couldn't think of anything heroic to think. It was my last chance and I wasn't rising to the situation!

But, as it turned out, the situation didn't call for it. I saw the crutch drawn back for its final swing and then, quite slowly it seemed to me, the man let go of it with one hand and extended both his arms. He seemed to be leaning back, too, at quite an unnatural angle, and the menacing grin which had been on his face gave place to an almost laughable look of surprise. With a wild and futile waving of his crutch in the air he crumpled up and disappeared.

It was only afterward that I really knew what had happened—that in stepping back for that last swing at me he had gone too far; either the edge of that little landslip had crumbled and broken away under him or he had stepped clean past it and had fallen backward down the sheer side of the hill.

Everything was rocking round me by that time, and I remember laughing with what I thought was perfectly natural amusement over that last look of stupid surprise that I had seen in his face.

It must have been some minutes after this that I crawled to the edge, looked over and made him out among the rocks down at the bottom—horribly contorted again, but this time with a difference.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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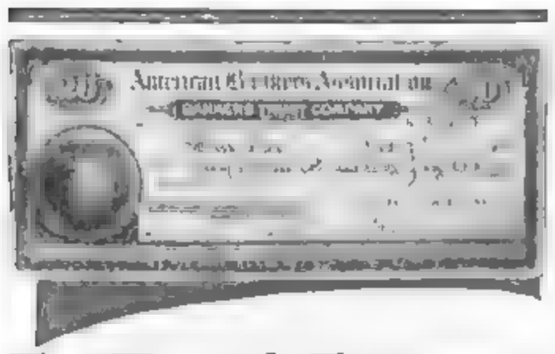

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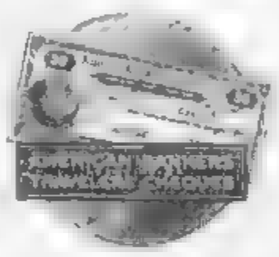

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AN IDLE MILLION

(Continued from Page 15)

"Bring it up in the council and make a speech about it," grinned Brake. "Look here, Martin, we have a mayor to look pretty; but the real work is done by the other boys. I never saw a mayor yet that could be trusted to frame anything better than an address of welcome. Come round and open an account in the City National."

VI

MAYOR MARTIN ARNOLD was not to be seen at the City Hall, nor was the founder of the firm visible in the offices of Martin Arnold & Company. In a far corner of the warehouse, however, entirely surrounded by tiers of huge dark-gray crocks, sat a slightly undersized man, with his chin on his hands and his short whiskers pushing through his fingers. Martin Arnold had not sought this dimmest corner of his establishment since he had escaped the bankruptcy his best competitor had almost forced on him; and now it seemed like home again—safe, quiet and cool. From that old-time struggle Mr. Arnold had emerged with the scalp of his competitor at his belt; and he felt that in some way he owed that victory to these solemn big crocks.

Every once in a while, as Mr. Arnold thought, he could feel a warm wave of humiliation flooding up his neck and into his cheeks. Cocksure of himself, wasn't he? Oh, yes—he was a smart man! They couldn't pull the wool over his eyes! He was going to be a mayor that was a mayor, even if he was busy! Meantime they had plastered on the first months of his incumbency the rawest, rottenest graft in the history of the city—and his name had to stand for it.

A warehouse man, in blue blouse and jumpers, came back through the storeroom whistling He Never Cares to Wander From His Own Fireside. He peered into the dim corner of cogitation and saw the boss. The whistling stopped abruptly and the man tiptoed back the full length of the room, shaking the crockery at every tread. His coming, however, had been serviceable.

Martin Arnold produced from his pocket a well-thumbed copy of the Treasury Commission ordinance, moved over to the crack of light, and read the thing again. He had perused that official enactment until he could recite it backward. He had scrutinized accusingly every comma and semicolon, the crossing of every *t* and the dotting of every i; and he had no hope of finding anything new in the frayed paper.

Some person out in the wareroom pulled down a windowshade and blotted out the light; then the shade went up with a slam—and Martin's eye fell on one word which was so startling in its significance that it seemed like a new one, though it had been there all the time.

Three minutes later the president and founder of Martin Arnold & Company, with a smile on his face, was washing his hands in the office and speaking pleasantly to his employees. Five minutes after that he was on his way to his lawyer's.

VII

BIG Tom Brake sat in his favorite armchair at the Brake Club, when the lop-eared boy came to him and made signs.

"There's a policeman downstairs," the boy was finally induced to state. "He says can he see you."

"Who is it?"

"He says it's Tad Hennessy. He says to tell you that if you ain't here he'll beat it. It's a pinch!"

Much annoyed, Brake strode down to where big Tad Hennessy stood waiting at the side of the door. On the steps, however, there was a tableau that held the Old Man's attention for a moment. Dick Foley, who had once been the welterweight champion of his ward but was now the proprietor of the best political saloon in town, a landed proprietor and a member of the new Treasury Commission, also an incorporator of the new City National Bank, was shaking his fist under Officer Tearney's nose.

"You big slob! I'll break you!" he was announcing in tones of frantic wrath. "There never was the day a big harp like you could take me in!"

"Aw, come on quiet, Dicky!" pleaded Officer Tearney, who felt keenly the embarrassment of his position.

"What's the matter here?" demanded Big Tom; and at the sound of his voice the combatants seemed relieved.

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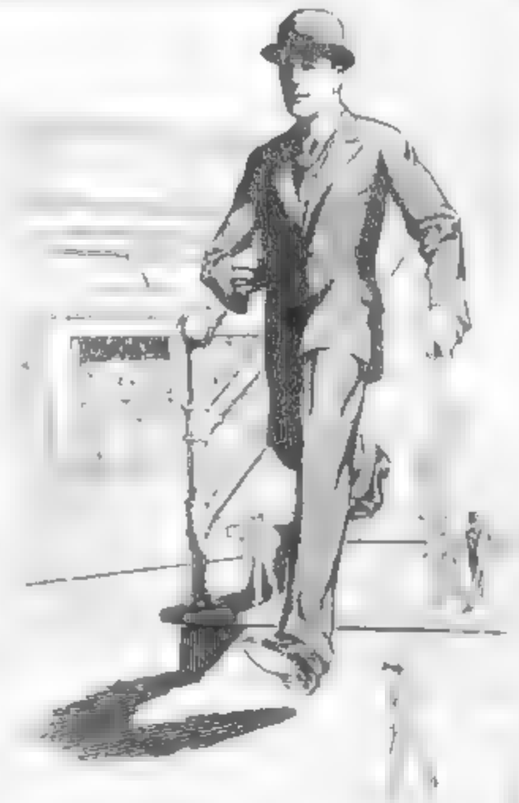

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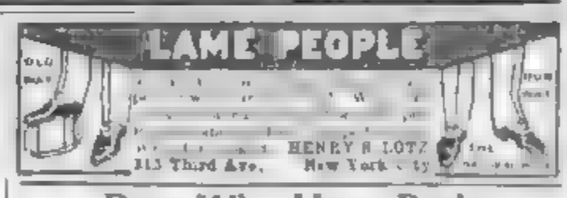

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These are only a few of the startling truths you may read in next week's

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

"It's a pinch, Tom!" explained Foley. "What do you think of that!"

"All right—you're pinched then," decided Brake calmly. "You've done your duty, Tearney—now go on about your business."

Tearney looked dubiously at his fellow officer.

"It's all right, Mike," advised Tad Hennessy. "Mr. Foley's under custody. Mr. Brake, you're arrested, in the name of the law. Do I tell the chief you'll be down to see him after a while or will you call him up?"

"What's broke loose, Tad?" inquired Brake, much surprised, and gathering black wrath for some one.

"The warrants are swore out by the mayor," explained Tad. "They're for you, and Foley here, and Fletcher, and Phelps, and Swissman, and Dorsey."

Big Tom's heavy-lidded eyes opened somewhat. The six gentlemen named were the entire membership of the new Treasury Commission and the sole incorporators of the new City National Bank.

"What's the charge?"

"Gambling!" snorted Tad. "It's a lowdown trick."

"Get me a taxi!" ordered Big Tom, and both policemen ran after it.

Within a very short time Brake strode into the office of Martin Arnold, whom he found calm of gray eye and mild of speech, though there was a smile—as of a cat that has had cream—lurking under the corners of his mustache.

"Why, hello, Brake!" he observed. "I thought you were in jail."

"I am—technically," grinned Brake. "Now tell it to me!"

"In the libel case of Mathewson against Tibbs, twenty years ago," recited the mayor with much satisfaction, "Mathewson brought suit against Tibbs for calling him—the said Mathewson—a disreputable character. Tibbs proved that Mathewson had once been arrested on a criminal charge, and that suit established, in this jurisdiction at least, the legal status of the words reputable and disreputable. The decision has been upheld in a dozen other cases, of which I can give you volume and page. If you like——"

"What are you getting at?" growled Brake, confused by so much language.

"It may be that the charge of gambling is not strong enough," went on Arnold, still in the calm satisfaction with which he had once taken the scalp of his best competitor. "If you insist that such is the case I think I can find more serious charges to place against the individual members of the Treasury Commission."

"Oh, that's it!" pondered Big Tom, almost closing his eyes. He leaned forward, with his bristled hands on his knees, and breathed a little more heavily.

"I knew you'd see it in a minute," the mayor complimented him. "The Treasury Commission ordinance distinctly states that the members of the commission shall be reputable property owners—and I expect to make you six legally disreputable before the day is over."

Big Tom Brake studied that matter very thoroughly for two long, silent minutes, and then a slight grin curled his heavy lips.

"That's cute!" he admitted.

"Rather!" complacently agreed Arnold. "I've always contended that any American city has all the laws it needs. They can be twisted to do straight work just as well as crooked work. By the way, Brake, if you fellows would rather resign from the Treasury Commission I might be able to appoint my own a little sooner."

Martin Arnold had not yet learned his full lesson.

"I'll do better than that," offered Brake generously. "If I'm licked I'm licked proper; and if you say so I'll pass out the word to repeal that ordinance."

"I think that's better," replied Arnold after a moment of snapshot judgment. "This commission isn't as safe a proposition as it looked at first. Of course there'll be no publicity about these arrests."

"Certainly not," agreed Brake, rising. "I'll have to hand it to you, Mr. Mayor, you're the smartest amateur I ever saw."

And Big Tom walked out under a mighty sense of relief. It would have been distressing to have the city's million dollars locked under the thumbs of Martin Arnold's unprogressive business friends. The repeal was a good thing.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three stories by George Randolph Chester. The second will appear in an early issue.

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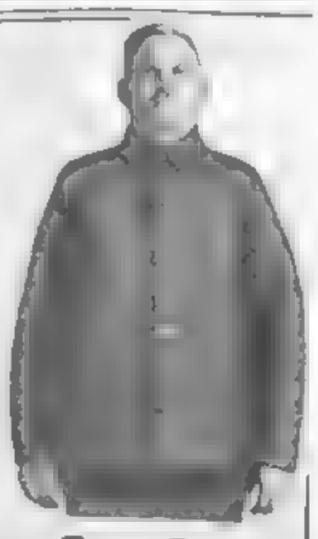

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Andrew, of Sixty-Eight North

ANDREW is six feet tall—very tall for a Loucheux—and is built in good proportions. He has white teeth and a capable mouth—no doubt he could put a billiard ball in his mouth, perhaps two; but Andrew never saw or heard of a billiard ball. He never saw or heard of a railroad train, or an automobile, or a flying ship, or a telegraph, or a telephone, or a moving picture, or a trolley car. He never even saw a horse or a cow, or a pig or a hen. Dogs? Yes—some dogs. But none of these other things, because the Loucheux tribe lives far to the north, round latitude sixty-eight, in what is about the only country on this continent fairly to be called a wilderness today. Andrew lives above the Arctic Circle, along an east-and-west line some four hundred miles in extent—though Andrew does not really know what a mile is, and measures distance for the most part by spells or pipes or suns.

He lives on both sides of the most northerly of all the passes of the Rockies, which is a hundred miles or so south of the Arctic Sea. His people have known of the white Eskimos for more than one generation, and the Eskimos who are not white for many more generations than that—and hated them cordially, as all Loucheux do.

Andrew is mostly a man of peace and travels not at all. It is the civilized man who trots round the world and remembers nothing. Andrew knows every stick and stone in his four hundred miles, for he lives out-of-doors the year round. It often runs to seventy and eighty below zero up there in the winter, and Andrew lives in a tent. Some outdoor man, Andrew, when you come to that!

The good fathers have gone as far north as the fur runs, eager to save souls. A certain amount of fur Andrew sets aside each year for his good father, which shows that he is as much a Christian as most of us, though he never saw a Sunday paper! He has been baptized and so has his wife; wherefore such loose ways of man and woman as obtain in New York and Chicago are no longer known in Andrew's family. Also, he pays his debts.

Last summer many crazy men—say, half a dozen or so—came north above the Circle—not so many as came fifteen years ago, when many men sought the Yukon. All these white men, for some reason, were eager to leave the land of the inconnu and the whitefish and go west to the country of the salmon and the caribou.

Andrew Goes Hungry

This is precisely what Andrew does regularly along his four hundred miles. One may do this by water or under pack by the land trail. What more natural than that Andrew should act as guide—and pack animal—for certain of these crazy folk? So Andrew carried much of the pack of one white man; showed him the shortest way to the westbound waters; told him where he could find dry trees to make a raft.

There came now also three other crazy folk, so that Andrew wondered vaguely at seeing so many. He helped these also across the tundra trail, helped them make a raft, and took for later safe delivery a note to yet other crazy white folk who, as Andrew figured, could not be more than a hundred miles away. Being an outdoor man, he found them. He knew his wilderness as we do our dooryards.

Then, having performed these kindly chores for others who never had done much for him, Andrew and his wife and family—his children and his dogs—calmly stepped into their own canoe and started down the great river, westbound from the mountain's crest, which empties into the Yukon, that runs into the sea two thousand miles distant and makes a runway for salmon.

Having traveled a hundred miles and reached the mouth of yet another river from the north—a spot he knew to be good for salmon—Andrew pitched his camp; himself, his wife Lucy, his little ten-year-old daughter Sarah, white-toothed and happy, and his small boy Charlie—all these baptized duly.

The salmon did not run, however. Also, it was not time for the caribou to come, it being yet July and the caribou not being due until the first week in August.

Very well! Any Loucheux family can starve comfortably for a week or so. Andrew starved, and his wife, and his children—but mostly Andrew. Sometimes he killed a rabbit. He had no shotgun, for no Loucheux can afford shells that cost twelve and a half cents each—a rabbit is not worth so much. Neither could he afford a 22-caliber rifle, which would have cost him forty dollars.

He had his hunting rifle and a few cartridges treasured from last year—ten or fifteen cents each they cost at the Company's Post, where the outfit comes in but once a year. These must be kept for caribou. And the caribou were a hundred miles farther on, a distance Andrew could not paddle when he was starving; so he and his family starved while watching the salmon net.

Came now three men on a raft and stopped at Andrew's camp, seeking for others of their party who might have grub, which they themselves had not, their rifles also being barren of ammunition. They were not used to being hungry. Andrew smiled, as he always did—even when starving. About now he saw one of the floats on his net stand up; so he got into his canoe and pushed out. The Loucheux gods—or those of the white men—were kind to him, for three salmon—good ones—were in his net. Andrew and his family, and the three strangers, sat down and ate one of the salmon—the first meal Andrew had had for some time.

Native Generosity

Then the white men said: "We must push on." As they had no grub, Andrew gave them the remaining two salmon. Also, he dug under his blankets in the back of his tent and brought out a little—oh, a very little—sack of flour, a mere handful which he had saved for a long time for his family, should the worst come to the worst. This had cost him at the rate of more than twenty-five dollars a large sack, three hundred miles away to the east across the Rockies, at the trader's store.

Andrew had no bacon or grease of any kind. He could not eat his dogs, for dogs are needed for locomotion in the wintertime. His dogs had not eaten anything for ten days; but Andrew gave the white men all he had, and when they disappeared round the bend he sat down once more to watch his salmon net.

In that country food is the one thought. The people nearly always are starving; but Andrew smiled as he talked to the family. Charlie, the young boy, though baptized, had an un-Christian temper. Little mother Sarah, ten years old, dog driver in general and assistant moccasin maker, also smiled; and Lucy, mending Andrew's moccasins while she waited for a salmon to poke his head into the gill-net, sometimes smiled also, we may suppose.

And now came our own two craft spinning down the rapid current—five more men, whom Andrew must have seen with consternation. But we had some grub—flour, bacon, a tin can of bacon drippings, some beans, two rabbits, half a beaver and a ptarmigan or so. Andrew's dogs raised their heads and howled. Andrew smiled as he came down to help us make a landing at the beach.

Presently two more dogs hobbled into camp—the same we had seen ten miles farther up the river, footsore and scarce able to move. Andrew said they had left him to go hunting moose. Their ripped sides showed they had found moose or something else; but neither they nor we had killed any meat worth while.

Our canoes swept across the top of Andrew's gill-nets; all the floats were lying flat and Andrew had not a fish in his camp. He welcomed us as best he could, but explained that he was not eating. Then we brought out our own grub-box, and with much joy every one lay to to help build a fire—especially little Sarah. It would have done you much good to see Andrew and the rest of his family eat of beans, and bacon, and beaver, and hardtack—all with abundant tea; and, best of all, with abundant tobacco to follow, in smoking which Lucy joined the men.

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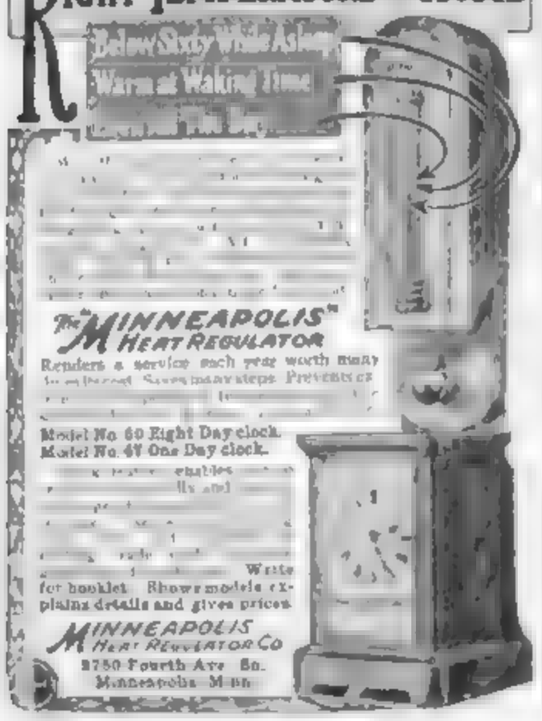

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Renders a service each year worth many [illegible] per cent. Saves many steps. Prevents [illegible]

Model No. 60 Eight Day clock.
Model No. 47 One Day clock.

[illegible] enables [illegible] lls and [illegible]

Write for booklet. Shows models explains details and gives prices.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO
2750 Fourth Ave. So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

It was a very rich Loucheux, you understand, for he owned two canoes and two gillnets and a rifle—all paid for; hence he could eat every once in a while when the luck was good.

Into his canoe Andrew now stowed his wife, his daughter, his boy, their wall tent, their bedding, his rifle, his nets and absolutely all his belongings. These included seven dogs, each full grown and each weighing perhaps seventy pounds, though they had not eaten recently. So now we swept off on the rapid river.

Of very many lingering outdoor pictures I have seen, this will long remain in my mind—the little canoe, its freeboard no more than a couple of inches, literally exuding dogs at every portion of the gunwale; the Loucheux woman, silent, amidships, her smiling daughter at her knee, the little boy in her arms. There were some bright spots of color in their clothing; but Andrew, tall, dark and always smiling, was clad in somber garb as he sat in the stern smoking comfortably; and by some wizardry of his own with the paddle he drove his heavy-laden craft abreast of us, though he seemed scarcely to work at all.

All Andrew owned in the world he had there with him on the bosom of this yellow, racing river.

Now and then a dog, cramped and uneasy, would start something with a neighbor. In such case Andrew would rise and reach above the head of his wife to smite the offender sternly with a paddle blade.

The Paddle to Old Crow Post

The little boy was restless and uneasy. Andrew took him between his knees lovingly, put his small hand on the paddle shaft and gave him one of his first lessons in one of the Loucheux arts. He was gentle with his children, gentle with his dogs, so long as they did not start a circus in the middle of some rapid. Always he smiled and his face was kindly. Andrew and his little craft made a wild and beautiful picture, that is sure—the center of a strange, wild scene, which changed with every stroke of the paddle blades.

Far into the night we all paddled, and so at length came up with the raft and the three men Andrew had fed and who now were to join our party. We all encamped on the same beach, in the gray of morning, when a headwind was coming up the stream. Andrew did not intrude, but pitched his camp quite at one side.

We had given him a little flour and some meat, with grease, so that he was quite happy. All were quite happy, for we had abundant grub—say, enough for two or three meals; and at Old Crow Post, fifty miles downstream, we certainly should get plenty of grub additional.

The wind kept upstream all day, however, so that paddling, even with so stiff a current, was out of the question. Late in the evening there came a slight drop in the wind and we all took to the boats once more. So we paddled steadily for four or five hours, but made no such headway as we should have liked.

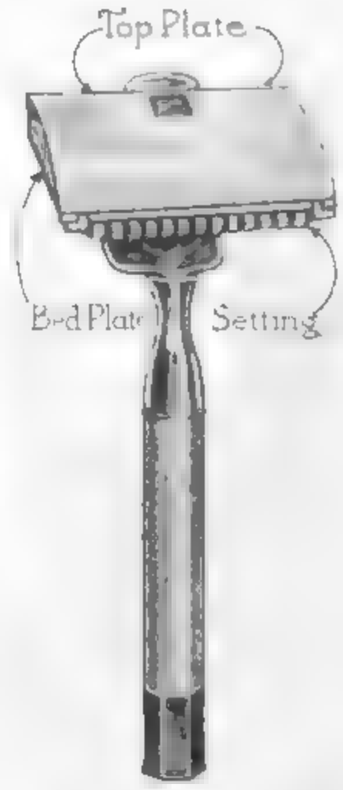
Andrew followed us, with an art of his own keeping afloat his little canoe and its heavy load, though he had no bow paddle to steady him.

At the end of the customary four hours' spell we went ashore on a high and windy bank; and Andrew, smiling, came ashore with us, pitching his camp a little to one side. He did not ask us for something to eat, but got it as matter of course.

It was late July and the weather should have been mild, though by this time the sun sank for a little time each night. It became colder. Andrew and his wife talked together and looked about. Every one seemed rather uneasy for some reason; but Old Crow was now not so far as it had been four hours earlier, and, though the wind had not dropped so much as it should, we took boat together once more. And that night

Andrew and his family were all philosophers. They knew that they might get something to eat almost any week; and in case they did not they would not be the first Loucheux that perished of hunger; but there was nothing of the ravenous savage in the conduct of any one of them, save that of the untaught boy.

Having been fed, Andrew could now go on down the stream and get closer to the caribou. So he cached one of his canoes, a long and shallow birchbark, and swiftly began to break his camp in order to accompany us. Andrew had a good canoe, sixteen feet over all.



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came the most unseasonable storm even Andrew could remember—one well-nigh disastrous to us all.

Gradually the air grew colder, the wind more biting. The men at the paddles worked hard to keep warm. In the dusk we could see Andrew's canoe just showing above the water, but somehow keeping fairly even with us. He always knew the place to strike the head of a rapid, and always he got through, though the wind was rolling back the whitecaps savagely now.

Past midnight the cold grew very bitter and rain fell. Every man was silent, but through the dusk we could hear the wailing of Andrew's children and his wife. They were wet through and bitterly cold. We in our boats had slickers and heavy woolens. It is little wool that a Loucheux can buy in his clothing at the post stores of that country. Andrew's wife and his daughter wore patched calico and a tattered shawl each, and they had no underclothing. Stockings they never knew.

In this unseasonable storm they suffered. They had not fed heartily for the last week or so. We went ashore and boiled the kettle, but the storm began to be so fierce that our best judgment said we should go on to Old Crow Post and not undertake to make a camp in the dark.

None of us really knew how many miles yet remained to be paddled in the storm; but the air became colder and colder. Snow began to fall. We could only see Andrew's canoe once in a while now. The wind rose to half a gale. We tried to sail the poling boat and nearly upset her. Our own canoe hung almost at one point for half an hour, sometimes whirling about in spite of two good paddles that were doing their best. The slanting wind would slash the tops off the waves and blow the spray sidewise through the curtain of the falling snow. It was a bitter, bitter night.

There was not much danger for us in our larger boats; but what of Andrew in his little overloaded craft? Now dogs are dogs among the Loucheux and must be cared for; but evidently, when it came to a choice between his dogs and his family, Andrew preferred the latter. Through the driven snow came long, lugubrious howlings.

The ghostly outlines of the little craft were visible for a moment—in the stern the tall figure of Andrew, holding even with his face one of his dogs. He cast it from him into the swirling water, there to take its chance even as Andrew was taking his. One after another he jettisoned them—seven in all—and his canoe rode thereby much the better. As for the dogs, they protested mournfully as they swam; but every one of them made the shore and made camp the next morning in some fashion best known to themselves.

The Deserted Post

How far it really was to Old Crow is something not easily measured in miles or even in hours. It is enough to say that the sub-Arctic dawn, cold and gray, found us at the foot of Old Crow Mountain. The whole landscape lay under a foot or more of snow. Andrew helped his family from their boat. They could hardly stand. Andrew himself was shaking like a leaf. They were drenched to the bone, every one of them, and the cold wind cut them bitterly, ill-clad as they were. Do not think the Indian does not suffer, for he does. He simply does the best he can. But Andrew tried to smile at least, though he could not talk.

We looked up at the three or four log buildings that made this trading post. There was not a sign of smoke on the air. We staggered up the bank, but the snow lay unbroken by any footprint. Our own men were shivering—some of them. It was no time to stand on ceremony. Andrew shiveringly led the way to a log house that we understood belonged to one of his relatives. We broke open the door. There was nothing to eat and no place to make a fire conveniently.

The plight of Andrew and his family was pitiable—I doubt if he could have made a fire then in the open. So we hurried on to the largest building, where the trader had his store—now, it seemed, abandoned. We broke open this door also. We were white men and dared do these things. No Loucheux but very likely would have perished rather than break a lock or open a cache.

Inside the store, all areek with the snow blown under the roof, lay the ruins of the trader's goods, forsaken these many weeks because the salmon had not come and the people could not live there. Discolored blankets and cheap laces and silks, and tawdry jewelry and cotton-wool clothing, lay about, mixed with flour and bacon and tinned goods. In the middle of the room was a vast stove made of a cast-iron gasoline drum, and there was dry wood near by. Soon we had a roaring fire.

Andrew smiled when at length he was able to put wood into the stove. Little Sarah, her ragged calico gown dripping wet and showing every line of her gaunt little frame, stood shivering but smiling as she reached out her hands to the stove. Lucy, Andrew's wife, was shedding silent tears. Andrew did not know whether or not he had lost his dogs. He had his rifle and his boat and his family; and here were these white friends of his who doubtless would take and eat, and doubtless would settle with the trader sometime on the Yukon, on beyond.

So, after all, in Loucheux philosophy, Andrew could not complain—and did not. He smiled; and like a gentleman he helped his family get dry and warm before he ate.

The White Man's Game

We all ate; and, making a careful list of what we took, helped ourselves from the store of the trader. Andrew did not fare so badly either. His conduct had been so clean-cut all through that he seemed entitled to a fair divide. We ate and slept—a large party now—in a small room, making exceeding reek from wet clothing, which blended handsomely with the smell of the raw furs still hanging about. Thus the day wore by, and Andrew and all his family slept—as did we others, having slept more or less briefly for some days.

We must go on toward the Yukon posts now—three hundred miles—but what of Andrew? On ahead there lay no comfort and no certainty for him. This snowclad and windswept landscape was his home. Once again the trader's store was locked; so Andrew would have no more entrance there under penalty of the red-coated law. His new supplies might last him for a week yes; but he had no fur to trade for additional supplies, even if he could get to the point eighty miles yet farther west, where certainly a trader must be holding open house that summer.

Life was before Andrew. But he smiled as he saw his dogs come straggling in. He had his rifle and his family, his net and his canoe, and his dogs. Twenty or thirty miles down the river there was another place where the salmon might come almost any week now, two thousand miles from the sea.

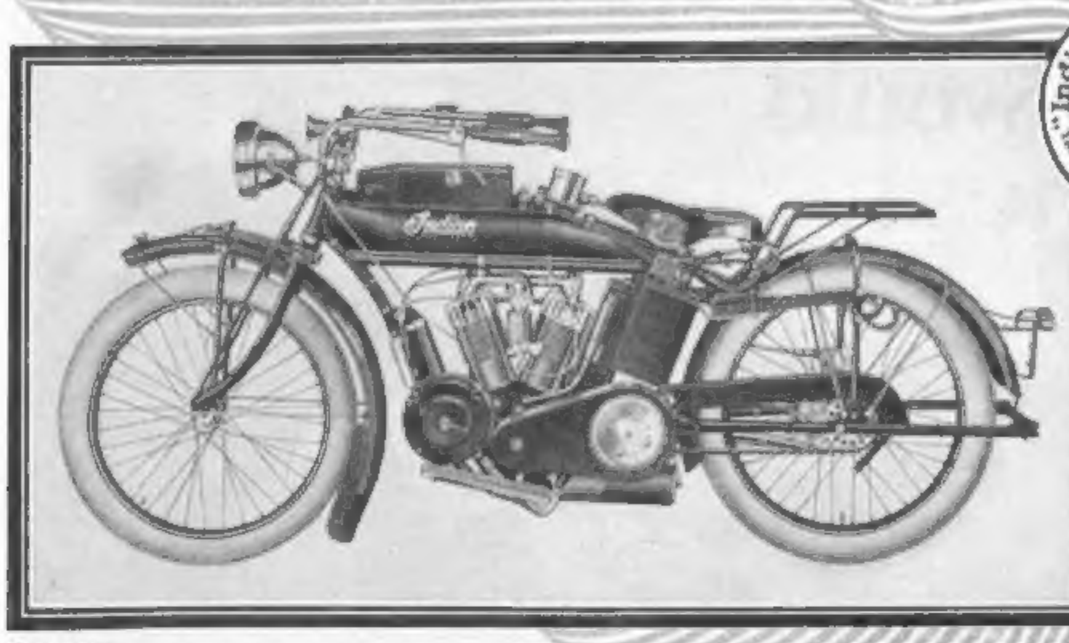
Life was a simple matter for Andrew and his family. He smiled very cheerfully as he faced his future. Had not all his family been fed all they could eat two or three times the last two days? Did not little Sarah have a red scarf to put round her head and had he not himself mittens for his hands? Might not the salmon run so that almost any week now he could feed his dogs, after starving them several days? To the mind of Andrew, Fortune had been very kind. Perhaps—though that is doubtful he thanked the God of the White Fathers who had baptized him and his.

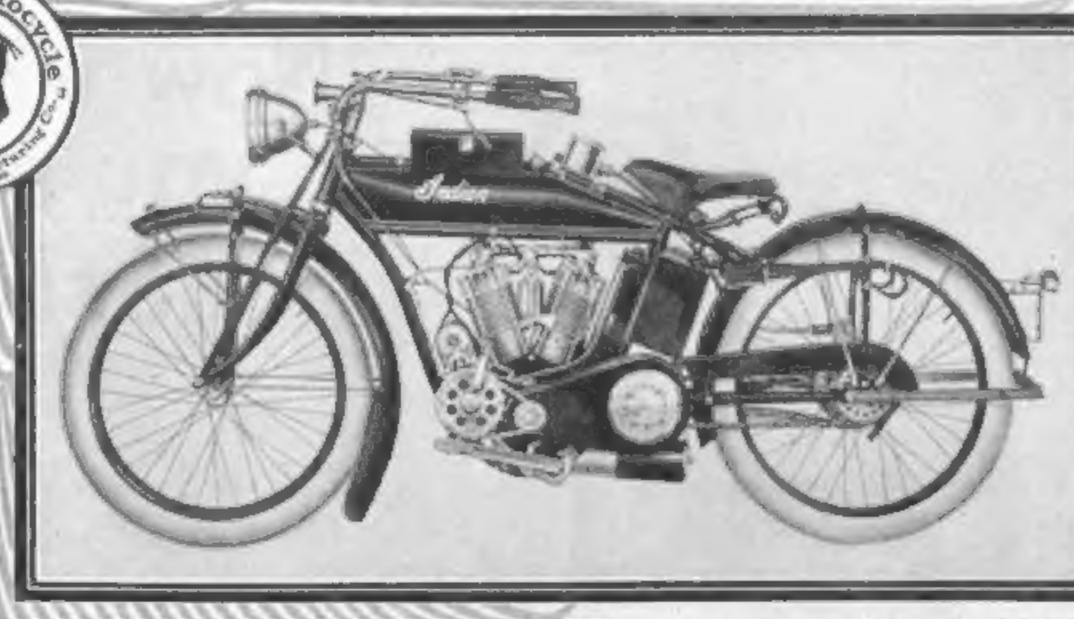
So we left Andrew that next night in the gray air of the sub-Arctic half-dawn, his canoe beached at a point where perhaps the salmon would run some day. He stood on the beach smoking happily, making no great show with his adieus, though he would never see any of us again. All his fortune lay in the little boat beside him. His family stood near him. Life was before him—life, the coveted, the desired!

That was the last we saw of our friend who lives along Sixty-Eight North Avenue, where the night and day are strangely out of balance, but where the scales of justice—let us hope—hang fairly true none the less.

We play at things of the out-of-doors, we white folk. We are children at it, playing a game. Andrew is a real man of the open. He survives and his children will survive in very difficult conditions of life because they have learned how—partially, at least—to outwit savage Nature in an especially savage region.

No man does more than survive in his own environment; and in the most simple and matter-of-fact way Andrew had shown his fitness for survival in his own country. Moreover he showed himself possessed of a splendid philosophy that any of us might envy. He greeted adversity with a smile, fought hard luck with his own wits, and took his medicine without grumbling. We left him facing the future without fear and without question. Some man, Andrew!





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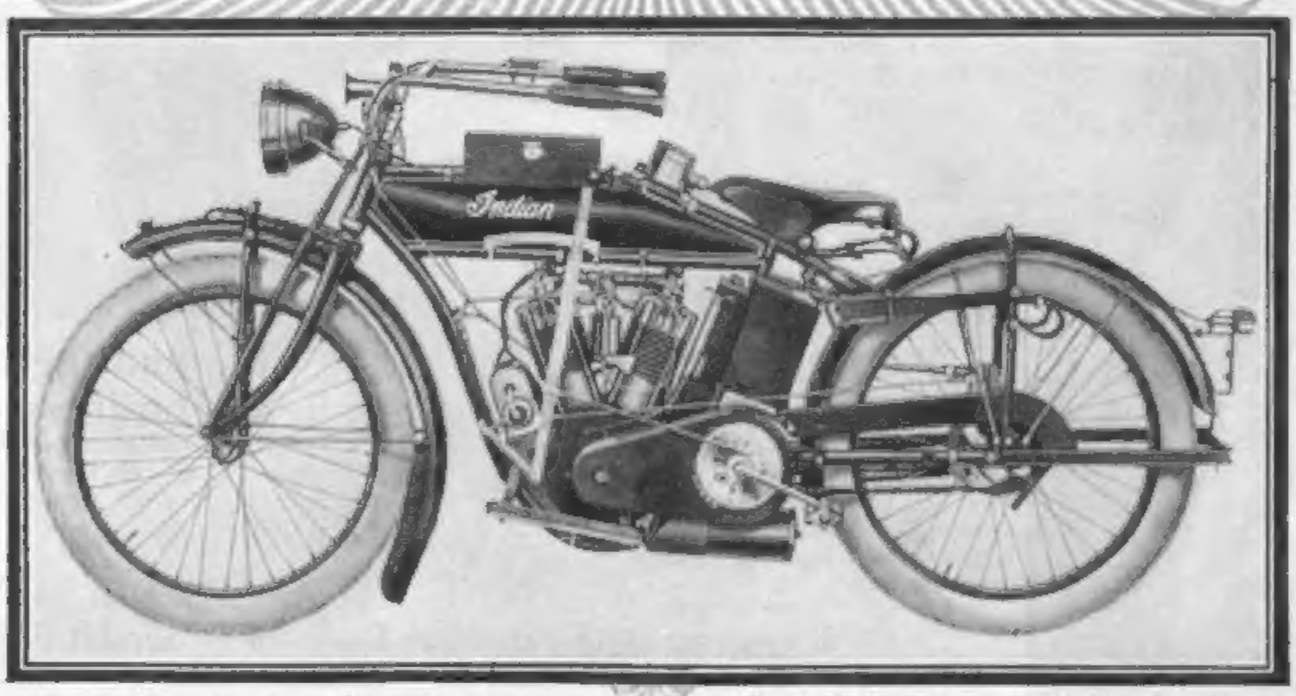

Two Speed Tourist Standard 7 H. P. Twin—Equipped with Electric Head Light—Electric Tail Light—Electric Signal—Two Sets Storage Batteries—Corbin-Brown Rear-Drive Speedometer. Price, $300.00. See Catalog for detailed description.

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